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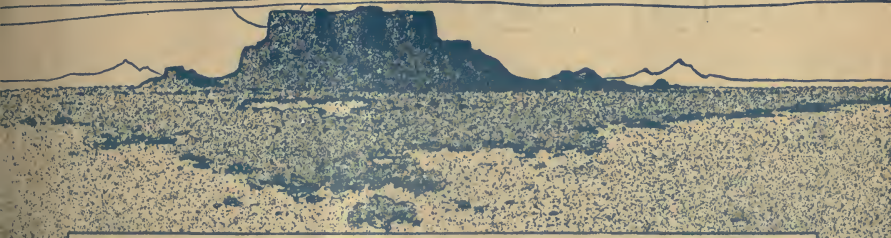

HARRY CASSIE BEST

Painter of the Yosemite and the California Mountains

THE STORY of RAMONA

A Fishing Trip to San Clemente

Wacht Heil

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Black Gold of the Desert

Maricopa,

A Permanent City of the West

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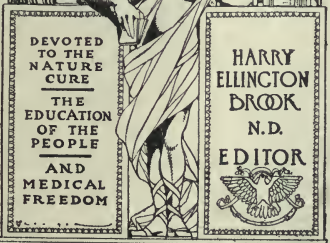

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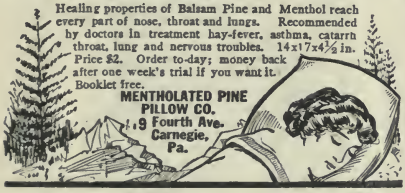

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The Death *of* Grant

By Ambrose Bierce

FATHER! WHOSE HARD AND CRUEL LAW
  IS PART OF THY COMPASSION'S PLAN,
  THY WORKS PRESUMPTUOUSLY WE SCAN
FOR WHAT THE PROPHETS SAY THEY SAW.

UNBIDDEN STILL, THE AWFUL SLOPE
  WALLING US IN, WE CLIMB TO GAIN
  ASSURANCE OF THE SHINING PLAIN
THAT FAITH HAS CERTIFIED TO HOPE.

IN VAIN: BEYOND THE CIRCLING HILL
  THE SHADOW AND THE CLOUD ABIDE;
  SUBDUE THE DOUBT, OUR SPIRITS GUIDE
TO TRUST THE RECORD AND BE STILL;

TO TRUST IT LOYALLY AS HE
  WHO, HEEDFUL OF HIS HIGH DESIGN,
  NE'ER RAISED A SEEKING EYE TO THINE,
BUT WROUGHT THY WILL UNCONSCIOUSLY,

DISPUTING NOT OF CHANCE OR FATE,
  NOR QUESTIONING OF CAUSE OR CREED:
  FOR ANYTHING BUT DUTY'S DEED
TOO SIMPLY WISE, TOO HUMBLY GREAT.

THE CANNON SYLLABLED HIS NAME;
  HIS SHADOW SHIFTED O'ER THE LAND,
  PORTENTOUS, AS AT HIS COMMAND
SUCCESSIVE CITIES SPRANG TO FLAME!

HE FRINGED THE CONTINENT WITH FIRE,
  THE RIVERS RAN IN LINES OF LIGHT!
  THY WILL BE DONE ON EARTH—IF RIGHT
OR WRONG HE CARED NOT TO INQUIRE.

HIS WAS THE HEAVY HAND, AND HIS
  THE SERVICE OF THE DESPOT BLADE;
  HIS THE SOFT ANSWER THAT ALLAYED
WAR'S GIANT ANIMOSITIES.

LET US HAVE PEACE: OUR CLOUDED EYES
  FILL, FATHER, WITH ANOTHER LIGHT,
  THAT WE MAY SEE WITH CLEARER SIGHT
THY SERVANT'S SOUL IN PARADISE.

—From Stedman's *Anthology*, published by
Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, Mass

Fig. 1. Ramona going through the Wild Mustard to meet Father Salviaderra. From a painting by H. C. Best.

OUT WEST

January 1914

HARRY CASSIE BEST PAINTER of the YOSEMITE VALLEY and The California Mountains

By the Editor

Fig. 3. The California Fuji-San—Mt. Shasta. Purchased for the White House by President Roosevelt. From a painting by H. C. Best.

UPWARDS of three-quarters of a century ago a girl of sixteen years of age discovered in herself a wonderful delight in the combination of colors. She began to draw pictures and then to color them, as children will, totally unconscious that in thus following a natural bent she would be doing that to which anyone would object. But in those days, parents and grandparents, alas!—too many of them—seemed to feel it to be their "religious duty" to the growing childhood of the race to thwart and stifle all those reachings-out of the soul for the beautiful, and that the children committed to their care must shape their God-given impulses for outward expression of their native tastes and talents in conformity to the will, the tastes, or the whims they

Fig. 2. Harry Cassie Best, Artist of the Yosemite Valley and California Mountains.

themselves happened to possess. Accordingly, this sixteen-year-old girl was solemnly forbidden to engage in so wasteful and godless a pursuit as the placing of colors on paper, and for nearly sixty years thereafter she remained in bondage to this "whim of her elders." Then, in the art studio of her son, for five brief years, she reveled in this gift. She never learned to know the names of colors, but had an instinctive genius in massing them. She studied the colors on the mountains, the glowing sunrises and sunsets, the high-lights and purple shadows, and then, with unerring instinct, transferred them to paper or canvas. And how she delighted in the long-deferred and cruelly thwarted ex-

Fig. 5. Cartoon made during the Boer War by H. C. Best for the San Francisco "Post."

pression. It was the daily delight of the even-song of her life.

It is not strange, therefore, that two sons of such a mother should have developed into colorists of no mean order. They were born in the little settlement of Mt. Pleasant, near Peterboro, Ontario, Canada, in the sixties. Both were musical, one playing the violin, the other the clarinet. About twenty-five years ago they organized an orchestra of six pieces, and determined to travel west to Winnepeg and finally to Portland, Oregon. For a while the six stuck together, then, one by one, three fell out of the party, so that there were only three when, in 1887, Portland was reached. Of these three two were Harry Cassie Best, the subject of this sketch, and his brother Arthur.

For a year or two Harry had been allured by the rich coloring of the flowers to attempt to paint them, but now he was to find in the mountains around Portland—those sublime and majestic peaks that lift their snow-crowned summits to companion with the immortal stars of heaven—the objects that were to awaken in him the fierce longings possessed by his mother. Their sunset and sunrise glows entranced and enthralled him. Here was something to call upon the powers of a master. Did he possess the ability to reproduce them? He was determined at least to try to the uttermost.

As is well known, these glowing colors are transient, evanescent, fleeting—here for a few moments, then gone. Mr. Best soon saw this and found it was im-

possible to transfer them to canvas while existent. Hence, he determined to memorize them, paint them from memory, and then compare them the next day. There was the pure white of the snow with a marvelous gamut of changing soft tones, from ivory to saffron, peach-glow and deepest madder-lake. Day by day, week after week, month after month for four years he worked at these sublime colorings, never able to free himself from their enchantment, himself as if in a trance all the time. He still played his violin to earn his livelihood, but music no longer was his passion. His allegiance was transferred to mountains and rocks, trees and snow, ravines and gorges, and the colors they allured from the sun. There is no doubt that these grand old snow-clad mountains, standing fourteen thousand feet and more, are the best object-lessons in color in the world. In the daytime their mantle of snow is so pure in the lights and transparent in the shadows, so definite, seemingly, yet so elusive. But when the evening tints appear with the oblique slanting shadows, the whole mountain masses suffused with luminous, entrancing rosy glow, no one can look on such scenes unmoved. (See Fig. 3.)

Thousands exclaim when this afterglow appears, "Why doesn't some artist paint that?" As you watch, you can see the difficulties. The shadow creeps up, up, until the very tip only is illuminated. The shadow covers all below with its uniform violet tone. Too soon, alas, the light leaves the mountain-top and the glow is in the sky alone, and the whole mountain is cold—the whole effect lasting, say thirty seconds. So vivid, however, are the impressions received that the spectator loses track of time. All he has is the memory of the most beautiful illumination the eye of man ever has gazed upon.

Every evening the hues of the illumination are different, according to the state of the atmosphere. Sometimes a most delicate rosy pink appears, which changes every object it touches. At other times it is a vivid madder tone; then again a definite orange tone, or the color of burnished copper. One night it is a violet, the next an ochre. Try to think of a huge mountain of snow with great ravines and gorges which reflect the light back and forth like mirrors; but all illuminated by one dominant colored light of most delicate hue, which is broken up by cast shadows.

Every picture Mr. Best paints to this day is compared in his mind with the early vivid impressions of color that he received from those glowing mountain tints. In the Yosemite the color is very delicate, being soft and subdued tints on gray granite. The light, instead of falling on white snow, falls on gray rock, broken up by richly colored vegetation. But the theory of color is the same. Mr. Best has spent the last twelve years trying to paint sunlight by the acre on gray granite, modified by the peculiar blue or violet haze so famous in the Yosemite.

To return now to his earlier endeavors. In addition to his chosen color work he began to do sketching and now and again attempted a newspaper cartoon. These he sent to the papers in San Francisco, and each one accepted seemed to be a step nearer to the desired goal, viz., the turning of his whole attention to an artist's life.

At length a call came to go with the orchestra to Silverton, Oregon, and while there he was engaged to paint some scenery and a drop-curtain for a hall. Here he met Homer Davenport. This was his birthplace. From the outset of their acquaintance Davenport was "crazy" to do newspaper cartoons. Every moment that he could spare he would spend at Best's, and the two would mentally design cartoons, and then each go to work to sketch what they had mutually studied.

Thus began an intimate friendship with the great cartoonist that never ceased until the "Master Artist" called upon him to "come up higher," and undertake greater and more wonderful work.

As for Best, when he had saved up a few extra dollars he went down to San Francisco and took a few lessons from Rodriguez and others, and then returned to his beloved mountains and his bread-and-butter-producing orchestra.

Then all at once "fame and fortune"—so he believed—came his way. He had painted several pictures of Mt.

Fig. 4. Cartoon made by H. C. Best for the San Francisco "Post."

Hood, and a lady, seeing one of them, purchased it for a hundred dollars. Think of it! A hundred dollars. Now surely the way was clear ahead. If one picture had sold for a hundred dollars, others would be sold at the same price, so, taking Fate by the hand, he gave up his musical work, left Portland, and hurried down with his brother to San Francisco to win more laurels and reap the golden harvest for which he had so long striven. Then, too, some one had told him that with the power he had already gained in the production of the glorious and subtle colors of the mountains, he required but little practice with models to enable him to paint "the human form divine," with all its fleshly glow and radiant life.

Both Best and Davenport soon suc-

Fig. 6. In Sunny Italy. From a water-color by H. C. Best.

ceeded in gaining positions on San Francisco papers. The pay was small, but hope was large, art was fascinating, the future was uncertain, and therefore rosy and alluring. They, with several others of the San Francisco newspaper artists organized a kind of a sketch-club, took a joint studio, and there engaged a model, as often as they could afford it, jointly sharing the expense. This was the real beginning of the Best Art School, which Arthur W. Best now conducts, with his wife, Alice M. Best, in San Francisco.

As specimens of Mr. Best's cartoons made during this period of his life, I herewith reproduce two that were published in the San Francisco *Post*. Fig. 4 shows some passing phase of newspaper thought connecting Mr. Bryan with Tammany and its king, Richard Croker. Then it will be recalled that during the Boer War things did not always go well with the British lion. Mr. Best took this occasion to produce a cartoon that rather displeased the editor of the *Post*. He was a Britisher, and did not relish Great Britain's humbling, but, swallowing his pride, he gave the cartoon a place on the front page of the magazine section. His feelings, however, were mightily relieved when, three months later, Mr. Best brought in Fig. 5. It will be recalled that Cronje was captured and sent to St. Helena, or some other island, as had been Napoleon. There were threats that the same thing would be done to Kruger and this threat is the subject of the cartoon. But kinder and wiser counsels prevailed, and Oom Paul suffered no further indignities and punishments than the ill-fortune of war had brought to him, his people, and the republic, whose destinies he had so long controlled. Mr. Best spent five years on the San Francisco papers. For several years he had charge of the Art Rooms of the *Evening Post*.

The "boys" of those serene and indifferent days of San Francisco's art development made a notable group. That the "City of the Golden Gate," the "Warder of Two Continents," could produce artists of genius had already been demonstrated by Tavernier, the Western Tintoretto, so-called because of his exuberance of color; Toby Rosenthal, whose florid delineations of western life

gave many thousands their first real impressions of the West; Thomas Hill, whose Yosemites were inspirational ideals, and William Keith, whose oak-clad hill-pastures, where quiet sheep graze in peaceful security, have become the desired of all great galleries. These were the men whose ideals and achievements were influencing the "boys" of Mr. Best's time. In the crowd were Nappenbach, who afterwards made a name in Munich; Jules Pages, an exhibitor in many national salons and galleries, and now the Director of the famous Julian Studio, in Paris. These were all diligent workers in that early-day San Francisco studio.

None of them had much money, but all were devoted to their art and resolved to stick to their high purpose.

Each man worked for his bread in his own field, and they met at their "club," painted so long from their models, and then spent a night or more in direct, fearless, unbiased and frank criticism of each other's work. Here was discipline that benefited all alike.

But Best saw Davenport march swiftly past him as a cartoonist, and he learned that there was no great advancement probable to him in that field.

While these thoughts were surging in his mind, Thad Welch, who had already gained fame and who had always been kind and friendly to him, came to Best with the suggestion that he join him in a trip to the Yosemite. No sooner said than done. They took camping outfit along and were soon reveling in the delights of the great but picturesque and tree-covered gorge of the High Sierras.

And how little men know of that which is ahead of them. What puppets of fate we are. Browning knew this full well when he wrote in *Pippa Passes:*

> All service ranks the same with God—
> With God, whose puppets, best and worst,
> Are we: there is no last nor first.

and the reverent hymnologist expressed the same idea when he said:

> I know not what awaits me;
> God kindly veils mine eyes.

In Best's case, however, had his eyes been open he would have rushed more speedily than he did to his fate. For in the Yosemite trip, Anne Rippey, of Los Angeles, was spending the summer in the valley. It was a case of fire and dew. Both lost their identity for a time, and then, taken in hand by their artist friends, they were conveyed, *willy nilly*, to the foot of the beautiful and sublime Bridal Veil Falls, of the Yosemite—*Pohono*, as the Indians call it—and on July 28, 1901, to the divine and perfect orchestra of many-voiced pine, fir, cedar, and spruce, backed up with the sonorous and deep-toned bass of the waterfall, they were united in the bonds of holy matrimony.

The following year the happy couple returned to the Yosemite, gained a concession from the State and erected a studio, and here they have spent their summers ever since, the Best studio being one of the extra attractions of the growingly-famous Yosemite. Here Mr. Best has made many friends, and sold many of his Yosemite, Big Tree and High Sierra canvases. One of those who greatly admired his paintings was the late Professor Simon Newcomb, the eminent astronomer, of Washington, and president of America's most exclusive scientific club, "The Cosmos." Learning that Mr. and Mrs. Best, with their three-year-old daughter, Virginia, were going to Europe for a six-months' trip in 1907, Professor Newcomb insisted that they pass through Washington and hold an exhibition under his auspicies in the Cosmos Club gallery.

It was a great success and Mr. Best sold eight canvases. President Roosevelt sent his Secretary, Mr. Loeb, to the club, with a request to have the pictures sent to the White House for his inspection. But Prof. Newcomb arranged to give a private exhibition for Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt at the club instead.

The President especially admired one canvas, "Evening at Mt. Shasta," very much, and impetuously said, "Send it over to the White House! That afterglow on Mt. Shasta is the grandest sight in Nature I have ever witnessed, and I never expected to see such a good reproduction of it on canvas."

When Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt arrived, little Virginia was in the room, and during a lull in the conversation went up to look at "the Roosevelt man," as, in her baby fashion, she called him. This

Fig. 7. The Yosemite Valley from Artist's Point. From a painting by H. C. Best.

amused the president immensely, and he took her upon his lap and began to talk with her. Virginia asked him if he had any children, and on the president's reply that he had, she said she would like to see them. Then Roosevelt sent for a photograph of himself, Mrs. Roosevelt and the whole family, and writing the following upon it, gave it to little Virginia. "For little Miss Virginia Best, With best wishes for her future from Theodore Roosevelt, November 12,

Fig. 8. The Two Domes, Yosemite Valley. From a painting by H. C. Best.

1907." This she has ever since treasured as a memento, though her memory of the visit itself has become rather dim.

Mr. Franklin K. Lane, then Interstate Commerce Commissioner, and who had known Mr. Best in the Yosemite, was another good friend to the artist in Washington, and secured one of his paintings—the "Half Dome at Dawn from Glacier Point."

Prof. and Mrs. Newcomb, being attracted by the afterglow on the Half Dome, chose that subject.

At the close of the Washington exhibition, Mr. Best and his family spent three months in Italy, where the artist got many sketches, including glorious color studies of Capri (see Fig. 6); Amalfi; Naples; Venice and vicinity, and they spent three months in Paris, where he studied the works of the old masters very closely, but never forgetting his early impressions of color, which are part of himself, and never will change.

Mount Shasta, morning, noon and night, in cloud and sunshine, wreathed in smiles, frowns, tears and storm, has especially appealed to Mr. Best, and some of his most notable canvases have represented this glorious sentinel of the Northern Gateway to California's flowery glades. His early love and passion for the Oregon mountains has found mature fulfilment here. One of his "Sunsets on Mount Shasta" represents the mountain monarch under the glow of the evening sky. Oranges, pinks, peach-glows, soft tints and shades of blue, purple and rose-mist enswathe the snow-clad summit. Deep and eloquent purple shadows are wrapping their secretive folds around the lower slopes. The tops of some of the trees still catch glimpses of the fading glories, while below the snow-line, and down, down, into the very foreground the soft, reflected light brings out, though in subdued and gentle effect, the rich greens of the foothills and the wide stretch of meadow, where an occasional sparkle shows the course of the rippling brooks which are hurrying the melted snow down to the far-away warmth of the all-embracing Pacific.

The Yosemite Valley attracts many

Fig. 9. "Innocence." From a painting by H. C. Best.

tourists who are people of culture and great students of nature, and who have the means to gratify their love of grand scenery. Mr. Best's work finds many admirers among this class who recognize the truthful coloring when they see it on his canvases.

A picture should be a representation of Nature seen through the temperament of the artist, and of the thousands of glorious "effects" to be seen in the Yosemite, many are fleeting and transitory, but alluring to the keen senses of the artist. The lovely haze that is peculiar to the Yosemite has been Mr. Best's constant study for twelve summers. One large painting from Artists' Point, Fig. 7, in autumn, when the grasses and foliage have been turned to a golden yellow by the sun and frost, is full of the most wonderful Siolet and gray have, permeating and enveloping every huge rock-mass with just enough of its own tone, without overpowering the local color. Cloud's-Rest, fifteen miles distant, standing six thousand feet in the air, looks to be gray granite — you feel it, but you first feel the violet grey haze hanging over it. Then your eyes are attracted by majestic El Capitan, a huge vertical rock mass three thousand feet high. You can see the myriads of facets on its huge surface, each plane glittering like the facets on a diamond, but with just the proper amount of atmosphere to keep it in its place. You go close to the picture to see how this wonderful effect is produced, and find a few simple colors painted in with masterly handling, and all done with a palette knife. This is art. To know just how much of the atmospheric color to combine with the local tone, and to produce it at once so the object will stay in its proper plane—not come too near or go too far in the distance, and all the time sparkle and glitter with radiant light—this is the triumph of the artist.

In the foreground some of the trees are touched with crimson and the golden yellows turn to the chromes. The greens have a hue of orange, which all together is a splendid opposing mass to the blues and violet-greys—tones of the distance. But the violet-grey haze comes down to the very front of the picture. Every object is in "atmosphere." The picture as a whole is a masterpiece, and Mr. Best could well rest his reputation on it alone.

This canvas will hang in the Carnegie Gallery, at Pittsburgh, and will add to the artist's fame, as countless thousands of visitors will admire it in the future. It was purchased by Mrs. Albert Pitcairn, of Pittsburgh, who said she would donate it to the Institute in memory of her husband, who was one of the famous men of that city.

While the Yosemite absorbs all the artist's time in summer, he spends his winters on the coast in Southern California. For five years he made Santa Barbara his winter residence, and there painted some fine studies of the California oaks on the Hope Ranch, one of which is here pictured. (See Fig. 10.)

But for the past four winters he has wintered in San Diego, where he has just erected a studio and bungalow. Here a new field opened to him. His studies of the nude in the early days of his San Francisco training had led him to attempt several large pictures, such as a semi-nude that Galen Clark, the honored and beloved veteran of the Yosemite called "Innocence." (Fig. 9.)

This canvas has won Mr. Best many friends. The flesh tints are said by critics to equal those of Aste and others of the French masters of the nude. They have the warm satin texture that reminds one of Browning's description of Mildred: "While her tresses gush in golden-tinted plenty down her neck's rose-misted marble." But the eyes are especially remarkable. They are of that peculiarly haunting quality in which simplicity, purity, innocence and yet perfect knowledge are combined, and they gaze directly into your eyes as if they would seek out the fullest sweetness, purity and beauty of every human soul and bring it to the surface in living, loving expression.

Soon after he reached San Diego another atmosphere seemed to surround him in that he constantly heard references to "Ramona," the striking and powerfully humane novel of Helen Hunt Jackson. Soon the "personel" of Ramona began to haunt his imagination. What was she like? How did she appear to the woman who described her so vividly? Week after week these and similar questions

Fig. 10. Oaks on the Hope Ranch, Santa Barbara. From a painting by H. C. Best.

occupied his mind until, finally, he decided to undertake an idealized picture of this world-famed character of the ever-popular novel. But where could he find the type to pose as a model? In talking the matter over with his friend, Edwin H. Clough, the author, and one of the editors of the *San Diego Union*, Mr. Best said he had seen several faces in San Diego that had approached his ideal. He wondered whether it would be possible to secure these to aid. Mr. Clough at once came to the rescue. He asked the artist to write out an advertisement stating his requirements, and the following morning this, with a lengthy article more fully explaining what was needed, was published. In this the request was made for a model, or models, of the Spanish type, who could represent Ramona at the happy period of her life, when she walks through the mustard, a care-free, buoyant, radiantly happy and beautiful girl to meet her beloved old friend, Father Salvierderra.

The results were far beyond what was anticipated, and for days and days Mr. Best's studio at the U. S. Grant Hotel was besieged with aspiring candidates for the honor of posing. The newspapers kept the flame burning, in that they sent their artists who pictured the young ladies day after day in their pages. Some of the Women's Clubs took the matter up, and they sent out their cohorts to search for those whom Nature had favored with the dower of the Spanish type of beauty. Yet it must not be purely Spanish type, for Helen Hunt Jackson had thus described her heroine: "Ramona's beauty was of the sort to be best enhanced by the waving gold which now framed her face. She had just enough of olive tint in her complexion to underlie and enrich her skin without making it swarthy. Her hair was like her Indian mother's, heavy and black, but her eyes were like her father's, steel blue. Only those who came very near to Ramona knew, however, that her eyes were blue, for the heavy black eyebrows and long lashes so shaded and shadowed them that they looked black as night."

The background of waving gold Mrs. Jackson refers to was the mustard.

In due time the artist found the models he desired, and the painting was begun. Young ladies of Spanish and Mexican blood were found, an Indian maiden from Pola, and a score of them, and from all Mr. Best gained some suggestion, until at length the picture was complete. It shows Ramona about to step from the canvas in the impetuous movement of her greeting of the beloved padre. Her soft draperies, brushed back by the clinging mustard stalks, reveal the outlines of a figure full of the rounded curves of budding womanhood. All, however, is subordinated to the face, which, surrounded by a halo of light and golden bloom, attracts the first glance of the observer. The eyes are luminous with the depth of tenderness and character that has immortalized Ramona, and her whole face is radiant with the joy and delight she takes no pains to suppress at this glad meeting with her dear old friend. (See Fig. 1.)

Ramona is the one beautiful legend of Southern California that appeals most universally to those who know it, and in this picture Mr. Best has told his part of the story as graphically as it was told by its creator. The artist has embodied the writer's conception in a living, breathing entity that impresses the observer irresistibly with its truth. Ramona is no longer a myth or a mingling of facts and fiction. The vague idea in the mind of every reader of Mrs. Jackson's story regarding the tender, loving, devoted, half-caste girl is now presented in concrete form, and those who have viewed the picture are unanimous in praise of its accuracy to the impression incited by the heroine of the pathetic tale.

In truth this picture is in itself a creation, for the artist has put into palpable shape what the words of the writer's description merely suggested. There is not the slightest doubt that if the gifted woman who stirred the sympathies of the nation by her beautiful story of love and sacrifice could see this result of her own purpose she would accept it as the final conception of her Ramona.

This canvas was rented by Mr. T. Getz, lessee of Ramona's Marriage Place, at Old Town, San Diego, and exhibited for six months in the very room in which

Ramona and Alessandro, in the story, are said to have been married.

It attracted many thousands and was finally purchased by Mr. H. C. House, of Houston, Texas, for $2,500.00, and now adorns his home in Houston.

With his high ideals, his rich handling of the brilliant and vivid colors of San Diego's Coast, Bay, Foothills, Orchards Desert and Mountains in the winter, and his masterly canvases of the Yosemite in summer, Mr. Best has his work for a lifetime cut out for him. Personally, I am charmed with the "Best" way of doing things, and sincerely commend his work to my readers.

CALIFORNIA—MY DREAMLAND

By Charles H. Meiers

Far away from home I've wandered,
To this land of birds and flowers,
Where Dame Nature's charms are squandered
In fair sun-kissed verdant bowers:
Rock-gemmed mountains stand between me
And the Frost-king's blighting blast:—
'Tis the land of love and beauty,
Only dreamed of in the past.

Land of bungalows, surrounded
By the fairest flowers of earth,
Where no false note's ever sounded
In Life's happy song of mirth;
Where the mocking birds sing daily
All the songs I used to hear
When, back home, the birds sang gaily,
In the spring-time of the year.

Here, the young man's oft-sung fancy
Need not be pent up till spring.
It may turn to thoughts of Nancy
In December. He may sing
Songs of love as they go strolling
In the moonlight hand-in-hand,
Or while watching great waves rolling
As they surge upon the sand.

And when summer sunshine's burning
Eastern grasses with its rays,
Here, the ocean breeze, returning
From the snow-capped mountain, plays
'Mid the grass and flowers, bringing
Fragrance from the orange-grove;
And it sets the strong heart singing
Songs of purity and love.

Oft I long to see the faces
Of the loved ones left behind;
And the pictures of rare places
Are still treasured in my mind;
But I'll not discuss returning
To the eastern winter's blast:
California!—No more yearning!—
Ah! my dreamland's found at last!

The STORY *of* RAMONA

By A. C. Vroman

The people of the United States generally are just beginning to realize the enormity of the crimes perpetrated against the aborigines of this continent by the national government, and undoubtedly Helen Hunt Jackson's *Ramona* was one of the pioneer voices that contributed toward this awakening.

So well known is the story that few travellers visit Southern California who do not hunt up the places and scenes associated in their minds with *Ramona*. And to satisfy the calls that are still being made for this book, as well as to answer the questions that arise relative to seeming discrepancies, Little, Brown & Company, Boston, have issued a new Tourists' Edition with an introduction by A. C. Vroman, of Pasadena, and with illustrations from original photographs made by him.

Through the courtesy of the publishers, the following sketch has been condensed from this introduction, and it is to them also we are indebted for permission to reproduce the accompanying illustrations.—EDITOR.

AS is generally understood, every incident in the story of Ramona has fact for its foundation, even down to the minutest detail of the house of the Morenos. Yet we frequently hear the old adobe house at Old Town, San Diego, called "Ramona's Home," while Guajome Rancho, about four miles east of San Luis Rey Mission, is called the same; then the Camulos Rancho on the Southern Pacific line to Santa Barbara, sixty miles northwest of Los Angeles, is also pointed out, until the casual visitor to the coast becomes bewildered in the numerous "homes", and interest therein is lessened.

To unravel somewhat the tangle is the aim of this article, and if possible, work out the genesis of the story in such a manner as seems necessary for the better understanding of the book. With this thought the writer has made a careful search for any information on the subject obtainable. (Fig. 1.)

One need only to go to any of the works of Helen Hunt Jackson ("H.H." as she is best known) to find the deep and sincere sympathy she always gave to that greatly wronged and little understood race, the American Indian. She had for years used the press to aid and secure a more fair treatment for them by the United States Government.

In 1883 Mrs. Jackson, with the Hon. Abbott Kinney, of Los Angeles, was authorized by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs to "investigate and report on the condition and needs of the Mission Indians of California." This report was filed in July, 1883, and can be found in the Bureau Reports and also in appendix, pages 458-514 of *A Century of Dishonor*, published by Little, Brown & Company, Boston.

During their investigation and travel among the Mission Indians in Southern California, Mrs. Jackson became so deeply interested, and her sensitive nature so wrought upon at the gross injustice of the laws and their application by the officers of the government, that she again felt it her duty to try to awaken public sympathy in their behalf.

Having filed her report with the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, she returned to California and went to the Guajome Ranch about four miles east of San Luis Rey Mission and nine miles from Oceanside, a station on the San Diego line of the Santa Fe, seventy miles south of Los Angeles.

Here, twenty-five years ago, was the most typical of all old California homes, and it is so today, though much of the beauty of the place has gone the way of nearly all of the Spanish homes, through neglect and decline of estates.

It was here that Mrs. Jackson wished to locate the story, and the home of her heroine. Reaching the ranch she was welcomed by the owner, the late Senora Ysador Coutts, and by the Senora aided in many ways with bits of information about the people, the country, and incidents that were in addition to much

Fig. 1. San Gabriel Mission from the Southeast.
From Tourist's Edition of "Ramona." Courtesy Little, Brown & Company.

Fig. 2. The Camulos Rancho.
From Tourists' Edition of "Ramona." Courtesy of Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

already gathered during her previous researches, to be woven so cleverly into a perfect whole.

It seems, however, that one day in discussing the story a misunderstanding arose which ended in Mrs. Jackson being forbidden the use of the ranch, and it is understood she left Guajome under the ban of the Senora's displeasure.

Almost heartbroken, she returned to Los Angeles to the home of her old friend, Don Antonio Coronel, (whose death a few years ago took from our midst one of the most prominent and worthy characters of the early California days). To Don Antonio she opened her heart, full of trouble, saying she could not write the story unless she described the Guajome Ranch, for here was all that she could picture in words, the most beautiful of all California homes; and she was forbidden the use of it as the home of her heroine; where else could she find such another?

Don Antonio, who had always been much interested in Mrs. Jackson, and had aided her many times before in her literary work and research, could not let the matter end thus; and he bethought him of the Camulos Ranch. With his face beaming with pleasure he said, "Let not the Senora be dismayed. I will take her to another ranch almost identical with the Guajome. Tomorrow we will go, and the Senora will see for herself the Camulos." (Fig. 2.)

Arriving at the Camulos Ranch they found the family absent, the servants only being about the house; in haste to return to Los Angeles, they spent but two hours on the ranch, and never before or afterward did Mrs. Jackson see the Camulos Ranch, made famous on two continents by the pen of this gifted writer as the "Home of Ramona." (Fig. 3.)

That Mrs. Jackson could in two short hours impress on her memory that which she later pictured so accurately, describing the entire surroundings so minutely, is marvelous, and illustrative of her great descriptive power. She had her story ready for the setting, and this she found in this beautiful old Spanish home, in one of California's most beautiful (the Santa Clara) valleys—*the Camulos Ranch.*

Most of her descriptions fit Camulos perfectly. There are times, however, when she seems to have had Guajome in mind, as, for instance, when describing the sheep sheds, for at present there is nothing of the kind at Camulos that answers her descriptions so well as the old sheds at Guajome. Then, too, it was always the Saints and Mission belongings from San Luis Rey the Senora was caring for: ". . . a carved bench, also of oak, which had been brought to the Senora for safe keeping by the faithful old sacristan of San Luis Rey." Why San Luis Rey, more than one hundred miles away, with San Buenaventura, Santa Barbara, San Fernando, and San Gabriel, all less than half the distance and all going the same road to ruin?

And again, the route traversed by Alessandro and Ramona, after leaving the ranch, is identical with the country between Guajome and San Diego. These and like instances are explained on the theory that the story was planned to be located at the Guajome Ranch, and possibly portions of the book already written when the difference arose which necessitated the use of another place for the home of the heroine. There was no need of remodeling the other portions of the work; they answered just as well for the purpose, but it brought some confusion to the readers of the story to make the descriptions fit in smoothly. (Fig. 4.)

Reaching Old Town they found the chapel lighted; here the ceremony was performed and then they went to the father's house and he entered their names in the book of marriage records, "kept in Father Gaspara's own rooms." So the old adobe house at Old Town is the Father Gaspara's house, and not, as some call it, a "Ramona Home." Fig. 5 shows the chapel, with the ancient bells outside, at Old San Diego.

It was a delightful time that a small party spent at Camulos one August day now eighteen years ago, but the dear old Camulos has changed but little in all these years. From Los Angeles on the Santa Barbara line of the Southern Pacific railway, to the little station of Camulos, is sixty miles, a two hours' ride through the beautiful San Fernando, and over the Newhall Pass and Tunnel, and into the still more beautiful Santa

Fig. 3. The Famous South Veranda at the Camulos Rancho.
From Tourists' Edition of "Ramona." Courtesy of Little, Brown & Company, Boston.

Fig. 4. The Sheep-Washing Place, Guajome.
From Tourists' Edition of "Ramona." Courtesy of Little, Brown & Company, Boston.

Fig. 5. Chapel Where Ramona Was Married, Old San Diego.
From Tourists' Edition of Ramona." Courtesy of Little, Brown & Company, Boston.

Fig. 6. The Servants' Quarters, Guajome.
From Tourists' Edition of "Ramona." Courtesy of Little, Brown & Company, Boston

Fig. 7. The Chapel Door, Camulos.
From Tourists' Edition of "Ramona." Courtesy of Little, Brown & Company, Boston.

Clara Valley. It is but a stone's throw from the station to the ranch house so hidden in a mass of orange, almond trees and shrubbery that you do not see the building until close upon it. Passing the servants' quarters we think of the Senora's "unspeakable satisfaction, when the commissioners, laying out a road down the valley, ran it at the back of her house, instead of past the front." . . . "It is well," she said, "let their travel be where it belongs, behind our kitchens."

Back high on the hill, across the railroad track, stands the cross, ". . . that the heretics may know when they go by that they are on the estate of a good Catholic," she said.

A few steps past the end of the servants' quarters, and we are at the inner court. How true the description! "The house was of adobe, low, with a wide veranda on the three sides of the inner court. . ." There it is, the servants' quarters making the third side of the court, with flowers everywhere, and hedges at the fourth or eastern side of the court, virtually making a quadrangle, See Fig. 6.

We turn to the veranda. Could anything be better described? The raised platform, or loggia, made four (eight it

Fig. 8. The Sheep Sheds, Guajome.
From Tourists' Edition of "Ramona." Courtesy of Little, Brown & Company, Boston.

should read) steps higher than the others, leading to the Senora's room, then Felipe's and Ramona's at the foot of the steps; and at the southeast corner, the father's room; we almost expect to see the good old father throw open the shutters and break the stillness with his sunrise hymn:

"O Beautiful Queen, Princess of Heaven!"

We have not yet taken time to make our presence known to the household, so interested in the surroundings have we been. We step on the veranda; how real it all is—almost the stillness, the solemness of a shrine it seems as we gently tap on the open door. The sound has scarcely died away ere our summons is answered. We present our letter from the son in Los Angeles to the mother and sister, requesting their hospitality to his good friend, Mr. L. and his party. We are welcomed in words that assure us that the son's and brother's request is all that is needed to give us the freedom of the ranch. Even the father's own room at the southeast corner of the veranda is designated as ours, and here we once more feel the air of a sainted place, for was not this the very window with the bolted shutters that the father would open at break of day; this the very table where he sat?

But we cannot remain indoors, so anxious are we to see. As we step out on the veranda one of the household proffers her services as guide. The garden: "Between the veranda and the river meadow, out on which it looked, all was garden, orange grove, and almond orchard; . . . Nothing was to be seen but verdure or bloom or fruit at whatever time of year you sat on the Senora's south veranda;" in the center of the garden the fine old fountain, with the "bowls," that were hung from the veranda roof by cords, filled with flowers.

Close by, the chapel, "dearer to the Senora than her house;" just back of the chapel, the bells brought from Spain, and across the garden "a wide straight walk, shaded by a trellis so knotted and twisted by grapevines that little was to be seen of the trellis wood-work, led straight down . . . to a little brook

Mr. A. C. Vroman, of Pasadena, whose artistic pictures illustrate the new Tourists' Edition of "Ramona."

. . . in the shade of a dozen gnarled, old willow-trees were set the broad, flat stone washboards on which was done all the family's washing." The entrance to the chapel is shown in Fig. 7.

The little chapel attracts us once more on our return from the "willows." We step inside, for the door has been unlocked that we may have free access to everything; for has not the beloved son's letter vouched for us? No need to hide the family silver and keep the chapel door locked. So many people, they tell us, come unannounced and roam about without so much as a gracious acknowledgment of their presence on the premises; some are even so rude and contemptible as to slip a spoon from the table into their pocket when hospitality is shown them and they are asked to join the family at meal time.

We marvel at the patience of these good people when we are told that within nine months, by actual count, more than eight hundred meals were served to strangers, much against their desires; but hospitality must never find an ending in the old Spanish homes. No doubt it would be a great relief to them if some other place could take the honor of the "Home of Ramona."

What most hurts these good people is the insistence with which some of the thoughtless, or ignorant, almost demand to see Ramona and Felipe. "Which of the servants is Margarita?" and "Is the

Senora as cross as she used to be to Ramona?" Such ridiculous questions wound their sensitive feelings, and one marvels at their patience with the number who come and go. Many are a delight to meet, they say. Many have come away expressing themselves as charmed with their visit at Camulos and the friendship extended. But we must remember that we are on private, not public, property; that we owe it to the many yet to follow us that we do our part well.

Inside the little chapel, always fragrant with flowers, one must think of Mrs. Jackson's pleasure to find such to inspire her descriptions—nothing could be more to her needs.

Crossing the south veranda and passing through a hallway the full width of the main building, some thirty feet, we come out on the inner court with its wide verandas. Close by the door is the old bench where Juan Can sat, "his head leaning back against the whitewashed wall, his long legs stretched out nearly across the whole width of the veranda. . . . He was the picture of placid content." Across the court are the servant's quarters, and we imagine old Marda's copper saucepan shining through the open window still uplifted as she flung it "full of not over-clean water, so deftly past Juan's head that not a drop touched him. . . . And at which bit of sleight-of-hand the whole court-yard, young and old, babies, cocks, hens and turkeys, all set up a shout and a cackle." And we wonder if Mrs. Jackson did really see a similar performance somewhere, sometime. Everything else is there.

We visit the stables, stock-sheds, the old olive oil mill, the orange and peach orchards, the vineyard, and at the tap of the dinner bell we are graciously asked to join at the family table, and later sit and take much pleasure in conversation with the family on the south veranda. They give us innumerable incidents of those who have visited the ranch: how Mrs. Jackson came during the absence of the family and remained but two hours, and how if they had known they might also have forbidden the use of the ranch, and yet with all the annoyance much pleasure has come with it.

We go to the music room, and the guitar and piano, songs and merry conversation drive time so fast that only too soon does the time for our leave-taking come, which is not over with until the train moves away. But it is not the hospitality alone that has given us pleasure, but the *knowing* that we have spent a delightful day at *The* Home of Ramona.

What Ramona would have been with Guajome Ranch as the home of the heroine we cannot say, though surely it would have had a setting worthy of its stateliness in its prosperous days, but it is fast going the way of all our landmarks; already in a neglected state, it will soon be left out of the list of possible homes of Ramona.

Poetry *and* Symbolism *of* Indian Basketry

Courtesy The Theosophical Path, Point Loma, Cal.

By George Wharton James

(*Continued from December Number*)

"Sad and bitter were the wailings when the mournful news of these tragic deaths was told. Assembled together in an adobe hut, asleep under its walls after a *fiesta* of celebration of the happy Christmas-time (and let us not be too censorious that their feasting was of the grosser kind), the *temblor de tierra* came, one of the walls fell, and the lives of the sleeping women were instantan-e ously dashed out, Pedro's wife being among the number.

"He himself was also a victim of the earth's unsteadiness. Leg and collar bone (I think it was) were shattered, and when the dead body of his wife was found and brought out into the sunlight, Pedro was lying in agony and pain, broken and shattered in body. Out of kindness he was not told of his aged companion's tragic death. The Indian agency doctor visited him and gave him all the benefit possible of his great skill and knowledge. Ever since Pedro had opened his heart to the doctor, when he and I several years before had talked with him about the origin of his people, the physician had taken the deepest interest in this old blind man and his wife, so that now he needed no urging to do all that could be done to restore him to health. The fractures were reduced and the wounds treated, and the pure natural life of the old man aided the surgeon's endeavors so that he seemed on the way to speedy recovery. But all the time he kept asking for his wife. Where was his wife? Why didn't he hear her voice comforting and consoling him in his pain? That it might not retard his recovery the dreadful news was still kept from him, and he was left under the impression that his wife, like himself, was injured too seriously to come to him, but that she would doubtless soon recover. Tears rolled down his wrinkled cheeks from his poor, sightless eyes as he thought of his loved partner thus injured and of his inability to minister to her.

"His distress was pitiable to observe, and it was only when the doctor urged self-control and speedy recovery for her sake that Pedro's agitation was overcome.

"Those Above had striken them with severe blows. Why was it? He could patiently have borne for himself, but his poor wife—she was so feeble, and so old. Could she not have been spared?

"His broken bones began to knit and his wounds to heal. Speedy restoration to a fair degree of health was looked forward to, when it was deemed that the time had come to tell him the truth. The result was terrifying. In a few pathetic words this poor Indian exposed his whole inner heart.

" 'And she is gone from me? Shall I never hear the gentle love-sweetness of her voice in my ears again? From youth to old age we have walked hand in hand together, and now she has left me alone. She has gone on alone. I need her—she needs me. Care for me no more, I must go to her,' and straightway he turned his face away from all succor, refused all food, and in a few hours was again walking hand in hand, though now in the Indian spirit land, with the aged wife, who doubtless, with himself, had renewed her youth."

To return to the symbolism of the baskets, the design in the basket to the left in Figure 15 is one containing the same motif of esthetic pleasure in objects of natural beauty as revealed in the basket by its side. This weaver, living on Warner's Ranch, where there are many springs and many beautiful flowers and butterflies, conventionally designated them all in this basket. In the center

Fig. 14. A Havasupai Weaver, Beginning the Weave of a Water-Olla.

Fig. 15. A Palomas Apache Weaver, and Large Basket in Mr. James' Collection.

the small design represents springs, and in the body of the design it will be seen that butterflies and flowers alternate one with another.

The basket in the upper row to the right of Figure 16 has the same motif. With nothing but the black and white of her splints, the appreciative weaver expressed her joy and delight at the beauty of the trailing vines and flowers.

The large basket in the center of Figure 5 was sent to me by a Cahuilla weaver while I was lecturing in New York. At that time she and her family were camped some sixteen or eighteen miles from Redlands. Desirous of knowing the symbolism of the design and knowing that she was an intelligent woman and would answer correctly, I asked a friend of that city if he would kindly go out and get the desired information. When he arrived the weaver asked him to come in the morning *before sunrise* and she would then show him what the design meant. My friend was wise enough to do as he was told and a full hour before sunrise found him at her camp. Taking him a little distance away, she pointed to the ridge in the East, where, silhouetted against the beautiful clear white light of the early morning, a number of yuccas were to be seen. The white light of the morning shining through the dark spikes of the yucca afforded her so much pleasure that she wished to place them in her basket. The little groups in the design represent the flowers conventionalized. This was one of the baskets, the coloring of which gave such delight to the master artist to whom I have above referred, but unfortunately, the engravings do not reproduce the rich and perfect harmonies of its color-scheme.

Several of the baskets are prayer-baskets, carrying out somewhat the same idea that the old Saboba woman had when she put the rainbows in her basket—see Figure 16, for instance, and the basket to the left in Figure 5. When I first saw and purchased this basket, I could not conceive what its peculiar design could mean until upon inquiry the weaver showed me that the central cross design was a conventionalized representation of the four paws of a bear, showing their sharp claws, and that the other sharp pointed portions of the design represented the incisor-like and dangerous teeth of the bear. Instinctively realizing what the basket meant I asked her if I might accompany her when she took the basket to the shrine of prayer. In amazement she looked at me and asked me how I knew she was going to pray. I made no reply but simply asked that I might go and satisfy her that my desire was an earnest one, and that I should sincerely unite my prayer with hers. She then took my request in the most matter-of-fact way, and before long put a supply of prayer-meal into the basket and took me to the shrine, where she knelt and prayed most fervently to the Powers Above. From her prayer I gathered that her husband and sons were working in a portion of the Sierras where a number of bears had been seen. She was afraid that these wild creatures might jeopardize the lives of her loved ones. According to her reasoning, the bears were subject to the two great powers—one good, the other evil. This must be so, for all bears have equal power to do damage and injury, but only a few show the disposition to attack man. These, therefore, undoubtedly are under the domination of the evil power and she sought especially to propitiate this power in order that no injury would come to those she loved.

This same motif is found in the basket to the right in Figure 18. Here is clearly outlined a diamond-backed rattlesnake, although in the engraving the head of the rattler is in the shade and is indistinct. The woman who made this, knelt in my presence, and after sprinkling the sacred meal as is their wont when at prayer, petitioned the Powers of good and evil that her loved ones might be preserved from the poisonous fangs of the rattlesnakes that abounded in the region where they were at work.

It will also be noticed that in this basket there is a figure that looks like that of a mouse or rat. There are two of these figures in the basket. I forgot to ask the weaver the significance of these, hence I do not know definitely what her idea was in placing them here. The assumption, therefore, is purely my own and may be erroneous, but it is not

improbable that her thought was to suggest to the powers that controlled the rattlesnakes that if the gods would undertake to preserve from injury those she loved she would see to it that plenty of mice and other reptilian foods were forthcoming for these creatures.

The basket to the right of the lower row of Figure 16 is the well-known Bat Basket, the story of which has been told many times. When I first saw this basket the old weaver was busily engaged in its manufacture. As I chatted with her she told me that the design which she was weaving into it was that of the flying bat.

"Why do you put the flying bat into your basket?"

The answer came with a child-like confidence and simplicity that were intensely interesting and pathetic. "For a long time when I have gone to my bed to sleep, the flying bats have come through that hole"—pointing to a small hole at the junction of the wall and roof —"*and sucked away my breath.* You see I cannot breathe very well, for they have taken away nearly all the breath I have." (The poor old creature was suffering from asthma—a very rare complaint with Indians.) "So I am going to pray to Those Above to keep the bats away from me. I am making the basket to take the sacred meal to the shrine" (mentioning a place where the old Cahuilla Indians go to pray as in the old days before priests and missionaries were known), "and I am putting the bats in the basket so that Those Above will know what I am praying about. I will sprinkle the sacred meal and then pray earnestly that the bats be kept away so that when I lie down to sleep my breath be no longer taken away from me."

Impulsively I placed my hand on her shoulder and exclaimed: "And when you pray will you remember that your white brother will pray with you?"

I took good care, however, before leaving, to close up the aperture through which the bats entered her hut to disturb her. It was nearly a year before I returned to Cahuilla, but one of the first visitors to my wagon was this old woman. She took my face between her hands and kissed me on each cheek, and shook my hands with cordial earnestness, while tears streamed down her cheeks. Almost her first words were: "You see I now have my breath. Those Above heard *our* prayers."

Her gladness almost touched me to tears, and they actually did flow when I realized the significance of the plural pronoun she had used: "*Our prayers.*" Here, indeed, was the recognition of the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God. Then she continued: "I told you if our prayers were answered I would keep the basket for you, and it is there on my wall waiting for you to come and fetch it."

The second basket from the left in the upper row of Figure 16 has an equally pathetic prayer connected with it. It was made by the squaw of Panamahita, a Havasupai Indian, who lives with his tribe in Havasu or Cataract Canyon, one of the tributaries of the Grand Canyon of Arizona. Their home is deep down in the Canyon some fifty miles west and south of El Tovar. Some months prior to my visit on the occasion of my getting this basket, there had been a severe cloud-burst which had completely washed away the gardens of several families of the Indians and had done a great deal of damage to their peach and fig trees. Upon these vegetables and fruits the Indians depended for a large share of their subsistence during the year, and all of these having been destroyed they were naturally in sad circumstances. I had ridden into the Canyon from Bass Camp and had just passed the schoolhouse when I met the family leaving the village to visit a shrine some fifteen to twenty miles away where I doubt whether any other white man save myself has ever been privileged to go. This basket was in the hands of the weaver and in our conversation I learned that she had made it expressly for the visit they were about to make to this shrine. Before long the symbolism of the design was made apparent. According to their belief, with which I have been familiar for many years, the Havasupais believe that "Hackataia" is the great central power behind all cyclones, tornadoes, cloud-bursts, and destructive forces of this nature. They regard the roaring, turbulent Colorado River in the depths of the Canyon as a manifestation of

Figs. 15 (*Top*) *and* 16 (*Bottom*). *Indian Baskets in Mr. James' Collection.*

Hackataia; the thunder as another manifestation. The destructive cloud-burst which had devastated their gardens and partially destroyed their homes was also an exhibition of this malevolent power. Accordingly, in the center of the basket the black part of the design represents the great Hackataia from which all the smaller Hackataias come, the latter being represented by the inverted pyramids which surround the central black design. It was to this god their petitions were to be addressed. Now, as I have explained, these people live in the region of deep canyons, surrounded by high plateaus. In the next circle of the design this country of alternating plateau and canyon is shown, and it will be observed that all

symbols of Hackataia are absent. This was to be the chief burden of the prayers, that if it were the will of the gods, all this country, that they regarded as their home country, should henceforth be completely free from the ravages of tornado, cloud-burst, fierce storm, or other injurious power. Then, fearful of asking too much at the hands of the gods, the upper row of the design suggests a modification of the prayer, namely, that if Hackataia *must* come into this region, will it not be possible to confine him to the plateaus, so that when he reaches the edge of the canyon, instead of descending into it and bringing evil and misery and distress to the poor, hard-working Havasupais, he will jump across the canyon and continue his destructive work upon the plateau, where there are no human beings with little children to be made to suffer.

In the basket to the left in Figure 18 will be seen four pairs of birds. The central portion of the design is a conventionalized flower or shrub near which these birds, the doves, were often seen by the weaver. She was a young maiden about to be married at the time that I found her engaged in the making of this basket. I had known her practically from her babyhood, and we were exceeding good friends. She trusted me implicitly, hence when I asked the meaning of the design of the birds in her basket, she looked at me sweetly and shyly for an instant and then explained: "You know Jose and I are soon to be married. Every day when I am busy with my work I see the love-birds"—this is the name given by many Indians to the dove—"They are always cooing to each other and stroking each other's feathers down with their bills and showing how much they love each other, so I thought to myself I would pray to the god of the Palatinguas that not only before our marriage, but afterwards, and all the time, Jose and I may make love to each other and be as happy together as are the love-birds."

"But why did you put the four pairs of love-birds in your basket?" I asked.

"Oh, that was to represent all the seasons of the year—spring, summer, autumn, and winter—and thus represented, one year to represent all years," she replied.

When I asked, "Will you sell me the basket?" she replied, "No, I cannot sell it now, because if I were to sell it that might spoil my prayer."

It was some three years before I saw her again and when I did she was the happy mother of two beautiful and healthy children. The basket hung upon the wall. Immediately I saw it, the question instinctively sprang to my lips, "Are you happy, Juanita?" With a smile she responded, "Yes, I am perfectly happy and satisfied, and now if you want the basket I shall be very happy to have you take it."

Need I say that it now occupies an honored place in my collection?

On the small basket to the right in Figure 5, which was made by a Pima, will be seen that almost universal symbol, the swastika. Dr. Thomas Wilson, while he was Curator of Anthropology, National Museum, wrote a most learned monograph, illustrated with hundreds of engravings, giving the history of this symbol as found by him among the different nations of the earth, both civilized and uncivilized. While he presented a few Indian designs and gave their explanation, he failed to present the interpretation that had been given to me some years ago by the Pimas and other tribes in Southern Arizona. These people live in a region where water is exceedingly scarce. Indeed, the chief burden of their prayers is that the "Reservoirs of the Above" (the rain-clouds), and the "Reservoirs of the Below" (the springs) may be kept perpetually full so that they may not be deprived of this life-giving fluid. One of their dances is a prayer of thanksgiving and also of petition to Those Above for this purpose. This dance is called the "Dance of the Linked Fingers." The dancers stand two by two, one crooking his first finger from below and the other crooking his first finger, but holding it downwards as from above, and the two thus linking their fingers represent the meeting of the waters of the "Above" and the "Below." If the reader will kindly link the first fingers of his right and left hands, he will see that they make the design of the Greek fret. This symbol is found in infinite variation in the designs of the basketry of

the Pimas and Apaches and other tribes of Southern Arizona.

Now, while the worshipers with their fingers thus linked dance to and fro, it is natural that by and by their fingers should slip from this position into the easier cross-linked position. When the weaver seeks to imitate this design, which to her mind is exactly of the same symbolic significance as the Greek fret, the exigencies of the art of basket-weaving force her to make it in the form of the swastika as shown in the basket in Figure 5. Here, then, we have the interpretation of these two symbols. They both mean the same thing—Thanksgiving to the gods above for the feeding of the reservoir of the clouds and the feeding of the reservoir of the springs.

While there are other baskets in the collection the symbolism of which I have not described, because I have not been able to learn it from the weavers of the baskets themselves, there is one more that must receive attention at my hands. It is the center basket with the star-design in Figure 18. The story of this basket is connected with the origin of that part of the story of *Ramona* which describes the killing of Alessandro by the Jim Farrar of the novel. This part of the story is literally true, the original Indian's name being Juan Diego, and the wife actually bore the name, "Ramona Lubo." It must be remembered, however, that this parallel of absolute truthfulness between the fact and the fictitious story of *Ramona* does not apply throughout the whole novel, although every isolated statement of the story has its counterpart in actual fact.

Here is the story of the basket as I wrote it some years ago in my book entitled *Through Ramona's Country:* "Ramona Lubo is herself a fine basket-maker, but for many years she has not cared to exercise her art in this direction. One of the most highly-prized baskets in my collection was made by her, but was purchased by me in ignorance of that fact. The basket is an almost flat plaque, with a flange, giving it somewhat of the appearance of a soup-plate. In color it is a rich cream, with a large five-pointed star in the center and a host of small dots representing stars surrounding it, all worked out in stitches of deep brown of tule root.

"The manner in which I learned the meaning of the big star and the little stars from Ramona is as interesting as the story itself. It came about as follows: After hearing Ramona's story of the killing of her husband by Sam Temple, as recited in a former chapter, it seemed that it would be an excellent thing to preserve her story in the graphaphone, told in her own way. Accordingly, on my next visit to Cahuilla, I took a large graphophone with the necessary cylinders, and soon after my arrival set up the instrument in the wagon ready for use. Timid and afraid of everything new, as usual, it was difficult work to persuade Ramona to come into the wagon. Fearful as a doe she sat down, while I wound up the machine and adjusted the cylinder, on which was one of Nordica's songs. My explanations of the mysterious powers of the graphophone only seemed to excite her fears the more, so that I was not surprised when the clear voice of the great artist burst forth from the horn to see a look of absolute terror come over Ramona's face, and the next moment to see her flying form darting through the wagon doorway. She fled incontinently to her little cabin, and it seemed as if our hopes of a record were doomed to disappointment. Mrs. N. J. Salsberry, the beloved teacher of the Indian school, and her daughter, Mrs. Noble, women in whose integrity Ramona had the highest confidence, united with me in persuasions to get her back to the wagon, but it was some days before she would consent.

"In the meantime, I had wandered about the village, buying all the baskets I could find, and among others this one with the design of the large star surrounded by all the lesser ones in the firmament. In vain I sought to know something of the design from the Indian woman of whom I purchased it. She did not make the basket, and she did nor know the meaning of the design. "Who was the maker?" She refused to tell, and I had at last settled down to the thought that I must be content to be the mere possessor of the basket without knowing anything of its design or weaver,

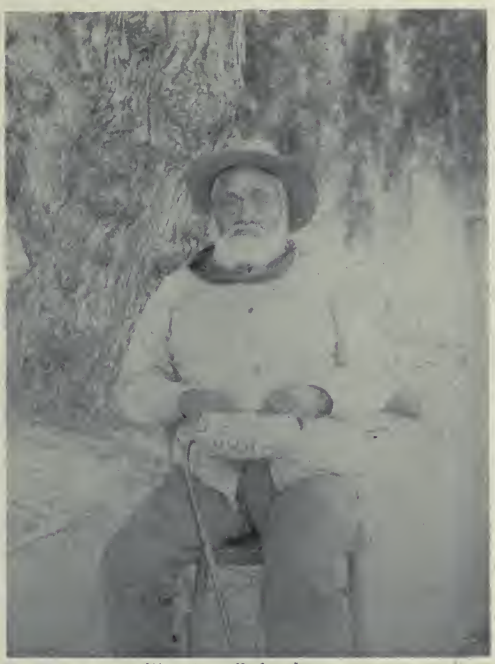


Fig. 17. Pedro Lucero.
With basket in which is enshrined the history of his people, the Sabobas, of Southern California

Fig. 18. Indian Baskets in Mr. James' Collection.

and had placed it with my other purchases in the wagon.

"At length Mrs. Noble's persuasions were successful and she and Ramona came again into the wagon. While preparing the graphophone I suggested to Ramona that she look at my baskets. With the child-like interest and curiosity Indians always display in one another's work, she began to examine the baskets and question me as to their weavers, when suddenly she caught sight of this star-basket. Seizing it with eagerness she exclaimed:

" 'Where did you get my basket?'

" 'It's not your basket, Ramona,' I replied. 'I bought it, and it is mine!'

" 'No, no! It is not yours,' she excitedly answered. 'It is my basket, my basket!'

" 'How can it be yours when I bought and paid for it?' I queried.

" 'Yes!' said she. 'I know it is yours in that way, but that is not what I mean. It is my basket, mine! It belongs to me! I made it! It is part of me—it is mine!'

"Need I say that in a moment my keenest interest and profoundest curiosity were aroused?

" 'Ah,' said I, 'I understand, Ramona; you made the basket. It is a part of you. Why did you put the big star and the little stars in your basket?'

" 'I will not tell you,' was her reply, with the keen directness of an Indian.

" 'Surely you will tell me,' was my response. 'You often say you wil not tell me things and yet you generally do. Do not say you will not tell me, for I want you to tell, and I think you will.'

"I forbore pressing the question, however, at this time, as I saw it would be useless, but securing her promise to allow me to come down to her cabin, and there obtain more photographs of her, I determined to use that opportunity for further queries on the subject of the basket.

"In the meantime she told her story in the graphophone, and I now have the cylinder. Unfortunately she was so afraid of the machine that in spite of my urgings, her voice was low and timid, and did not make much impression. It is clearly to be heard, however, when one is perfectly still, hence is a valuable record.

"The following day when I went to her house, I took the basket along, and after I had set up my camera I handed her the basket. As I put my head under the focusing cloth, while she sat before me at the end of the little cabin, holding the basket in her hand, she voluntarily began her story, her son, Condino, acting as interpreter.

" 'There are many times when I lie down out of doors, tired and weary, but I cannot sleep. How can I sleep? I am all alone, and as I roll and toss, all at once I think I can see that wicked man riding up to the top of the hill and looking down upon our little home, and I hear him shout, "Juan Diego! Juan Diego!" Then I see my poor husband, tired and sleepy almost to death, stagger to the doorway, and that wicked man, shouting foul oaths, put his gun to his shoulder and fire, bang! bang!—two shots—right into the heart of my poor husband. And I see him fall across the doorway, and although the blood was oozing from his dead body, and I knew I had now no husband, that cruel man pulls out his little gun and fires again, ping! ping! ping! ping! four more shots into his dead body.

" 'When I see this, how can I sleep? I cannot sleep, and my face becomes wet with many tears.

" 'Then I look up into the sky, and there I see the Big Star and all the little stars, and I think of what they tell me, that my husband, Juan Diego, has gone somewhere up there. I don't understand, I am only a poor ignorant Indian, but the priest understands, and you white people understand; and he says that Juan Diego has gone there and that he is very happy, and that if I am a good woman I shall go there too, and I shall be very happy, because I shall be with him. And when I think of this, it makes me feel good here, (putting her hand over her heart and body), and my head does not feel so dizzy, and I am able to turn over and go to sleep.'

" 'So that was why you made the basket, was it, Ramona, that you might see the Big Star and the little stars, even in the daytime, or when you were indoors, and it might make you feel good to see them?'

" 'Yes,' she replied, 'that was it.'

" 'Then,' said I, if the basket gave you so much comfort, Ramona, why did you sell it?'

"As I asked the question such a look of despair came over the face of the poor woman as I shall never forget, and raising her hands with a gesture of helpless hopelessness she exclaimed: 'I wait a long, long time, and I no go. I want to go many times, but I no go. I stay here and I no want to stay here. Nobody love me here, white people no love me, Indians no love me, only Condino, my little boy, love me and I heap tired! I heap tired! I want to go! I no go!'

"And then flinging the basket away from her in a perfect frenzy of fury, she shrieked, 'Basket say I go! I no go! Basket heap lie! Basket heap lie!'

"So that I see in this basket not only a beautiful piece of work, with dainty colors arranged in exquisite harmony, but I see the longings of a woman's soul to be again with her husband in 'the above,' her aspirations to be at rest, and alas! the sickness of heart that comes from hope long deferred—a woman's despair."

From these simple and pathetic stories it will be seen that far more human interest attaches to the baskets of the Indian than we have hitherto conceived. No longer can they appear to us as mere pieces of aboriginal wickerwork with no other thought connected with them than their beauty of form, color, and design, and the use for which they were intended. Henceforth one can never look at a basket without realizing that the Indian weavers and people are human with ourselves, feeling all the emotions, enjoying equal hopes and aspirations, and feeling equal wretchedness and despair with ourselves.

And if this brief and imperfect presentation of the subject leads my readers to feel even a small part of my own sympathy for and interest in the Indian, its recital will be more than justified and my labor abundantly repaid.

EVENING IN THE VALLEY

By Viva Person

The sun's last beam has dropped behind the hills,
Soft purple shadows lie on all the plain.
Unstirred by any breeze, the valley oaks
Uplift their myriad leaves, clear cut and dark
As ebony, against the far-off gold.

As in some bubble, vast and heaven-high,
The whole earth seems enclosed—so crystal clear,
So cloudless is the sky. Far in the east,
In tints of gray and pearl, with dreams of rose,
It bends; while overhead the azure sweeps.

Beyond the broken outline of the hills
Still lie the banners of the vanished sun—
Red, blent with gold, and shading into pearl,
Then softly upward into palest blue—
Where, lo, the golden crescent of the moon
Swings like a censer from the evening star!

Hushed to its utmost rim the valley lies;
It is the hush of perfect ecstacy.

A FISHING TRIP TO SAN CLEMENTE

By L. G. Campbell

AT sea, about fifteen degrees West of South from San Pedro, California, and distant about eighty-five miles from that place, is an island in the Pacific Ocean called San Clemente. This island is about twenty-five miles long by five miles wide and extends in its longest course, northerly and southerly. It is a great lava-outflow, forced from the depths until its cliffs stand at places along its shore line from 1,000 to 1,500 feet above sea level and reach by almost sheer cliffs, the waters' edge. Such formation is by nature, hard here, soft there, soluable here, insoluable there. The result of the gnawing of the ocean on these cliffs for ages, has been that great caves have been drilled in the rock—not one, but hundreds of them—some so large that a launch may be housed therein as an automobile in its garage. Some of these caves are smaller at their entrance than in their underground cavities. Some person whose desire to play a prank on nature exceeded his wisdom, has placed a great whistle at the top of the entrance to one of such caves. The waves dash against its entrance, compress the air in the vast cavity and the pent-up air escaping through the whistle causes it to send forth a wierd sound, more awe-inspiring than the siren of old.

The island is plentifully covered with grasses and verdure. Years ago some fig trees were planted upon it and although uncultivated and unattended, they yet produce figs in abundance. Spaniards, it is said, several generations ago, brought goats to the island to feed, and unherded, they answered the call of the wild, and the domestic instincts of their ancestors have been lost in their response to that call. A fisherman along the shore has but to look to the cliffs to see now and again the wild goats as they leap from rock to rock.

In August of 1913, Mr. J. E. Pelton, of Pasadena, California, a man for years past eminently successful in mining and incidentally an enthusiastic fisherman, took two other of his friends, Daniel Craig, of Pasadena, and J. H. Quinton, of Los Angeles, and the writer, on a ten days' fishing trip to that island. The launch, *Manana*, equipped with berths for six, a cooking compartment and an engine-room, a craft as restful in appointments as its name suggests, was our good ship.

Yellow-tail, rock cod, sea bass, albacore, with now and then a bonita shark, were ready and willing to take the bait and hook, but the fish we sought—the fish many sea-fishermen for sport seek—the sword-fish, were not so willing. It is believed by the fishermen that the sword-fish spawns off the shore of Japan and is but a visitor in American-Pacific waters. Like a bird of passage, its sojourn with us is brief, for the experience of fishermen is that it can be hooked in those waters for the brief space of thirty days only, the latter part of August and early September, of each year. So we drifted for several days trolling for sword-fish, pulling now and again to remove a rock cod or albacore that permitted its voracious appetite to over-run its discretion. The unwelcome intruder removed and thrown back in the water to ruminate on his experience, the bait, a flying-fish, is again fastened on the four inch steel hook by passing the hook through its mouth, thence back through its belly with the point of the hook extending out and downward from the belly. A lead is sewed on the bait in front of the hook, the mouth of the fish closed and fastened, and the bait, hook and three hundred feet of line are again cast. The sword-fish does not take its prey without first striking or piercing it with its sword. A little time passed when one of our

party called out "Strike," the brief announcement that a fish is at the bait. The line, twenty-four strand, tightly woven, and no larger than a coarse cotton thread, was permitted to run free for twenty-five or fifty feet, and by that time the sword-fish had effectually hooked himself and the sport was on. He took the hook about half a mile from shore and true to the instincts of his kind, he leaped with his full nine feet of length clear of the water, striking it again and going under but a few feet and leaping again, thus going to sea. The Von Hoff four-inch reel on the bamboo pole hummed and sung as he made his first five hundred-foot mad dash for liberty. When he took the bait, approximately three hundred feet of line were out. In less time than is required to say it, he had added five hundred feet more to his distance from the boat, leaving but two hundred feet of the one thousand-foot line on the reel. Fortunately for the success of the fisherman, the next course of the sword-fish was to the depths and toward the boat, and the man with the tackle succeeded in getting five hundred feet of slack line back on the reel. Thus for an hour and a half the struggle continued with the fish now going to the depths and now leaping above the surface of the water, and all the while working, working farther to sea and leaving in the minds of the man with the pole and the rest of the party (who by this time had pulled in their lines and were spectators only), a grave doubt as to which would win—man or fish. At times the fish was so close to the boat and so near the surface that its great shining, shimmering form could be seen as distinctly as the form of a gold-fish in a bowl. Brief were such visits, however, for the next moment the now hot reel with the drag set, would sing under the speed of the out-going line. The boat rising and falling with the swells; he at the reel pumping and reeling as inch by inch slack could be taken, the exhausted fish was finally near enough to the boat to be reached with the gaff-hook and noose, and his nine feet of length lay upon the deck—the rod and reel had won. His length was nine feet one inch, and his weight, as he came from the water, one hundred and seventy-six pounds.

Grandfather's sword on your wall tells a story of war-clouds, strife and the slaughter of men. The mounted sword from that fish on the wall at the home of the fisherman tells a more beautiful story than does grandfather's sword. Its story is of sunshine and happy days on that fishing trip.

The POINTING PENCIL

CHOOSING

By Martha Martin Newkirk

EXPECTATION of something for nothing induces men to steal and snares women at the bargain counter. But the man pays for his theft by a guilty conscience, a ruined life, if not by chains and prison, while the woman pays for her "bargain" by greater weariness, loss of time, and of a certain fine sensibility, that is as the bloom on the peach, for delicacy. But Nature holds them both to strict account.

One Price Only

There are no bargain sales at the health counter. Happiness can never be bought at a discount. And there are no special days, nor hours nor seasons for buying. Day and night, winter and summer alike, health and happiness must be paid for at Nature's own prices.

Health

Having all parts of the human body in perfect order, responding to the will of its tenant—that is health. The eye, the ear, the muscles, tendons, bones, nervous system, all the complicated mechanism must be ready to spring to action at will. Break a bone, dislocate a joint, burst a blood vessel, strain the

heart, interfere with the body's perfect work, and where can you buy back health?

Spiritual vs. Temporal

What is the price of spiritual joy? One can practice mental gymnastics by mathematics, or can mount to the stars on astronomical wings, or speak all the world's languages, or be wise in philosophy, psychology, and multitudinous other ways, and yet may be a spiritual pauper. He has paid the price of learning, but has been miserly with the deep things of the spirit.

The Price of Leadership

The leader must pay the price of leadership by keeping beyond his followers. He must know more of law or medicine, or whatever line he leads in, than those behind. Do they study? He burns midnight oil. Do they investigate? He goes deeper, and farther. But the spiritual leader reaches a depth of power by being in touch with spirit. "That which is born of spirit is spirit."

And Love

The price of love is love. You cannot return love for mere respect—though respect belongs to love—or kindness, or honor, or friendship. For each of these is an integral part of love. They are the dimes that make the dollar, but eight dimes or nine, are not equal to a dollar. You need the complete number. Love is love's perfect complete coin.

To Hark Back

The lesson from Mother Eve is this same one. She "saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise," so she took and ate. The price was innocence; the fruit bought was knowledge, for "the eyes of them both were opened." From that moment simple living became a past experience, and covering became a necessity. Even before his Maker, man cowered for lack of clothes.

Choice

Life consists largely of choosing. If I devote my time and strength to making money, I know just THAT, but I do not know many other things. If I am an artist I study pose and color, and chiaroscuro, but—probably—I do not pay attention to the discoveries in Science, nor weary my brain with higher mathematics. On the other hand, if I am putting my whole soul into science, I may almost forget the existence of art. And one of the greatest joys of my life is this choosing, this ability to decide, to select. The Creator placed before the human being He had made, the right to choose. The child is provided with father and mother, brothers and sisters. But the grown man or woman has the right to choose the mate for life. Also friends and location and business are matters of selection. The matter of choice has been placed before men in many dramatic situations. When the mighty prophet Elijah gathered Israel together in one final effort for the redemption of a nation, he cried, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve. If the Lord be God, *follow* Him. But if Baal, then follow him!" And Moses, after all his years as lawgiver and leader of Israel, appealed to Israel to choose. "Behold I have set before thee this day life and death. Therefore CHOOSE LIFE." In this power of choosing, man approaches the God-likeness, the divinity in humanity.

God-Likeness

To my thinking—or perhaps I should say to my imagination—the most dramatic moment in the world's history is recorded in Genesis 1:26: "God said, 'Let us make man in *our image*, in our *likeness*.'" Reverently I say this: It seems that the Creator paused over the clay form, the clay man, made from the earth. He paused, and looked at the clay. Not *dead*, for it had not *lived*; yet no breath, no pulsing heart, no active brain, no human intelligence—just a clay image, or model. Did the Creator consider leaving this man Being without power or will, to *choose*? And was it not a glorious moment for Time and *Eternity* when he said, "In our *own image*?" Man has the soul impress of his Maker. He dreams and hopes and plans. He thinks and wills. He has the power to know good and evil, and to *choose*.

So we are not compelled to pay for what we do not want. We CHOOSE to have health, happiness, education, friendship, love, spiritual joy—whatever our

souls most long for. And we count the cost, and pay. We must not shirk paying. We should pay bravely, cheerfully, ungrudgingly. But we must not mortgage our future for present pleasure. We must not, as Holmes said, "Purchase with a loaf of bread, the sugar plum of pleasure."

Our American poet, James Russell Lowell, reached this same conclusion in his own large way. In his "Prelude" to "The Vision of Sir Launfal," this deep thinker says:

Earth gets its price for what earth gives us;
For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking;
'Tis HEAVEN ALONE THAT IS GIVEN AWAY,
'Tis only GOD MAY BE HAD FOR THE ASKING.

The stanzas below are written by Mrs. M. R. Leslie, of Hollywood, California. No one with whom I am familiar has studied more thoroughly the various forms of verse than Mrs. Leslie. She has made many interesting experiments and has written most luminously upon the subject. Much of the verse submitted to the editor of *Out West* contains excellent thought but is poorly expressed and does not conform to any known standard of verse composition. To several contributors who have asked for criticism and help I have replied referring them to Mrs. Leslie and she has given them a course of instruction to their marked improvement. I make this brief reference to Mrs. Leslie's work without any solicitation from her in the hope that many would-be contributors will avail themselves of her sympathetic and useful help. —EDITOR.

DOWN I GO

Mountain snow,
Scent of pine,
Tang of sage,
Heavy sweet orange-blow,
Down I go.

Sad, I know,
Dusky pine,
Shadows fall
Far above breathes the snow.
Down I go.

SWEET AND LOW

Breezes blow.
Salt the sea-spray and cool,
Cool the rocks where the waves
Break below.
Sweet the soft breezes blow.

Heavy sweet
Orange scent fans the groves
Half asleep. Languid shade
Gives retreat.
Sweet the soft breezes blow.

THERE AND OUT HERE

Winter is there.
Wildest of winds, fiercest of blasts,
Make it their lair,
Fright'ning the sun.

Spring has begun,
Pelting the green earth with her showers,
Here in the sun.
Storms there are none!

Here is not There.
There is not Here.
Look at the sun!

WACHT HEIL

By Fannie Harley

"——and the New Year blithe and bold
Comes up to take his own."

THE "saw the skirts of the departing year!" Midway in his revelry, with goblet half lifted to lips, the garb of folly cast aside, on this gladdest—saddest of all holidays, the heart of a man like Janus looking into the past with regret, into the future with hopes, sinks and wells as the great hand points the hour of twelve and once more the shadow moves over the dial-plate of time, and solemn, muffled bells toll out the death knell of the Old Year. With a sob he realizes too late, the "To-morrow" of his promises; the prick of his conscience crying, "Today;" and invincible Death shouting, "Now," in his ears. The mighty host of past events, limned upon the horizon of memory's sky, the tides of joy and passion, the succession of births and deaths pass before his vision like a spectre indomitable. But nearer come the scenes of his own life—hopes and plans frustrated or realized; hours wasted or employed; kindnesses done or neglected; another year gone by, another year weighing down the body. No wonder, then, that in the midst of revelries, amidst the clank of glasses, amidst the odor of meats and viands—almost in despair, in uncontrollable grief, his soul is flung to sorrow, his face hidden in his arms as the shadow passes over his heart, the chill echoes of the past sigh in his ears, and the Old Year passes out in silence.

Ah! but Regret weeps only tears of poison. Avaunt! Already the merry tintinabulation heralding the New Year has overwhelmed the dirge of the Old Year. Again take up the glass, drown every sorrow, every animosity, and every discord of feeling in the wassail bowl. Wacht heil, drinc hael, a hearty laugh, an honest handshake, and a Happy New Year.

New Year's Day has ever been a holy day, or a holiday, among all nations. With the Jews the fifteenth day of Sh'vat is celebrated as "The New Year Festival of the Trees," because at that time the sap begins to rise and the season of fruits and flowers approaches. Among the Hindus the first day of the year is celebrated with sacrifices to the God of Wisdom. Human sacrifices offered to the incoming year were made by the ancient Mexicans; and the Druids commenced the years on the tenth of March by cutting the sacred mistletoe with a golden knife, and with much ceremony distributing the branches among their followers. There was, also, much banqueting and sacrificing and singing and dancing. The Chinese and Japanese set out at dawn on New Year's Day with costly gifts for one another.

Our custom of celebrating the New Year is centuries old, having begun with the ancient cattle-keeping tribes of Germany, who divided the year according to the seasons, the winter, or New Year, beginning about the middle of November when snow falls, water freezes, and the cattle can no longer remain outside. Thus compelled to completely change their summer habits, the beginning of this change was celebrated by a joyous festival when all the people returned to their huts after the long season with their flocks and herds and harvest-gathering. Their celebration of the New Year at this time continued until Germanicus, in the year 14, surprised them in the midst of their revelry and took them all captive. The invasion of the Romans brought Roman customs which were slowly adopted, their festivities reaching their height at Martinmas, which had been substituted by the Christians (as was their custom when they could not abolish pagan rites to weave them into Christian ceremonies)

for the Vinalia, or Feast of Bacchus, retaining, however, the eating, drinking, and revelry of the wine-flowing feast. So in the sixth century the festival of St. Martin, which is celebrated on the anniversary of his death, November eleventh, replaced the old German New Year, thus giving the beginning of the year a fixed date instead of depending upon the changes of nature and temperature as had hitherto prevailed, and New Year's Day and Martinmas soon became identical, the custom fast spreading to Gaul and Britain.

Well earned was St.Martin's cognomen of "The Drunken Saint." Great bonfires were built of brush and trees and called "St. Martin's Fires." One of the favorite games, called "St. Martin's Game," was to place two wild boars in an inclosure while the vast throng of merry-makers gathered on the outside to watch them tear each other to pieces, after which the carcasses were cut up and the meat divided among the spectators, the choicest cuts going to the office-holders.

On Martinmas Eve, or New Year's Eve, the devil was allowed free play—stories of his powers were related; tricks played and attributed to his machinations; and children, stealing to doors, peered into the darkness to let the "delightful shivers of fear" run up and down their backs. Everything was reckoned from Martinmas, it being customary to say, "He has helped to eat many a St. Martin's goose," instead of, "He has lived many years."

The custom of bestowing gifts is ascribed to King Tatius, who, on the first day of the year, B. C. 747, received branches of vervain gathered from the sacred grove of Streuna, goddess of strength. Then in ancient times New Year gifts were called streuna, and in later times the emperors exacted tribute from their subjects of a pound of gold as STREUNA. When the magistrates entered office they were presented with New Year gifts as tokens of congratulations, but later they demanded them. The usual gifts were figs and dates covered with gold leaf, and a bag of money. This "forced generosity" continued until prohibited by Claudius, but in the early ages of the Church, the Christian emperors again revived the old pagan custom, notwithstanding they were sternly criticized by the ecclesiastical councils.

It appears that a foundation for the feast of Janus, the deity supposed to preside over open doors, and therefore over the opening of the New Year, was laid as early as Romulus, but was not established until the tyrant, Numa Pompilius, succeeded to the throne, and added two more months to the ten of the previous division of the calendar, calling the first one Januarius. In accordance with the Julian calendar, which was accepted in 46 B. C., it was decided that the festival of Martinmas, with all its Vinalian tone, should be transferred to January first. Besides the bacchanalia, the day was spent in greetings and good wishes for the New Year, and the presenting of gifts was again popularized.

Out of gratitude to nature, the English observed March twenty-fifth as the beginning of the New Year, and in his feudal hall the lord made merry drinking from the famous wassail. Calling his family, friends, and followers around the bowl he drank their health, and each in turn drank his with the words, "Wass heile, my Lord!" This custom is a remnant of the early Greek and Roman Grace-Cup, and not, as many suppose, established from the time Rowena presented the cup to Vortigern with a "wacht heil" (to your health). Gifts of oranges stuck with cloves, apples skewered on three sticks in the form of a tripod, and gilded nutmegs, were exchanged, but the customary gift was gloves, and later, when rough, handmade pins replaced the unwieldy skewers of bone and wood, they made very acceptable presents; the money spent for them or given to purchase them was called "pin-money."

In the sixteenth century the customs of giving were numerous and preposterous. Henry VIII extorted gifts and by this "system of royal taxation" Queen Elizabeth filled her jewel caskets and supplied her extensive wardrobe. Happily this thievery was destroyed during the Commonwealth.

Scotland, the "land of mist and mystery," celebrated its New Year, or Hogomany, with greatest preparation

and innumerable customs. Houses were sprinkled with Usque Cashriche, "water from the dead and living ford," as homage to the good genii, the hoghmen; "Smuchdans" of juniper bows were made, and the houses (all members of the families remaining indoors) were fumigated, and even the animals and fowls were subjected to this lachrymose custom; dishes of "mete and drynke" were set "by nighte on the benche to fede Alholde or Gobelyn," and keep hunger from the door.

"Drinking in" the New Year with spiced ale obtained until only a few years ago. Just before midnight a "het pint" was prepared, and on the stroke of twelve each member of the family drank "a good health and a happy New Year and many of them." Poorer families carrying be-ribboned bowls begged from house to house for contributions of the ale that they too might drink wassail, and children swathed in sheets forming huge bags, begged crackers and cheese for their Hogomany.

After the midnight hour the older members of the families ran to their neighbors carrying with them their "het pints," it being a part of Scotch philosophy to share one's goods with his neighbor, and deeming it an ill omen to carry anything out of the house before bringing something in.

Take out, then take in,
Bad luck will begin;
Take in, then take out,
Good luck comes about.

This custom of visiting neighbors received the name of "First Footing" since the first foot to cross the threshold after midnight was portentious of what the New Year held in store. Young men "first footers" held the right to kiss the daughters of the household, this oftentimes leading to their claiming them as brides. In Edinburgh the streets were thronged with jovial, rollicking "first footers" exchanging sips of hot spiced ale, cake offerings, buns, and short bread; and singing and dancing. Unfortunately this custon, wherein so much good feeling was abroad, was abolished in 1811 on account of the thefts, atrocities, and brutality indulged in by rowdies.

"Jour d' Etrennes," as the New Year is called in Paris, is celebrated more universally among the French than with us, it being *the* gift day of the year, indulged in by young and old. On New Year's Eve children place their shoes on the fender, expecting them to be filled with "goodies" in the morning. The principal gifts are bon bons, cakes, and pastry, and at this time, the Rue des Lombardes out-parisians the Parisians in the variety, excellence, and novelty of its confections.

It seems that our New Year of today has resolved itself into what Lord Chesterfield termed "a time when the kindest and warmest wishes were exchanged without the least meaning, and the most lying day in the whole year."

Undoubtedly the custom of New Year's gifts originated among the heathen in their observance of the New Year, but how grossly has it been abused among the civilized and Christian nations! The watch meetings and midnight services are a remnant of the old superstition left in the civilized heart from the time when our forefathers, with drawn swords, sat upon the roofs of the houses, and prognosticated the good or bad things the coming year held in store; or knelt upon a cow-hide at the cross-roads listening for oracles. Our custom of decorating the home with branches of trees may be traced to the beautiful times when the ancient Romans hung their dwellings with branches of laurel and evergreen as an omen of good luck. Much to be lamented is the discontinuance of the old Dutch custom introduced at New Amsterdam, of making New Year's calls and serving New Year's cake to callers, for it seems that all the imaginative ceremonies, and customs of good fellowship have disappeared, and our modern New Year retains only a semblance of the grotesque Martinmas performances, with eating and drinking as the favorite pastime and the rowdyism that characterized the Edinburgh "First Footing," not missing.

It would be a New Year, truly, if all of us RESOLVED to respect the creations of nature, protect our dumb animals and birds, care for the hundreds of neglected and hungry children, and help in the uplifting of unfortunate humanity while we "drinc wacht hael," and extend the hand of good fellowship for a Happy New Year.

Why Man of Today is Only 50 Per Cent. Efficient.

By WALTER GRIFFITH

IF ONE were to form an opinion from the number of helpful, inspiring and informing articles one sees in the public press and magazines, the purpose of which is to increase our efficiency, he must believe that the entire American Nation is striving for such an end—

And this is so.

The American Man, because the race is swifter every day, competition is keener and the stronger the man the greater his capacity to win. The stronger the man the stronger his will and brain, and the greater his ability to match wits and win. The greater his confidence in himself the greater the confidence of other people in him; the keener his wit and the clearer his brain.

The American Woman, because she must be competent to rear and manage the family and home, and take all the thought and responsibility from the shoulders of the man whose present-day business burdens are all that he can carry.

Now what are we doing to secure that efficiency? Much mentally, some of us much physically, but what is the trouble?

We are not really efficient more than half the time. Half the time blue and worried—all the time nervous—some of the time really incapacitated by illness.

There is a reason for this—a practical reason, one that has been known to physicians for quite a period and will be known to the entire World ere long.

That reason is that the human system does not, and will not, rid itself of all the waste which it accumulates under our present mode of living. No matter how regular we are, the food we eat and the sedentary lives we live (even though we do get some exercise) make it impossible; just as impossible as it is for the grate of a stove to rid itself of clinkers.

And the waste does to us exactly what the clinkers do to a stove: make the fire burn low and inefficiently until enough clinkers have accumulated, and then prevent its burning at all.

It has been our habit, after this waste has reduced our efficiency about 75 per cent., to drug ourselves; or after we have become 100 per cent inefficient through illness, to still further attempt to rid ourselves of it, in the same way —by drugging.

If a clock is not cleaned once in a while it clogs up and stops; the same way with an engine, because of the residue which it, itself, accumulates. To clean the clock you would not put acid on the parts, though you could probably find one that would do the work, nor to clean the engine would you force a cleaner through it that would injure its parts; yet that is the process you employ when you drug the system to rid it of waste.

You would clean your clock and engine with a harmless cleanser that Nature has provided, and you can do exactly the same for yourself, as I will demonstrate before I conclude.

The reason that a physician's first step in illness is to purge the system is that no medicine can take effect nor can the system work properly while the colon (large intestine) is clogged up. If the colon were not clogged up the chances are 10 to 1 that you would not have been ill at all.

It may take some time for the clogging process to reach the stage where it produces real illness, but, no matter how long it takes, while it is going on the functions are not working so as to keep us up to "concert pitch." Our livers are sluggish, we are dull and heavy—slight or severe headaches come on—our sleep does not rest us—in short, we are about 50 per cent efficient.

And if this condition progresses to where real illness develops, it is impossible to tell what form that illness will take, because—

The blood is constantly circulating

through the colon and, taking up by absorption the poisons in the waste which it contains, it distributes them throughout the system and weakens it so that we are subject to whatever disease is most prevalent.

The nature of the illness depends on our own little weaknesses and what we are the least able to resist.

These facts are all scientifically correct in every particular and it has often surprised me that they are not more generally known and appreciated. All we have to do is to consider the treatment that we have received in illness to realize fully how it developed and the methods used to remove it.

So you see that not only is accumulated waste directly and constantly pulling down our efficiency by making our blood poor and our intellect dull—our spirits low and our ambitions weak, but it is responsible through its weakening and infecting processes for a list of illnesses that if catalogued here would seem almost unbelievable.

It is the direct and immediate cause of that very expensive and dangerous complaint—appendicitis.

If we can successfully eliminate the waste all our functions work properly and in accord—there are no poisons being taken up by the blood, so it is pure and imparts strength to every part of the body instead of weakness—there is nothing to clog up the system and make us bilious, dull and nervously fearful.

With everything working in perfect accord and without obstruction, our brains are clear, our entire physical being is competent to respond quickly to every requirement, and we are 100 per cent efficient.

Now this waste I speak of cannot be thoroughly removed by drugs, but even if it could the effect of these drugs on the functions is very unnatural, and if continued becomes a periodical necessity.

Note the opinions on drugging of two most eminent physicians:

Prof. Alonzo Clark, M. D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says: "All of our curative agents are poisons, and as a consequence, every dose diminishes the patient's vitality."

Prof. Joseph M. Smith, M. D., of the same school, says: "All medicines which enter the circulation poison the blood in the same manner as do the poisons that produce disease."

Now the internal organism can be kept as sweet and pure and clean as the external and by the same natural, sane method—bathing. By the proper system warm water can be introduced so that the colon is perfectly cleansed and kept pure.

There is no violence in this process—it seems to be just as normal and natural as washing one's hands.

Physicians are taking it up more widely and generally every day, and it seems as though every one should be informed thoroughly on a practice which, though so rational and simple, is revolutionary in its accomplishments.

While this subject cannot be treated exhaustively in this article, Chas. A. Tyrrell, M. D., has prepared an interesting treatise on "Why Man of Today Is Only 50 Per Cent. Efficient," which treats the subject very exhaustively and which he will send without cost to anyone addressing him at 134 West 65th Street, New York, and mentioning that they have read this article in *Out West*.

Personally, I am enthusiastic on Internal Bathing because I have seen what it has done in illness as well as in health, and I believe that every person who wishes to keep in as near a perfect condition as is humanly possible should at least be informed on this subject; he will also probably learn something about himself which he has never known through reading the little book to which I refer.

TAFT *and* OIL

By L. W. Sharp

Editor of "The Midway Driller"

Photos by Glendenon Co., Taft

FROM a meager settlement on the "outskirts of civilization" to a busy town of 3500 people, with all the conveniences of the modern city, is the record of the growth of Taft during the past four years.

As the business center of the Midway oil field —which has the world's record for size and output—the town has grown on a scale in keeping with its wonderful surroundings. Naturally the secret of this growth has been the tremendous activity in and development of the rich oil lands. Taft kept pace with those operations—it had to. Business houses sprang up over-night. True, they were not elaborate or modern structures. There wasn't time for that. The demand for the different lines of business was so urgent that "four walls and a roof" were often made to answer. It was the replica of the regulation boom town, with the one exception that it had such a rich and extensive country behind it that its stability and permanence was assured. So great was the rush and so crowded the conditions that the casual visitor was fortunate to secure bed and board.

Early in 1909 Taft consisted of a half dozen small business buildings located along the right-of-way of the Sunset Western railroad. Its population numbered forty-three souls. In the fall of that year the entire settlement was wiped out by fire. At this time the Southern Pacific Company, operating the Sunset Western, platted a townsite on the north side of the railroad and placed it on the market. This was given the name of Moron. At the same time J. W. Jamison leased a tract, laid out a townsite and sub-leased business and residence lots. Then began a spirited rivalry in town building. Some of the pioneers cast their lots with the one side, some with the other. The same was true as to the new-comers, and the race was an even thing until, in September, 1910, a disastrous fire wiped out the larger portion of the business section of the south side town. This turned the scale in favor of the north side, and while a few business firms and numerous residents remain on the south side, the substantial growth and improvement has been on the railroad townsite. A controlling factor in this is that the north side real property may be purchased instead of leased.

From this time an era of subtsantial town building followed. Concrete and brick structures crowded out light frame shacks, until

A Busy Day on Center Street, Taft

A New Panoramic View of Taft, Looking West

today the town boasts of its share of the better class of buildings.

Illustrating the spirit of the townspeople is their action regarding the postoffice. Departmental provisions were woefully inadequate. To remedy the lack a concrete postoffice building was erected and entirely equipped by popular subscription during the first year of the town's growth.

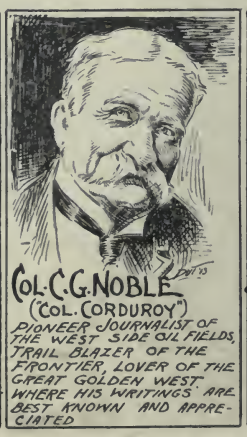
With a precocity characteristic of this lusty infant, a proposal for local government was unanimously accepted, and in November, 1910, the town became a municipality, its official title being City of Taft. It was not until December, 1911, however, when the Sunset Western railroad passed to the control of the Santa Fe, that the confusing station name of Moron was dropped.

In its early days the town's domestic water supply was a serious question. It was served by being shipped here in tank cars, to be peddled from house to house by tank wagons. Water, at that time, was about as expensive as flour. This condition was greatly relieved through the organization, by public-spirited citizens, of the Taft Public Utilities Company, which laid the town under a system of water mains and laterals and gave it its first fire protection. The supply was received by rail and pumped into a large storage tank.

Another progressive step was the installing of an electric lighting system, which, though not on an extensive scale, took the town out of the kerosene class.

Advantage was taken, about this time, of one of the vicinity's great natural resources, when the present West Side Gas Company brought the town under a natural gas supply system for light and heat.

Not long afterward the San Joaquin Light & Power Corporation extended its great system to this field, absorbed the former electric plant,



Three Live Boosters of the West Side Press Club

Made by Glendenon Co. for OUT WEST

and now has here one of its large sub-stations. Light and power is thus supplied the town and field in abundance. The quantity of electrical energy consumed in field work—pumping and drilling oil wells—is tremendous.

Another important step in the town's progress was the securing of an abundant water supply. This is provided by the system of the Western Water Company. At its No. 1 station, twelve miles distant, several deep wells were sunk. A twelve-inch line was run to its No. 2 station at Taft, and a huge storage tank was erected on a hill south of town. The big pumps of the plant furnish an unlimited supply, the larger part of which is used for drilling purposes throughout the field.

Harking back to the pioneer days of Taft, its crudity was shown in its public service corporations. The railroad station consisted of a box car, where were conducted not only the passenger and freight business, but Wells-Fargo Express and Western Union Telegraph offices as well. Since then the railroad and the express companies have built commodious office buildings, and the telegraph office is housed in the center of the town. An idea of the congested condition of railroad business at that time is shown by the fact that during 1910 the local station was the third in the State in vulome of business handled.

It would have been impossible to conduct the town and field activities without the quickest means of communication. This was provided early by the Kern Mutual Telephone Company,

HARRY A. HOPKINS CITY TRUSTEE, MGR. SEC. AND TREAS. TAFT ICE DELIVERY CO. FIRST POST MASTER. 10 YEARS A RESIDENT AND A RECOGNIZED LEADER IN ALL CIVIC AFFAIRS

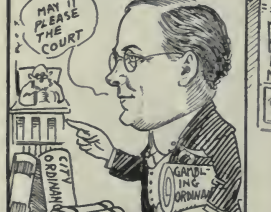
S.J. DUNLOP OF THE FIRM OF WILSON & DUNLOP (THE TIME AND THE PLACE) SAM IS A WEST SIDE PIONEER, PROMOTED & MANAGED THE MT. DIABLO OIL COMPANY, ONE OF THE FIRST IN THE DISTRICT. HE IS INTERESTED IN MANY OIL PROJECTS. IS A CITY DAD AND IS KNOWN FROM FRISCO TO LOS ANGELES AS AN OLD TIME PASSENGER CONDUCTOR

J.W. "BILL" RAGESDALE ONE OF TAFT'S LIVE CITY DADS, MGR. AND HALF OWNER HOTEL ALVORD. AND AN ALL ROUND PUBLIC SPIRITED BOOSTER -FOR TAFT'S BEST INTERESTS

L.R. BUCHANAN FIRE CHIEF PROP. B&B. BILLIARD PARLOR. (WHERE ALL THE BOYS GO) HERE IS NO BETTER BOOSTER IN TAFT THAN BIG "BUCK"

DOCTOR FRED BOLSTAD, LEADING DENTIST AND CITY CLERK. THE DOCTOR ASIDE FROM BEING A GOOD DENTIST IS A JOLLY GOOD SCOUT AND MOST PUBLIC SPIRITED CITIZEN.

GEO. E. SEYBOLT TAFT'S LIVE POSTMASTER FOR 3 YEARS. A PIONEER WHO IS ALWAYS RELIED UPON TO DO HIS SHARE IN ALL PUBLIC SPIRITE ENTERPRISES.

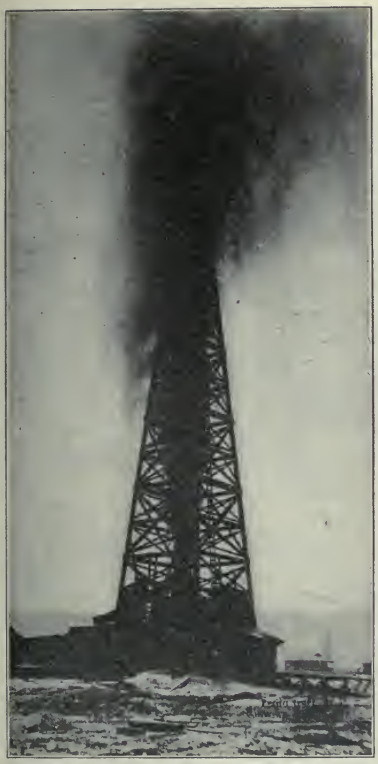


FRED L. SEYBOLT FEARLESS AND PUBLIC SPIRITED CITY ATTORNEY WHO IS ALWAYS WORKING FOR ITS BEST INTERESTS

E.L. BURNHAM ONE OF THE PUBLIC SPIRITED CITY TRUSTEES AND PART OWNER OF THE BIG PIONEER MERT MARKET (INC.) HE IS A TIRELESS WORKER FOR THE CITY'S INTERESTS, BOTH IN AND OUT OF OFFICE

ED EILAND TAFT'S EFFICIENT AND POPULAR MARSHAL ED IS A PIONEER AND KEEPS AN ORDERLY AND LAW ABIDING CITY, AND IS ONE OF THE BEST BOOSTERS TAFT CAN BOAST OF

Cartoonistic Impressions of Taft's Public Spirited City Officials



Pacific Crude No. 1, gushing 15,000 bbls. of oil daily, before it caught fire.

which installed a system connecting the different communities of the West Side oil fields with the lines of the Pacific system. As its business increased, the Kern Mutual kept pace by means of modern equipment, which is housed in its fine concrete building.

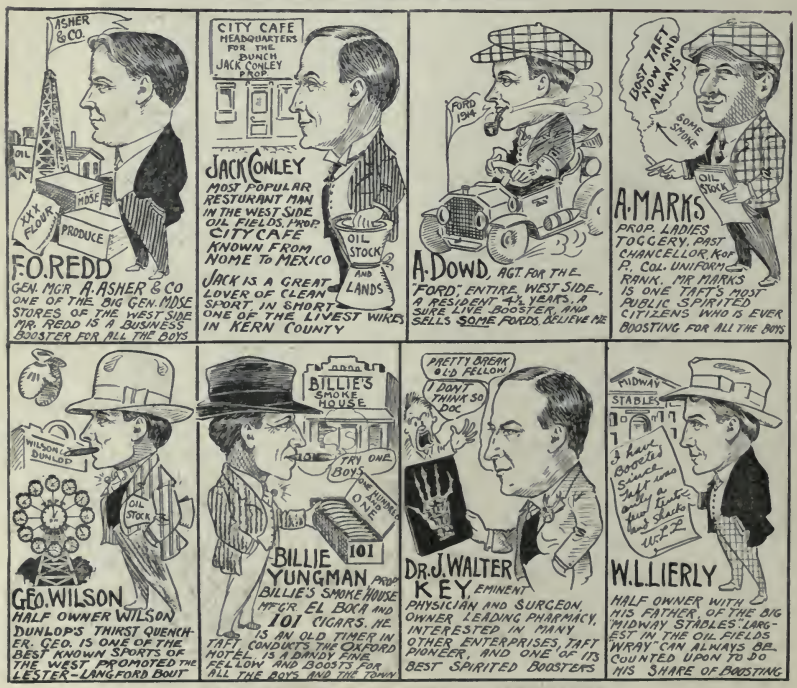
No truer index of the progress and permanence of a town is to be had than in its public schools. In 1908 the Conley school district was organized, the number of census children of the locality being eighteen. Two years later two teachers were employed. In 1912 ten teachers were required. A splendid brick school house of eight class-rooms and assembly hall was erected at a cost of $50,000, but this was not sufficient. A second brick building, of five rooms, costing $30,000, has just been completed and occupied. The school system includes a high school, and two other schools are maintained in the immediate vicinity. The corps of teachers employed numbers nineteen.

With an elevation of 1000 feet, and its pure, dry air, Taft is ideally situated from a health standpoint. The summer months are warm, but lack of humidity prevents oppressiveness, while the nights are uniformly cool and really pleasant.

To assist Nature in keeping the health standard up to the highest point, the city recently installed a complete sewer system and septic tanks at a cost of $25,000.

Pacific Crude No. 1, after it caught fire.

Taft's new $50,000 High School building.



TAFT BUSINESS BOOSTERS IN CARICATURE

South side of Center Street, looking West from Fourth Street.

Another splendid municipal improvement is a high-pressure fire system, just completed. It is entirely separate from the domestic mains. Unlimited water and pressure, with a complete equipment of apparatus, gives fullest protection in this regard.

Taft's religious life is represented by three churches—Catholic, Presbyterian and Methodist—each having its house of worship.

Fraternal orders are well represented. There are two fine, large lodge rooms, each of which is occupied nearly every night in the week. One of these halls is a splendid two-story brick, erected during the past few months, by the

Taft Catholic Church.

Taft Odd Fellows lodge. The other is in a large concrete building, built by Smith Brothers three years ago.

In all business lines Taft is well represented with excellent stocks. At the head of the business life is the First National Bank, which occupies its excellent brick building. The bank's business record would do justice to a much larger place.

The leading hotels are modern, fireproof structures. Two theatres are supported, also one daily and three weekly newspapers.

Being an incorporated city, Taft's public affairs are administered by a board of five trustees, who are: H. E. Smith, chairman, J. W. Ragesdale, H. A. Hopkins, E. L. Burnham and S. J. Dunlop. The other officials are: F. P. Bolstad, clerk; F. W. O'Brien, treasurer; Fred L. Seybolt, attorney; E. L. Eiland, marshal; Sam'l C. Birchard, recorder.

In many ways Taft, as a town, is a wonder It is lively, yet orderly, busy, bustling and progressive. In this it reflects the temper of its citizens—those who came here and builded a modern city, in four short years, where before was only desert sand and sagebrush.

And behind it all is the quest for the "black gold." This glimpse of the past and present is being written from the top of the Mariposa, a modern three-story hotel, where a glorious sunshine mellows the crisp ocean breeze, and from where, in every direction, as far as the eye can reach, is a myriad of oil well derricks, each in itself representing a small fortune. Their total number represents a sum that in its immensity staggers the imagination and shows how keen and extensive is the search for oil. Such are Taft's surroundings, and she is a fitting center and setting for this busy, energetic and wonderful field.

EACH AND EVERY ONE A LIVE WIRE

MARIPOSA HOTEL

How few of those who enjoy the luxuries of a modern hotel realize the magnitude of the task imposed upon its management. The Mariposa Hotel, nearing completion, is the most modern in equipment in the county of Kern. Every conceivable appointment has been provided in way of physical features of this hostelry, all conspiring to impress every class of guests to whom the management caters. Mr. Charles A. Fox, proprietor and manager, has erected the Mariposa Hotel at an expense of $50,000. Mr. Fox is a pioneer of Taft and the West Side oil fields, whose optimism and business judgment has won for him the appelation of "Taft's Biggest Booster." There are 100 rooms, 50 with private bath, and shower baths in every room. Spacious sample rooms for the commercial traveler, elevator service, roof garden, with summer rooms for the comfort of guests during the hot months.

The spacious lobby is a favorite gathering place for guests, as well as leading citizens of Taft. Mr. Fox is a hotel man of recognized ability who has made a marked success of the business whose energy and capital has made a home for the tourist whose taste calls for everything up-to-date, and the comfort afforded the guests in this modern hostelry has made it one of the most popular in the State.

First National Bank of Taft

BLACK GOLD *of* THE DESERT

By A. M. Keene
Editor of the Petroleum Reporter

MANY with a knowledge of Petroleum are aware of the fact that California produces more than one-fourth of the entire oil output of the world, but there are few who are conversant with the great growth of the Midway-Sunset fields from an insignificant desert stretch to its present forest of derricks, which yearly turn out more oil, ranging from 12 to 30 gravity, than any other field in the world.

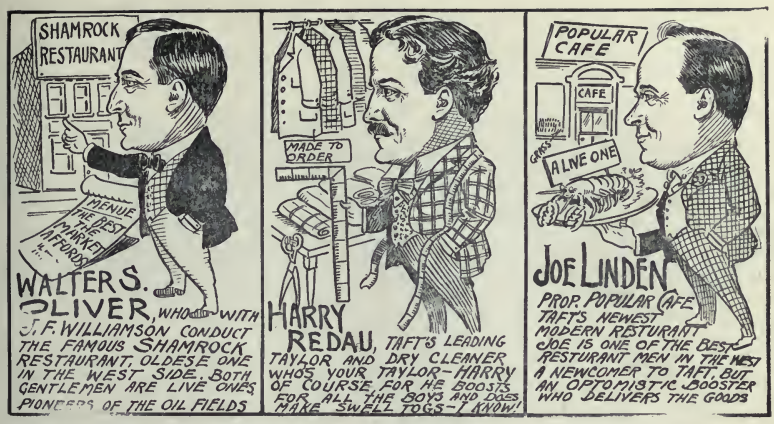
A dozen years ago the district, which is 30 miles long by less than a dozen miles wide, was being prospected, with here and there a claim being staked, and the holder looking forward to a time when the black gold of the desert would bring him in a fortune. At that time the wind-swept wastes, burned by the hot blasts which swept over them, bore nothing but sagebrush. Water was at a premium, and drilling was almost out of the question because of the necessity of hauling all fuel and supplies many miles.

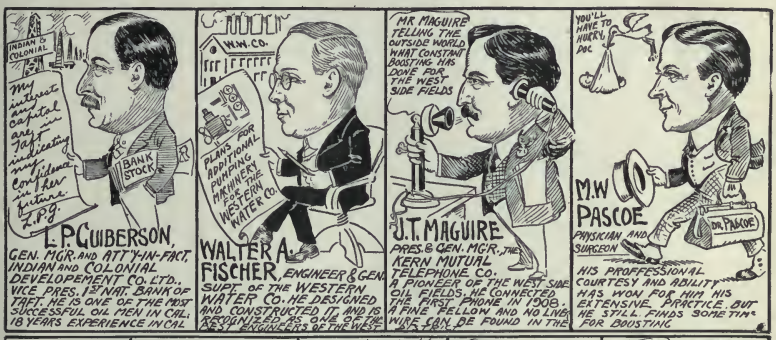
Wildcats were drilled and some little oil was encountered, but no boom was really apparent until the Lakeview Gusher came in with its flow, which filled sumps for miles around and caused an over-production which brought a lowering in the price of oil to a point where it hardly paid to produce.

Later the Midway, far from the Lakeview well, came into prominence, with the Buick Oil Company going into an entirely new sand on section 32, 31-23. The big well spouted for days with much oil being wasted. The Buick No. 3 demonstrated that the big sand was still of productive value when it also spouted over the derrick. Later the Pacific Crude on the same section found the valuable sand with the result that three of the world's greatest wells have been flowing there, intermittently, for the past two years.

R. B. "DICK" WHITTEMORE
ONE OF THE FOUNDERS OF TAFT AND AGT. FOR THE S.P.R.R. CO. TOWNSITE (LAND DEPT.). DICK ASSISTED IN PLATTING AND PROMOTING THE TOWN AND HAS SEEN THE RESULTS OF HIS EFFORTS

K. T. O. No. 2, burning 30,000 barrels a day, extinguished by chemicals.





PIONEER BUILDERS OF THE HUSTLING CITY OF TAFT

One of Taft's modern Public School buildings.

Smaller gusher territories were discovered later on section 32, 12-23, and on section 4, 11-23, in the Sunset field, but they have proven short lived because of the wells in nearly every instance sanding or giving over to a production of much water along with the oil.

The development of the North Midway territory in the neighborhood of Fellows brought about a great production of heavy oil, which, combined with the great output of the wells in the vicinity of Taft and Maricopa, caused the Standard to taboo it in 1912. This put a blueness over the entire territory with more than a score of companies being compelled to shut down until a market could be found for their production of less than eighteen gravity oil.

For months this condition existed, the only outlook for the operators to dispose of their oil being with the Independent Agency, which some were loath to sign up with. Oil conditions kept going steadily backward, with some being wont to say that the oil game was gone entirely.

In August, 1913, the Standard got two big gushers on the old McNee lease on section 36, 31-23. This increased the over-production and brought about the report that all oil under 21.9 gravity would be tabooed along with the less than 18.

At every oil camp there was a shaking of heads and a feeling that the bad news of months before was steadily getting worse.

I November this condition changed, for the Standard began contracting for heavy oil, with contracts being offered right and left. The Monte Cristo, after two years' idleness, was the first signed, with the Le Blanc, Reward, and others, following in a few days. This dispelled all blueness and operators, who had been hunting for a market, instead of endeavoring to sell hung to the oil in some instances for better prices.

The opening of the Panama Canal is believed to be one of the main causes of the feeling that there is a bright future for the California oil ndustry, and with the Standard now buying heavy oil the general opinion expressed by all operators conversant with field movements is that the oil game never looked better. The black gold of the desert has had its days of struggling, but from every appearance is now coming into its own.

TAFT LIVE WIRES. WHY? THEY BOOST!

Kern County Oil Protective Association

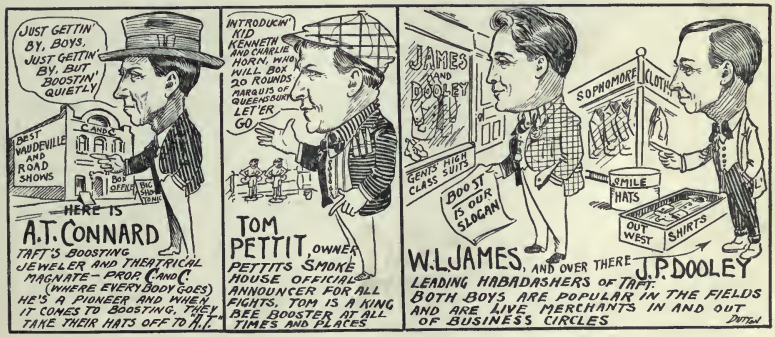
By E. B. Latham
Geologist for the Kern County Oil Protective Association

As the center of the West Side Oilfields, the technical offices of the Kern County Oil Protective Association are located in Taft.

This association is probably the first concerted effort ever made by oil operators in any oil field to protect undrilled territory from destruction by the infiltration of water into the oil sands. This peril is so very real that practically all the producing companies formed this co-operative association to inspect and check the work carried on and to point out errors, if any occur, while there is yet time to remedy mistakes, and before the wells are "brought in."

An oil field lives until it is drowned. Before the drill reaches the oil sands it pierces from one to many sands bearing water. Unless adequate measures are taken, the water uses the pipe as a funnel, and runs down into the oil sands, with

Alvord Hotel, Taft; J. W. Ragesdale, manager.



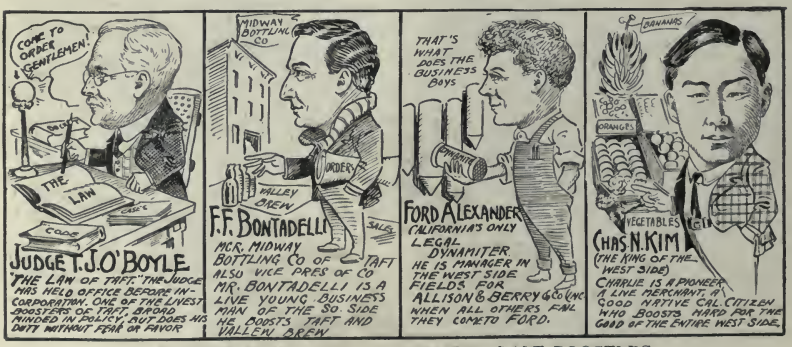
AND STILL MORE LIVE ONES—SKETCHED FROM LIFE

the result that the fluid pumped contains an ever increasing percentage of water. Finally this condition gets so bad that the well is not profitable to pump.

If only the well at fault suffered, it would not be so bad, but the water once admitted to the oil sands spreads and great areas of good land become ruined.

All the well logs and records of the operators are sent to the office of the association at Taft, where they are indexed, classified, plotted to scale on geological cross sections, etc. Whenever a new well is to be drilled, an operator can at once secure from the association an estimate which is surprisingly accurate as to the depth to oil and to water sands, and hence knows what to anticipate and can make his drilling plans accordingly.

During its existence the association has been the means of saving hundreds of thousands of dollars in several instances in foreseeing trouble and in suggesting corrections.



ANOTHER PAGE OF NEVER-CEASING TAFT BOOSTERS

MARICOPA, A Permanent City *of The* Great West Side Oil Fields

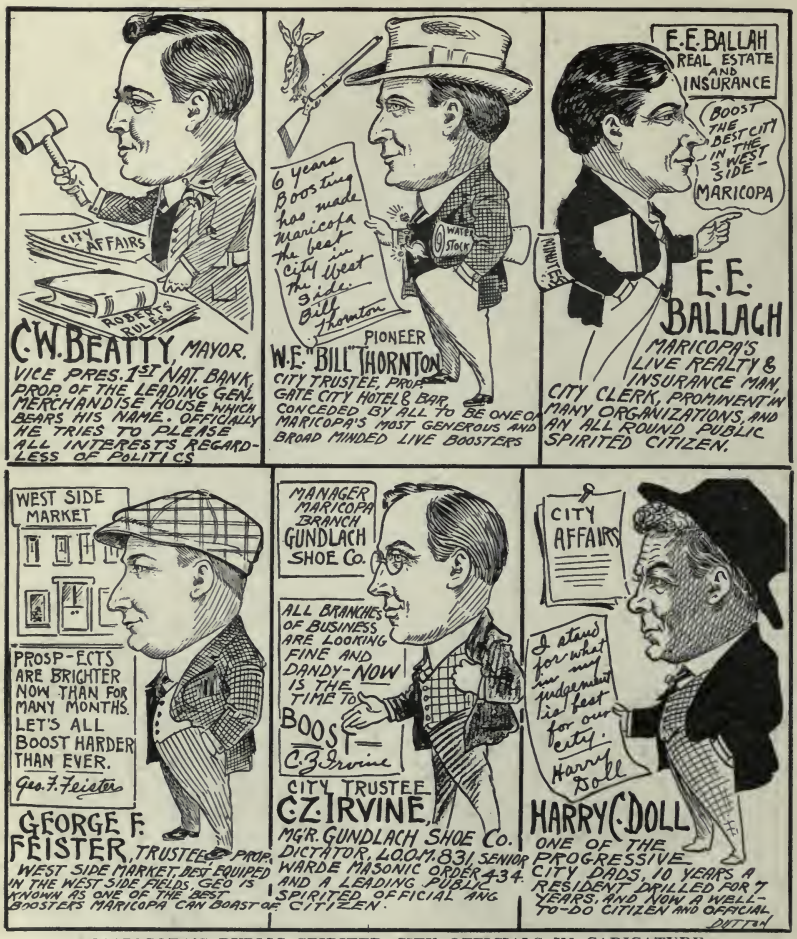
By Maxwell Longfellow

Photos from Mott Studio, Maricopa

JANUARY 1st, 1914, finds Maricopa starting in on a new era of prosperity overshadowing any of the previous booms which made the little oil town of the past a teeming center of the great West Side oil fields, filled with men, mostly single, and when not employed, endeavoring to spend their money seeking pleasures, which were afforded them in the metropolis of the great Sunset Midway district. From a few tents and shacks in 1908 located on the property, now known as the Gate City Oil Company's lease, the camp of Maricopa has grown to a lively city of 2,000 souls, with five blocks of permanent business houses, surrounded with the residence district where modern houses and cottages have replaced the tents and shacks of the old camp.

The business district is in keeping with any city in the State of more than double the population of Maricopa, and is steadily growing along with the developments which are being made in the oil fields surrounding to secure the wealth of oil which brought the hardy adventurers across the forty miles of desert in the early days. Two banks take care of the financial needs of the city. Both were organized by local capitalists and occupy beautiful buildings built especially for their needs. The West Side Water Company furnishes the city with pure mountain water, piped from the upper Cuyama Valley for a distance of forty miles, thus eliminating the discomforts caused by impure drinking water usually found in oil and desert towns. Gas is furnished for fuel by the West Side Gas Company, and electricity is supplied by the San Joaquin Light & Power Company. Both of these commodities are had for a nominal price and add to many conveniences afforded the people. Six good hotels and scores of rooming houses and second-rate hotels take care of the transient trade and the oil workers who come in to spend a few days after working for months on the oil leases. Forty mercantile houses and business places afford the residents and oil men a large assort-

A busy day in Maricopa, Main and California streets.



MARICOPA'S PUBLIC SPIRITED CITY OFFICIALS IN CARICATURE

ment of merchandise, and many of the stores are far ahead of those found ordinarily in cities of double the population. Three supply houses handle the equipment necessary for drilling oil wells and maintaining power plants. Three machine shops enable the oil operators to have all kinds of machine work and repairing done at home. Three garages keep the thousands of automobiles used in connection with the oil game supplied with necessities. Two churches, one a Protestant and the other a Catholic, furnish the residents with social and spiritual life. Two schools in which fourteen teachers are employed give the city educational advantages enjoyed by few places of its size. The High School is maintained in a separate building from the Grammar School, which houses all of the lower grades. A weekly newspaper, *The Maricopa Oil News*, devoted to Maricopa and the oil business in general, serves as a news and advertisement medium to the public. Two drug stores give the patrons the best of service, and compete for the oil-field trade. Automobile stage lines to all of the leases furnish the people living in the oil fields with means of transportation to and from their place of residence. The Sunset Railroad, now operated by the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Company, operates four

The famous Lakeview Gusher in May, 1910.

passenger trains daily between Maricopa and Bakersfield, giving the people of the west side of Kern County excellent service and maintaining a schedule which makes connections with all of the through Los Angeles and San Francisco trains possible without a long tedious wait.

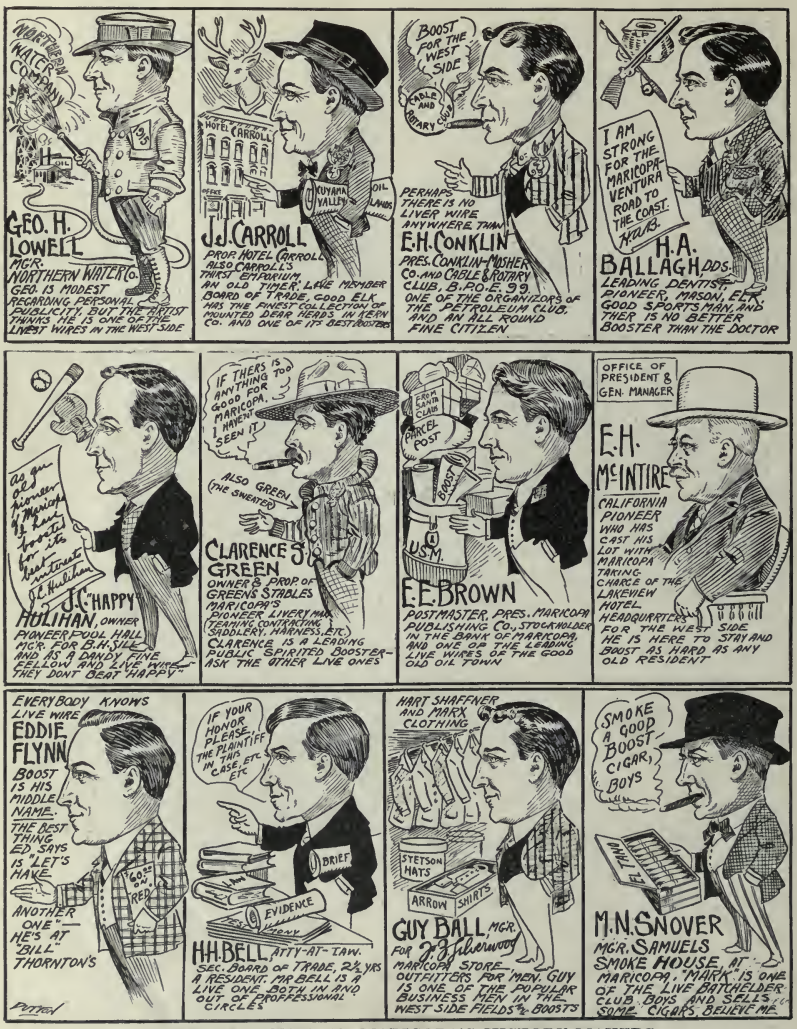
The Cable and Rotary Club, recently organized, is taking a prominent part in the social life of the community. The club is made up of oil operatois, superintendents and Maricopa business men. New quarters have been secured and will be furnished luxuriously, giving the city one of the finest club-houses in the State.

In the way of manufactories, the city lays claim to the Asphaltum refinery, of the Sunset Monarch Oil Company, the Sunset Monarch Machine Shop, where everything in the way of oil-well apparatus is made, the General Petroleum Asphalt refinery, the Connors Auto and Spring Wagon Factory, and many lesser factories where appliances are made to fill the wants of those engaged in the oil business.

Fourteen years ago this month the first oil well was started in the Sunset field, near Sunset, one and a half miles from Maricopa. The deposits of asphaltum located at that point had been worked for several years. The heavy base material was mined and refined to separate it from the oil, which was considered worthless at that time. The asphaltum was then hauled by teams and wagons to Bakersfield, a distance of forty-five miles through the alkali desert. At first crude kettles were used for the refining purpose, but later an asphalt still was installed by Jewett and Blodgett, a firm engaged in the asphalt business. The first oil well to be started was financed by a Pittsburg syndicate. The well was drilled in on Good Friday, April 13th, 1900. After carrying the hole down 1000 feet it was abandoned until eight years later when the owners started drilling again, and after going only ten feet deeper, struck a good flow of oil. In the meantime Jewett and Blodgett drilled several wells and others started developing their holdings, and from that time on the Sunset field developed rapidly. Then came the Sunset Railroad, making it possible for the operators to get supplies at a nominal cost, and the oil business was given great stimulus through the wide market it made for the products. Later developments started on the Maricopa flat, and large gushers of light oil were struck, making the owners wealthy in a single day. Then came the great Lakeview gusher, which established a world's record for any one well. For eighteen months the well produced an average of 50,000 barrels per day. Maricopa was then the Mecca for the followers of the frontier life, and resembled the great mining camps of the early days. Then came a period of dullness in the oil business caused by the over-production made by the Lakeview and other large gushers. The business of the great frontier town started settling down to a more conservative basis, and the fly-by-night grafters took the road for better fields. Drillers and superintendents started preparing homes on the oil leases for their families, and within a short time many women and children appeared, and the town took on a more permanent aspect. The city was incorporated to give it the benefits

California Street, Maricopa.

First National Bank of Maricopa.

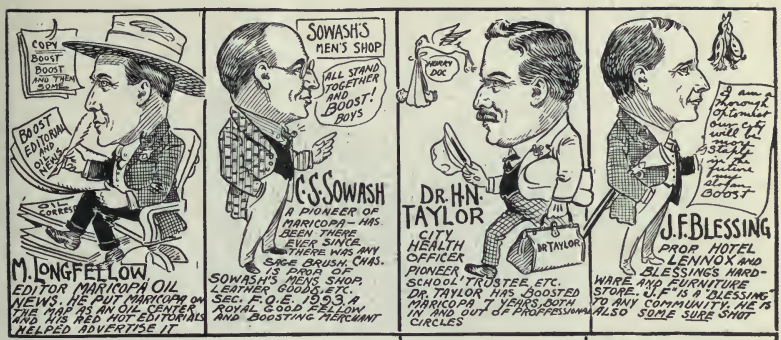


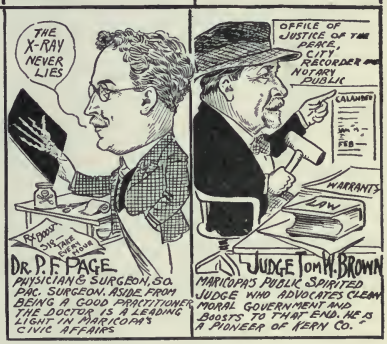
PEN SKETCHES OF MARICOPA'S HISTORY-MAKERS

derived from local government. With the local government came better order and fire protection. Later a sewer built by private capital, but soon afterwards taken over by the city. A great fire was then visited upon the city. The temporary crude buildings built to house the earlier business firms were all destroyed, and to succeed them modern brick and concrete buildings were erected. A hospital was built to take care of the sick and injured in the field, and a Board of Health was given control of the sanitation of the city. Then came a period of steady growth, and the city now ranks third in size in the county.

The oil business has been improving steadily, and more territory has been proven up, making the Sunset field one of the foremost in the State by way of production. Great pipe lines have

MORE LIVE-WIRE BOOSTERS OF MARICOPA





been built to carry the fluid from the wells to the coast, where it is refined or shipped to foreign countries. These have given the small operator a chance to market his products at a profitable figure and stimulate the development of the industry.

Not alone on the oil business is Maricopa dependent. The great Cuyama Valley, one of the richest agricultural districts of this rich county, has been settled by a hardy class of tillers of the soil, and the farmers of the Valley supply the entire west side with all kinds of farm products, which bring top prices. The great Perkins ranch of 20,000 acres is about to be subdivided and sold off in small tracts to bona fide settlers. This will mean the development of a great territory, which will have Maricopa for its base of supplies.

A highway is under construction from Maricopa to Ventura and Santa Barbara, which will give the people of the lower end of the San Joaquin Valley an outlet through Maricopa to the Coast, through one of the most picturesque countries found in the State. The highway will be completed some time this year, and will make it possible for auto parties to get to the seashore in a three-hours drive, cutting off four hours from the time taken at present by the Tejon canyon route.

That the city is destined to be a far larger and more prosperous center in the next few years, is assured from the constant discovery of new oil stratas at greater depths than where the wells of the past have been securing their production. In the past year hardly a section of the field remains that has not had a new sand developed. This means that the oil business will continue good, for as the old wells become unprofitable to operate, they are re-drilled and sunk deeper to new sands, which prove richer in gravity as well as production. No limit can be placed upon the width of the territory, for drilling is going on in every direction, and new discoveries are being made almost every day. The market for the crude products is assuming a better aspect as more large companies are entering the field as marketers of the product. Two large foreign companies recently acquired interests in the vicinity, and are stimulating the production end by offering better prices. This, together with the Producers Agency and the Standard Oil Company, is securing for the operator a permanent as well as a profitable market.

Business section of Main Street, Maricopa.

The city boasts a Board of Trade and a Merchants' Association, which are securing for it better conditions in a business way. The merchants and business men, as well as the oil operators and superintendents, take much pride in their city, and need only to be called upon to secure their assistance toward bettering any condition which may need their help

Kern Street, Maricopa.

Why I Love the Sea

By Eber G. Browne

You ask why I love the sea?—
She is limitless, unconfined
By imprisoning hold of barrier bold,
Like the reach of the restless mind.

You ask why I love the sea?—
She bespeaketh unmeasured power;
Her waves, as they ride on the wings of the tide,
Re-echo Eternity's dower.

You ask why I love the sea?—
She singeth a blithsome song
Of the rich returns that commerce earns,
As she beareth her ships along.

You ask why I love the sea?—
She chanteth a direful dirge
For the souls of those in deep repose
Far under the salt-sea-surge.

The INDUSTRIES of Los Angeles

By Stanley Wood

IT is natural that agriculture should be, and is the pre-eminent occupation of the world. It is so throughout the United States, and it is so, to come still closer to home, in Los Angeles County. With a soil so productive as that with which we have been blessed in the West, the farmer will always be with us, and he will always be prosperous.

However, it just as naturally follows that with this prosperity and its consequently increasing population, we are brought face to face with a problem which we must solve as the same problem has been solved in all growing communities since the beginning of time. We have attracted, and we are daily attracting an influx of population who are not of an agricultural class, and did not come West with the intention of becoming agriculturalists. They, and the generations before them, have been tinkers and tailors, plumbers and pipe-fitters, builders and the like, who expect to find in such a country, with its growing requirements, ample work to which to apply their skill and at the same time enjoy the fact that they can raise their children in the Eden we have advertised in such glowing terms. They are the same people who came from the Atlantic seaboard and Eastern States to help in the up-building of Chicago and Kansas City, to become eventually its pillars and to take part in its government.

Much has been said in Western periodicals of late as to our inadequate plans for taking care of them. Much has been said that can only be classed as the most gross exaggeration, but it has for its foundation a modicum of truth which we must deal with—a stern duty we must meet, and the time is over-ripe for its discussion. There is, in Los Angeles and its vicinity, without doubt, the logical workshop of the West, and it is going to be our aim, through the medium of these columns, to prove this without recourse to the sounding of the thousand and one virtues which Los Angeles is endowed, or with which it has been endowed in our picturesque advertising. Not for one moment are our advertised virtues to be discredited. We merely desire, in a cold, logical fashion to place facts and figures before the man who has a factory, and prove to him that here is the place for his manufacturing. The agriculturist, who has been able to take up some of the rich land which not only provides for himself, but raises and takes care of a husky family to eventually take up the burdens of citizenship, is sufficiently prosperous to be able to look out for himself; but that great army—The Dinner-Bucket Brigade—who come to us with no greater asset than their brawn and brain and need the accompaniment of the sound of the steam hammer and the automatic riveter to make a success of their lives, now need a champion. Therefore, in-so-far as we are able to do so, these columns are to be dedicated to their interests, and if they but serve the purpose of inducing one more three-hundred man factory to come here we can feel we have done just so much good.

Pre-eminent in this movement, and with a like purpose, is the formation of the new Industrial Bureau by the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce. In this we have the modern idea of efficiency government—the calibre of work which built for us the Panama Canal and the Owens' River Aqueduct. The personnel of the Bureau consists of the following gentlemen: G. A. Brock, chairman, D. P. N. Little, H. M. Haldeman, Jud Saeger, Q. D. Longyear, W. G. Hutchinson and Charles Wier—all good, solid names—a citizenship which assures the success of any project with which it is connected. Their work has not been started with any blare of trumpets. The first step has been toward the compilation of statistics on our present manufactories; statistics which are to prove the protection of our Home Industries and which are to convince others of the field for their products when allied with us.

A further object of the Bureau, and one the importance of which must not be minimized, is the inoculation of every citizen, interested in the staple future of Los Angeles, with the idea that Home Products must be first. As was stated to us in a recent interview with Mr. Brock, the best advertisement this city can have as a manufacturing center is to make every industry here so successful that its every competitor will come to survey the field, and the patronage of every business-man and of every housewife will go far toward the accomplishment of this end. From the girders for your new plant to the glassware for your breakfast table get Home Products, and it will not be long before we shall have to call upon the councilman from our ward for a more strict observance of the black-smoke ordinance.

Why should we look to the East for our finished products? Why should our wool, lead, hides, timber, copper, and other raw material make a round trip of from three to five thousand miles before we can have our clothes, shoes, furniture and the bed whereon we sleep—when we are allowed to sleep by a conscience agitated by high cost of living, superinduced by contributions to all the railroads in the directory? To be sure the railroads must live, and they must have the money with which to pay divi-

dends; but let us start paying the double first-class on finished products east-bound and save our fourth-class on the raw stuff. It is just as far from Pittsburg to Los Angeles as it is from Los Angeles to Pittsburg, and there is no reason yet developed for our failure to be a supply-field for the East, at least in such commodities as those made up of our material—no reason except that which lies in our youth, and that is one which we are remedying daily. In fact we are going to convert it into an asset which will have to be counted upon in competition.

Just as these notes are penned, we are advised of contracts which have been let for the erection here of a plant for the manufacture of car wheels by the largest manufacturer of this commodity in the world, whose present headquarters are in Chicago. The plant is to be completed by May next, and, initially, will employ some three hundred men. Its cost is to be in excess of a quarter of a million dollars. Their present output, with factories at Chicago, Denver and Tacoma, supplies between fifty and sixty per cent of the entire requirements of the United States, and the Tacoma plant exports largely to Canada. As soon as the Los Angeles plant is completed, and in operation, they are to supply all the territory adjacent hereto and to enter into the trade of South America and the Orient.

Now this is what we need. If our humble efforts, added to the scientific work of our fellow-citizens of the Industrial Bureau, and the co-operation of every public-spirited member of this growing community, will enable us to report like progress each month, then the exploitation of our present industries, and of the opportunities for new ones, will not be futile, and we can turn the task over to another generation for whose future we have such bright hopes.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS

MORE THAN SEVENTY-TWO MILLION PEOPLE, during the year ended December 31, 1913, travelled on the Pacific Electric Railway, Los Angeles' unequalled interurban system. While the returns from freight traffic this past year have been greater than on any similarly operated system in the country, owing to the through-billing arrangement with the Southern Pacific and Salt Lake Systems in the handling of citrus fruits, it is anticipated that gross freight revenues for the calendar year of 1914 will show an astonishing increase after the completion of the line to San Bernardino and the Redlands district, with its volume of branch feeders.

THE RESPONSIBILITY FOR TODAY'S IMMORAL PLAYS lays with the producer, players and public, says Rabbi Stephen S. Wise before the Free Synagogue in Carnegie Hall, New York City, on Sunday, December 21st.

"The producers," he said, "have made the theater mercenary, the players are of such poor education and low morals that they are puppets, while the people are so enslaved to entertainment that if the theaters of New York should be closed for a week there would be suicides."

All of which is a misstatement as gross as it would be to consider the tortures of the abused stomach of a confirmed alcoholic the physical condition of a universe. The theater is no more mercenary than the grocery store, and the general atmosphere in a present-day crowd of players is as wholesome as the company one would mingle with at the grocery store.

If there is a type of individual so enslaved to theatrical entertainment as to become a despondent suicide when deprived of it, then we are for making the experiment of closing up shop for a week and help start up the new species.

A DUTY, OBLIGATORY ON every manufacturer within the vicinity of Los Angeles, upon every merchant, upon the realty dealers, and upon public-spirited citizens in general, is the hearty support of the Industrial Bureau of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, which was formed under the chairmanship of Mr. G. A. Brock (president of Brock & Co.) November 11, 1913.

Membership in this Bureau, which includes membership fees in the Chamber of Commerce, costs one hundred dollars per annum.

We say this is a duty, but it should not in any sense be considered a donation. Rather let us look upon it as an investment; as "bread cast upon the waters." The object of the Bureau is the protection of Home Products, and the exploitation, where necessary, of our need for manufactories.

Further support—and support of a character that will eventually show the success of such a twentieth-century method of government—can be given them by every citizen in adopting the habit of buying and generally encouraging Home Products.

Southern California can and will become its own producer. What it now lacks we can accord to it by injecting into it that degree of self-confidence that comes of success.

THE CENTER OF POPULATION of the United States, says Charles H. Pierson, editor of the *Edison Current Topics*, and well-known newspaper man, will, at a date not far distant, be much nearer the Pacific Coast than that of the Atlantic; and that with the future before us, it should be within our power to make of Los Angeles the gateway to and from the Far East.

The statement is not, in our opinion, by any means an exaggerated prophesy. Such an eminent transportation authority as Thomas E. Gibbon is on record as emphatically, or more so. With the opportunities now before Los Angeles —its power and water supply practically without limit; its incomparable harbor facilities, and their proposed use as a naval base; its millions of dollars' worth of good roads radiating to every corner of the State—there seems to be no possibility for any other climax than that within your time and ours we shall see Los Angeles ranking as the third city and the second port.

SHIPPING AT SAN PEDRO on December 4, 1913, exceeded that of any other day in last year, and, in fact, exceeded the records of any day for many years.

Eighteen vessels entered the harbor, and six sailed. Among these were fifteen steamers and one three-masted schooner. Sawed lumber in excess of ten million feet, and a shipload and a half of ties, the latter for a trans-continental railroad line, made up the greater part of the incoming cargoes.

What reason, therefore, is there, with the added impetous to be given shipping here with the opening of the Panama Canal, for not making an opportunity through this port for the invasion of Eastern markets, in addition to supplying our own?

ESCONDIDO'S GOOD ROADS are to be further improved by the systematic planting of five miles of shade trees, and the Chamber of Commerce has appointed a committee to accomplish the work.

A similar plan is being considered by the Good Roads Association of the State, and it is encouraging to see local committees taking such decisive action. The asset California possesses in her Good Roads (we cannot refrain from the use of caps when we talk of them) is incalculable, and we are strongly to the fore in any plan for their improvement and extension.

THE WALNUT CITY has reason to be proud of its *nom de plume*. There was shipped from Santa Ana last year, says its Chamber of Commerce, 3163 tons of walnuts, which gave to the producers an income which approximated one million dollars, and daily the acreage planted to walnuts in this vicinity is being increased.

More walnuts are shipped from Santa Ana than from any other point in the United States.

THE PRODUCTION OF PETROLEUM annually in the United States is valued at $248,000,000, which is more than three-fifths of the world's total production.

There are two reasons, therefore, why California leads the world as a field for its future fuel supply. Primarily it produces a greater part of the present output of the United States than any other state; further, for the reason that it is so geographically situated with respect to the oil fields and the base of supply for the consumer, viz., its Pacific Coast ports.

A current issue of a Los Angeles daily paper tells us a British oil syndicate, which has already made itself felt as a power in the oil-producing industry, is contemplating the establishment of a fuel station for its tank steamers at Port Los Angeles; and we have with us, as this is written, Dr. Irving C. Allen, petroleum chemist of the United States Bureau of Mines, who is here in connection with a proposed extensive exhibit on behalf of the oil-producing industries at the Panama-Pacific Fair, who states that not only is Secretary Daniels vitally interested in the adoption of petroleum as fuel for the Navy, but that the navies of the entire world are seeking an adequate supply of crude oil for fuel.

Castle Canyon Park, offering mountain homes with city advantages and country life within thirty minutes of city's center. Private homes with hotel service and Country Club conveniences. No other property like it anywhere. Indorsed by Los Angeles' leading citizens. Chas. S. Mann, 321 Wright & Callender Bldg., Los Angeles.

VIEWS OF WM. GARLAND

The Panama Canal is very problematical. It will take some of the railroad business and will give us little in return. The railroad companies are employing our people and taking our supplies and helping to pay taxes, where ocean companies will do nothing. The possibilities for the future are excellent. The growth will continue rapidly and will keep abreast with the city, commercially. Manufacturing interests are bound to increase with other interests.

There can be no picture too illustrious when we consider the future of Los Angeles. As a garden city it has every opportunity. Italy, or southern France, cannot offer such splendor and beauty as will be seen in the future Los Angeles, with our foothills, which no other country has. Nature's glorious out-of-doors life in Southern California is bound to color your thoughts, and will mould its population intellectually.

G. A. HOWARD, Architect.

Los Angeles will make greater strides in the next ten years than in the past ten years. The possibilities of this city are absolutely unlimited, The reason that New York is on the other side of the map is because that it was first discovered on the other side of the continent.

A. F. MORLAN,
Manager of the Title Guarantee & Trust Co.

El Segundo today offers probably the best and safest real estate and business opportunities of any city on the Pacific Coast.

It is old enough to be an assured fact.

It is young enough to give all those wonderful possibilities for real estate investment that surround a fast-growing community.

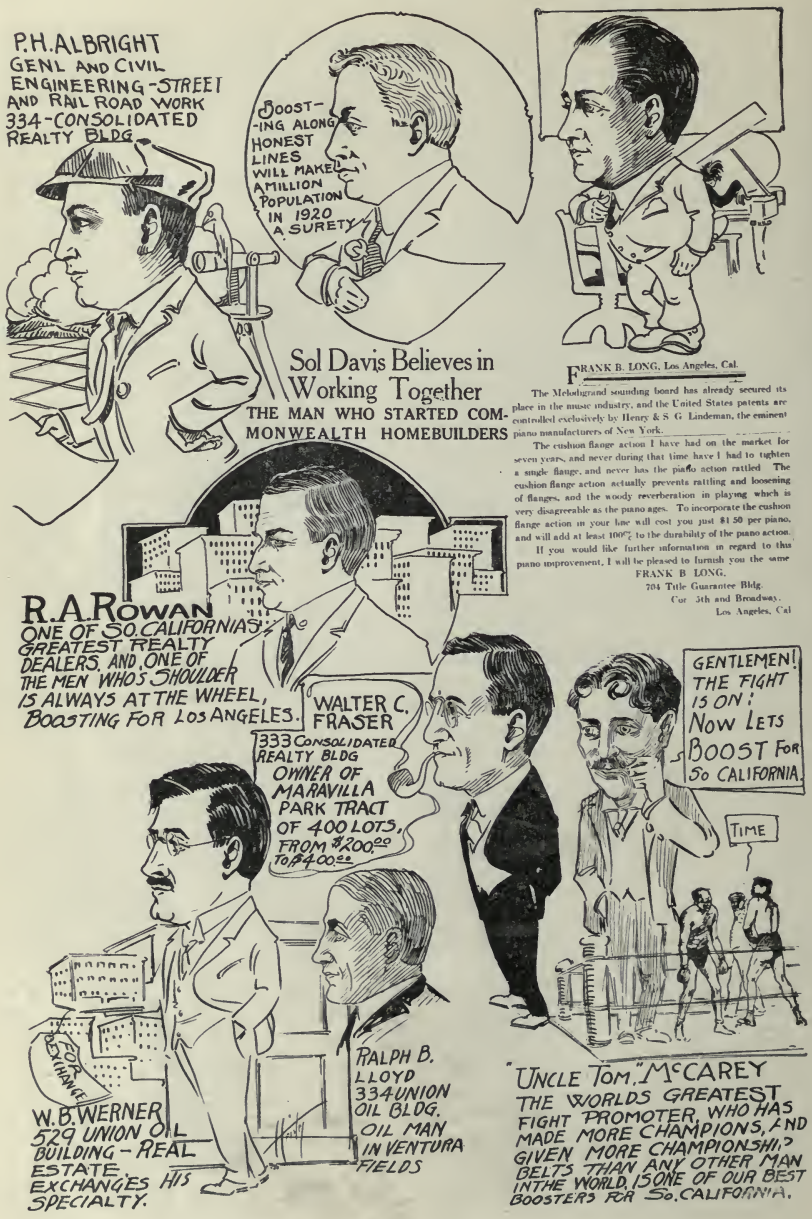
But it is in a class by itself, for it not only contains the usual real estate investment possibilities, but these are backed and multiplied by the sagacity of Standard Oil and Standard Oil millions.

Still open for purchase and at extremely low prices, are business and residence lots in the very heart of El Segundo activity.

There are quarter-acre, half-acre and three-quarter-acre sites, all veritable bargains right now at present prices.

These, a little later, will be capable themselves of subdivision on a small scale, and half of any one of the quarter-acre sites will very soon more than pay for the full purchase. Any one or two 40-foot front lots in a half-acre site should pay for the entire purchase and the same condition will exisr in the purchase of larger areas.

J. D. D. GLADDING,
of El Segundo Land & Improvement Co.,
609 S. Hill St., Los Angeles.



FRANK B. LONG, Los Angeles, Cal.

The Melodograud sounding board has already secured its place in the music industry, and the United States patents are controlled exclusively by Henry & S G Lindeman, the eminent piano manufacturers of New York.

The cushion flange action I have had on the market for seven years, and never during that time have I had to tighten a single flange, and never has the piano action rattled The cushion flange action actually prevents rattling and loosening of flanges, and the woody reverberation in playing which is very disagreeable as the piano ages. To incorporate the cushion flange action in your line will cost you just $1.50 per piano, and will add at least 100% to the durability of the piano action.

If you would like further information in regard to this piano improvement, I will be pleased to furnish you the same

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Cor 5th and Broadway.
Los Angeles, Cal

Under *the* Study Lamp

By the Editor

Unless otherwise initialed, all Reviews in *Out West* are written by the Editor.

War, war, awful war! Whatever standpoint it is viewed from no words can depict its horrors and terrors, but I do not recall any book which so forcefully and graphically shows how war separates loving hearts by bringing into play the worst features of what we call "loyalty" and "patriotism," as does *The Frontiers of the Heart.* A well-known French writer, Victor Margueritte, works out this novel theme: Given a sensitive French girl in love with a strong-minded German physician, and let them marry first before the Franco-Prussian War—what will be the outcome? One by one the frontiers of the heart are stormed and carried by the fierce passions of so-called patriotism. The God—Unser Gott—of the conquering Germans, cannot possibly be the same God as He to whom the defeated Frenchmen have been crying for victory. Loving each other with beautiful devotion at first, the young couple, even though a darling son is born to them, rapidly drift apart, and the story of how war thus separates them is told with masterly skill and dramatic power. I would that such books might be multiplied tenfold that the hearts of all men and women, and especially the young, might be led to see war as it really is—the foe of all the good that is in mankind. The sweetly domestic scenes of the book are equally graphic and appealing as are the painfully cruel ones which came later when husband and wife discover that they are forever separated by the frightful blows the war has struck their once-devoted love. *The Frontiers of the Heart*, by Victor Margueritte, 345 pages, $1.25 net, Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

The Spirit of American Literature is well exemplified in the following words on Whitman from John Albert Macy's book of this title: "It would be profitable for those interested in Whitman, but still perplexed by questions of form (irrelevancies with which earnest readers of literature are needlessly filled up, to the clotting and clogging of their native senses), to compare Whitman's own prose with his poetry and thus understand their essentials difference."

There you have it in the parenthetical remark—irrelevancies—clotting and clogging the native senses—needlessly. True American criticism accepts Browning, regardless of his violations of canon, Whitman and Crosby and all others—*provided they are poets.* And none can deny the poetic power to these men who are too big to be confined in the measures, the pint, quart, gallon, million-gallon measures—of others. As free and boundless as the ocean, the air, the sunshine. All form and no form are allowable, provided the "stuff," the real thing, is there.

Mr. Macy writes well and altogether informally and individualistically of American literature. His book is spicy and fresh—air-y. It isn't a rehash of old and moss-covered opinions that nobody accepts. It is a book to quarrel with, to enjoy, to accept, to reject—a book that stimulates, excites, arouses thought and thus leads to personal mental results. 'Tis a good book. *The Spirit of American Literature*, by J. A. Macey, 345 pages, $1.50 net. Doubleday, Page & Company, Garden City, New York.

A good title is a great help to a good book, and such a help is accorded An American Girl's book, *Naples, the City of Sweet Do-Nothing.* The letters are spontaneous, genuine, fascinating, bubbling over with the joy of life as a mocking bird's song. They should be especially interesting to Californians as the places and scenes they describe are so like our own fair country. The pictures of the life of the people, their social customs, the old houses, the fetes and fiestas, the boating, the worship, the markets, the pleasures are intimate, charming and very informing. In the most chatty, vivacious and girlish manner, without a trace of egotism, self-consciousness or American provincialism the author rolls up the curtain and lets us see what her own charming good nature, fascination, and genuine goodness won from the gay Neapolitans. Every page is delightful and refreshing in its genuineness, and as the American girl uses all the proceeds of the book to aid her in her own charity work, *Out West* bespeaks a large sale for it. *Naples, the City of Sweet-Do-Nothing*, by An American Girl, 320 pages, $1.25 net, postage 10 cents extra, Alice Harriman Company, New York. or of *Out West Magazine*, 546 S. Los Angeles St., Los Angeles, California.

According to Professor W. B. Herms, of the State University of California, "the one glaring defect of this splendid State" is malaria. It certainly is a great defect, and in several parts of the State there is no denying that it exists. But "the infested area is limited to a comparatively few counties, and the problem is shown to be a controllable one, as demonstrated by several successful anti-malaria campaigns." Dr. Herms urges that a scientific and systematic crusade be instituted against the chief cause of malaria—the *Anopheles* mosquito—and thus free the State from the pest. Why should it not be done? This book is the first successful attempt to cover the subject with any adequate degree of fullness. It is intelligible and convincing, written in a clear and direct style and gives full and accurate information on all the points upon which the layman needs to be instructed. We trust the book will find a large sale throughout the State, especially where malaria abounds. *Malaria, Cause and Control*, by William B. Herms, officer in charge of malaria investigations for the California State Board of Health, 163 pages, illustrated, $1.50 net, The Macmillan Company, New York.

"As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." Bunker Bean thought he was a nobody. He lived his belief until there stirred within him a contrary idea. This came from the shrewd statement of a friendly clairvoyant that he was the great Emperor Napoleon reincarnated. Prior to that he had been a poet and an Egyptian king. Awakened by this strange and (to most people) foolish conception, Bunker begins to "play the king." From being the mere stenographer and typewriter of one of the Wall Street magnates, he becomes the husband of the latter's daughter, a King of Finance and the real man he had always wanted to be. The story is told with inimitable humor and one laughs until he cries as Bunker's funny experiences are related. This is essentially a book for the relaxation of the beach, the springs, the restful lake, forest or mountain resort. *Bunker Bean*, by Harry Leon Wilson, 307 pages, with eight illustrations by F. R. Gruger, $1.25 net, Doubleday, Page & Company, Garden City, New York.

Lame and Lovely is Frank Crane's definition of human nature. Seeing its beauty, he also sees its foibles and errors and in a frank, honest, manly way seeks to bring men to a higher plane of thinking, of conduct, of aspiration. The forty-six chapters of the book are independent essays, but all dealing with the uplift of life in a humane, sensible, optimistic fashion. The philosophy generally is sane and sound, the theology a negligable quantity, the suggestions and hints timely, practicable, workable and real. Get the book. Read a chapter a day. Try to live its teachings and the world will soon know that you are a better man, a better woman. *Lame and Lovely*, by Frank Crane, $1.00 net, by mail $1.10, 215 pages, Forbes & Company, Chicago.

A most interesting biography, beautifully written, full of lively pictures of the times in which he was so important a figure is Professor Sears's story of John Hancock. Everyone is familiar with the writing of the first signer of the Declaration of Independence, but few know much about the man. This volume admirably supplies this need and shows the great place Hancock held in early American history. *John Hancock, the Picturesque Patriot*, by Lorenzo Sears, author of American Literature, etc., with photogravure frontispiece, 351 pages, $1.50 net, Little, Brown & Company, Boston, Mass.

For a wild, swashbuckling, improbable, blood-thirsty, penny-dreadful, yellow-backed yarn commend me to *The Devil's Admiral*. It is the story of a war-correspondent who ignorantly carries a message to a bank in Manila to ship a vast amount of Russian gold to Hong Kong. A devilish pirate learns of the shipment, and the innocent correspondent and this man and his bloody band find themselves on the same ship—the *Kut Sang*—bound for Hong Kong. Murders, piracy, the scuttling of the ship, making off with the gold, more murders, and the final triumph of the good captain and the innocent newspaperman make up the rest of the story. It is a yellow journal piece of fiction run mad. *The Devil's Admiral*, by Frederick Ferdinand Moore, 295 pages, 4 colored illustrations by Fisher, $1.25 net, Doubleday, Page & Company, Garden City, N. Y.

The most useful, carefully prepared, authoritative and comprehensive manual on its subject, which should be in the hands of every writer who sends manuscripts to editors, publishers, or printers, is that prepared by Frank H. Vitzetelly, managing editor of the Standard Dictionary. *The Preparation of Manuscripts for the Printer*, containing Directions to Authors as to the Manner of Preparing Copy and Correcting Proofs, with Suggestions on the Submitting of Manuscripts for Publication, 148 pages, 75 cents net, Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York. To be had from *Out West* office.

Human and humane, simple, homely, striking and personal are words that truthfully characterize Burdette's philosophy and humor. His new book opens up with his oldest lecture, "The Rise and Fall of the Mustache," and there are other old favorites as well as some new sermons, lectures, or exhortations, that will become favorites. Long may our genial philosopher live to charm and delight with his merry quips and quirks, and to suggest to us, as he invariably does, "the better way" of life. *Old Time and Young Tom*, by Robert J. Burdette, 325 pages, $1.25 net, Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

Brightly and vivaciously, wittily and humorously Maria Thompson Daviess tells the story of the love affairs of Phoebe and David, Caroline and Andrew. The aroma of the Old South lingers through the pages and the characters are drawn with the deft touch of one who knows and loves those she describes. Andrew's father, a bold-hearted, fine-spirited Confederate officer, who had been a leader in Southern affairs after the war, but was, unfortunately, an inveterate gambler, had staked all he had on a few throws of the dice, in challenge of a Northern carpetbagger whom he despised—and lost. He had then gone out and blown out his brains. The carpetbagger's daughter, inheriting her father's millions, came back South with a sweet, innocent and childlike desire for restitution, won all hearts, and as Fate generally arranges such things, made a full capture of the affections of Andrew. At first it seemed impossible that he could take this daughter of the man who had practically killed his father to be his bride, but love had its way and the story ends happily. *Andrew the Glad*, by Maria Thompson Daviess, 357 pages, with illustrations by R. M. Crosby, the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Indiana.

To those desiring to begin the study of Browning I can thoroughly commend *Introduction to Browning*, by Ella B. Hallock. The poems selected are of the poet's simplest, and the method of analysis is useful and helpful. 131 pages, 75 cents net, The Macmillan Company, New York.

There are many busy architects, engineers and builders who are a little weak on dimensioning the stresses on roof trusses and connecting them properly at the apexes. To meet this serious and practical difficulty without too much theorizing and general advice has been the aim of Professor N. Clifford Ricker, of the chair of Architecture in the University of Illinois, in his *Design and Construction of Roofs*. In twenty-five successive chapters the various stages are carefully and thoroughly explained, for wooden and steel roofs, together with practical hints and carefully computed tables for weights, snow and wind pressures upon walls. About 100 typical roof trusses likely to occur are shown from American, English, French and German technical works. The style of the author is clear, terse and forceful. He goes directly to the point with mathematical-like precision and gives the necessary information in the most comprehensible terms. The book, as a whole, is the most extensively useful that I have ever seen, and architects, engineers and careful builders will be most grateful to the author. *Designs and Construction of Roofs*, by Professor N. Clifford Ricker, 432 pages, with 644 illustrative diagrams, cloth $5.00 net, John Wiley & Sons, New York.

I think it is easy to understand why the English have so enthused over A. S. M. Hutchinson's new novel, *The Happy Warrior*. It fully and finely depicts that quality of physical and spiritual bravery that has always appealed to the higher and better instincts of the decent Britisher, and also it is full of the lure of the out-of-doors, which, while he seldom yields to it, yet lingers in his blood from the days when his ancestors were nomad savages. A book like this constantly speaks to me of the wonderful power of men. The day of great novelists past? What nonsense! This is a great novel, and it possesses qualities that make its author great. In some respects it has the virile and primitive elements that are the chief bulwarks of Kipling's and Jack London's power. But here are an added tenderness and understanding of the woman's heart that neither Kipling nor London seemed to possess. The story of the fight ranks with those of Oliphant in "Bob, Son of Battle," and London in "The Call of the Wild." And the putting of the story into the mouth of one of the onlookers was a piece of skilful artistry. The play of passions and the philosophy of life are wonderfully and dramatically set forth and the plot shows the author gifted with a vivid and realistic imagination. A hot-blooded and self-willed young noble, a secret marriage, his death by a chance shot in India, the new lord in possession, the secret wife going to the new "lady" to tell who she was, to be cast out as a black-mailer, the shock to a refined and delicate nature bringing on a premature birth, the death of the mother, the child's aunt plotting a vengeance that should wait until the babe was of age and then claim his own. These are the elements of the story. Dramatic and impelling. The development of the character of the lad and his final refusal to lend himself to his aunt's fierce scheme of revenge is the story. The boy wins his way steadily into all hearts, even as do the gipsies—father and daughter. A great book, a good book, a helpful book, and one that growing lads as well as grown men and women will do well to read. *The Happy Warrior*, by A. S. M. Hutchinson, 448 pages, $1.35 net, Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass.

It is interesting, now that Woodrow Wilson occupies the presidential chair, to read his views and judgments on Congressional government, written in 1883 and 1884, and revised after seeing a French translation of it in 1900. In his chapter on The Executive he says: "It is at once curious and instructive to note how we have been forced into practically amending the Constitution without constitutionally amending it. . . . It would seem that no impulse short of the impulse of self-preservation, no force less than the force of revolution, can nowadays be expected to move the ambiguous machinery of formal amendment erected in Article Five. . . . The greater consequence is that we have resorted, almost unconscious of the political significance of what we did, to extra-constitutional means of modifying the federal system where it has proved to be too refined by balance of divided authority to suit practical uses—to be out of square with the main principle of its foundation, namely, government by the people through their representatives in Congress."

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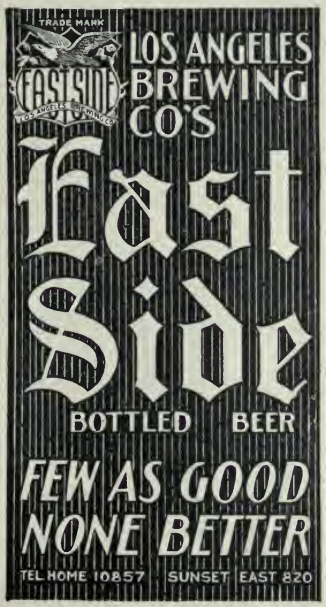

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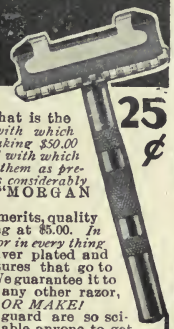

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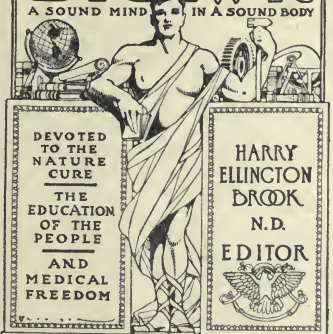

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New Series, Vol. 7 February, 1914 Number 2

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The Sierras from the Sea

By Joaquin Miller

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TO WHERE THE PEAKS OF DARIEN LIE CURL'D
IN CLOUDS, THE BROKEN LANDS LOOM BOLD AND GRAY.
THE SEAMEN NEARING SAN FRANCISCO BAY
FORGET THE COMPASS HERE; WITH STURDY HAND
THEY SEIZE THE WHEEL, LOOK UP, THEN BRAVELY LAY
THE SHIP TO SHORE BY RUGGED PEAKS THAT STAND
THE STERN AND PROUD PATRICIAN FATHERS OF THE LAND.

THEY STAND WHITE STAIRS OF HEAVEN—STAND A LINE
OF LIFTING, ENDLESS, AND ETERNAL WHITE.
THEY LOOK UPON THE FAR AND FLASHING BRINE,
UPON THE BOUNDLESS PLAINS, THE BROKEN HEIGHT
OF KAMIAKIN'S BATTLEMENTS. THE FLIGHT
OF TIME IS UNDERNEATH THEIR UNTOPP'D TOWERS,
THEY SEEM TO PUSH ASIDE THE MOON AT NIGHT,
TO JOSTLE AND TO LOOSE THE STARS. THE FLOWERS
OF HEAVEN FALL ABOUT THEIR BROWS IN SHINING SHOWERS.

THEY STAND IN LINE OF LIFTED SNOWY ISLES,
HIGH HELD ABOVE THE TOSS'D AND TUMBLED SEA—
A SEA OF WOOD IN WILD UNMEASURED MILES:
WHITE PYRAMIDS OF FAITH WHERE MAN IS FREE;
WHITE MONUMENTS OF HOPE THAT YET SHALL BE
THE MOUNTS OF MATCHLESS AND IMMORTAL SONG. . . .
I LOOK FAR DOWN THE HOLLOW DAYS; I SEE
THE BEARDED PROPHETS, SIMPLE-SOUL'D AND STRONG,
THAT STRIKE THE SOUNDING HARP AND THRILL THE HEEDING THRONG.

SERENE AND SATISFIED! SUPREME! AS LONE
AS GOD, THEY LOOM LIKE GOD'S ARCHANGELS CHURL'D;
THEY LOOK AS COLD AS KINGS UPON A THRONE;
THE MANTLING WINGS OF NIGHT ARE CRUSH'D AND CURL'D
AS FEATHERS CURL. THE ELEMENTS ARE HURL'D
FROM OFF THEIR BOSOMS, AND ARE BIDDEN GO,
LIKE EVIL SPIRITS, TO AN UNDER-WORLD.
THEY STRETCH FROM CARIBOO TO MEXICO,
A LINE OF BATTLE-TENTS IN EVERLASTING SNOW.

From *Joaquin Miller's Poems*, published by Whitaker & Ray-Wiggins Co., San Francisco.

THE BUST OF JOAQUIN MILLER

Gertrude Boyle Kanno, Sculptress *See Page* 102

OUT WEST

February 1914

JOAQUIN MILLER

By Marian Taylor

ONE of the saddest things in history is the fact that the truly great have seemed to be the peculiar butt of malicious tongues and narrow minds. The master-poet, Joaquin Miller, therefore, did not escape the common fate of the uncommon man. Perhaps there has never been one more misunderstood than he; for, though accessible to all, there was an aloofness of spirit with him that was above stooping to contradict the wild tales that were bandied hither and thither.

As late only as the night of his last public appearance in Oakland, which was at a Democratic rally, just before the Presidential Election, when the people were addressed by himself, Gertrude Atherton and others, this subject came up. I happened to be sitting beside a man with whom the poet "batched" in his early days.

"Why, it has even been said that Joaquin was a horse thief," he exclaimed laughingly, "but the only thing he ever stole was a slice of the night; for he was such a tremendous student that he would sit up and 'dig' in his books when the rest of the world was sleeping. The truth is, the Indians liked him so well that they gave him a valuable pony, and as the boy was loping along on it the authorities took him into custody, not believing his story that it was a present. A big, powerful fellow—also unjustly detained—broke jail that night and took the boy with him. There was a scrimmage of course and Joaquin was hurt, but they escaped and for months he was with the Indians—who, by the way, nursed him back to health and strength."

Again it has been said that he was brusque and harsh; he who was the gentlest and kindest of men, toward even the very animals. In this connection, well do I recall his words when accepting a cat from him. "If you find he won't stay in city confinement after roaming the wild up here, give him away, but don't, whatever you do, kill him."

After the death of his father he brought his beautiful old mother from Oregon, built a special tent-shaped cottage for her—humoring her preference in that respect—and for twenty years he cared for her—his saint in her niche—tending her in the most chivalrous and exquisite fashion. In fact he had two professions, that of poetry and that of loving-kindness, in the latter of which he was surely in the wholesale department. Anybody and everybody was welcome at "The Hights." On one occasion he took in a family—stranded financially—gave them food, shelter and every necessity; yes, and a burial-place for their little one when it died.

We all entertain our friends, it is true; some of us wine them, all of us dine them, but how many of us take in the stranger and a whole family at that? Who but a Joaquin Miller? He was kind also to those of alien race, so several Japanese made their home on a part of his big hundred-acre estate, absorbing his spirit, and breathing in the beauties and beneficences of Nature.

Indeed, as an expression of tenderness almost divine, his "Dove of St. Mark," included in "The Songs of Italy," stands unparalleled. There is nothing in literature more exquisite on the subject of

JOAQUIN MILLER AT THE HIGHTS, 1896

our fallen sister—she whose white robes of innocence have been besmirched by the rapacious lust of man—than this touching poem of his, one of the stanzas of which is as follows:

Yea, take great courage, it will be as bread!
  Have faith, have faith while this day wears through.
Then rising refreshed, try virtue instead;
  Be stronger and better, prove pitiful dear,
  So prompt with a lie, so prompt with a tear,
  For the hand grows stronger as the heart grows true . . . .
  Take courage, my child, for I promise you
We are judged by our chances of life and lot;
  And your poor soul may yet pass through
The eye of the needle, where laces shall not.

And in a poem entitled "Charity," dealing with the woman taken in adultery, we read these words:

Who now shall accuse and arraign us?
  What man shall condemn and disown?

HOME OF JOAQUIN MILLER, OVERLOOKING SAN FRANCISCO BAY

Since Christ has said only the stainless
Shall cast at his fellows a stone.

Again, it has been said of Joaquin Miller that he was a pagan, a magnificent one perhaps, but still a pagan. Was he? Turn to his "Songs of the Hebrew Children," and would that you might hear them recited by his gifted widow, Abbie Leland Miller! For I can imagine few things more inspiring than to be at "The Hights" when the setting sun is touching the dimpling hills with a glory almost celestial, and hear her pour them forth with an abandon born of love and pride. Perhaps she would give you the beautiful one called "Hope," closing with these lines:

Look starward; stand far and unearthy,
Free soul'd as a banner unfurled.
Be worthy, O brother, be worthy!
For a God was the price of the world.

And surely she would recite "Beyond Jordan," the lovely poem about the mothers of Judah, who brought their little ones for Christ to bless, and which is, in part:

Then reaching His hands He said, lowly,
"Of such is My Kingdom;" and then
Took the brown little babes in the holy
White hands of the Savior of men;
Held them close to His heart and caress'd them
Put His face down to theirs as in prayer,
Put their hands to His neck, and so bless'd them
With baby hands hid in His hair.

The poet's unalterable belief in the immortality of the soul was evidenced in the fact that one of his last acts, a few days before he died, was to write out the following, which he had given to the world many years before:

Could I but teach man to believe,
Could I but make small men to grow,
To break frail spider webs that weave
About their thews, and bind them low.
Could I but sing one song and lay
Grim Doubt; I then could go my way
In tranquil silence, glad, serene,
And satisfied, from off the scene.
But, ah this disbelief, this Doubt,
This doubt of God, this doubt of God,
The damned spot will not out!
Wouldst learn to know one little flower,
Its perfume, perfect form or hue?
Yea, wouldst thou have one perfect hour
Of all the years that come to you?
Then grow as God hath planted, grow
A lovely oak or daisy low,
As He hath set His garden; be
Just what thou art, or grass or tree.
Thy treasures up in heaven laid
Await thy sure ascending soul
Life after life—be not afraid!

Shortly before he died his wife read to him from the beautiful service of the Episcopal Church, and recited Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar." It was at eventide that her gentle voice took up the majestic lines:

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me,
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea'

recalling his own words:

Be this my home till some fair star
Stoops earthward, and shall beckon me;
For surely God-land lies not far
From these Greek heights and this great sea.

Thus passed the lofty soul of our poet, whose faith gave him confidence to echo:

I hope to see my Pilot face to face,
When I have crossed the bar.

Never did Joaquin Miller show to greater advantage than—when in London and Continental Europe—he kept himself unspoiled, in spite of notice and adulation that would have turned the head of an ordinary man.

A friendship formed with Lord Houghton led to his meeting everyone worth while, not only amongst the nobility, but also in the circles of the literati. He was presented to Queen Victoria at Lady Ashburton's, and she was much entertained by his humorous stories. It led to an amusing caricature by the cartoonist Swinnerton, the original of which is at "The Hights." It represents the poet sitting at a table with the Queen, the Prince of Wales and the Shah of Persia; he is clad as usual in his Western dress, and his sombrero is firmly planted on his head—though in the presence of royalty—while he regales them with his wonderful stories. The expressive faces make it irresistibly funny.

Altho' an admirer of Browning, Tennyson, and other great writers, he had a reverence almost amounting to a passion for Byron. He spent a winter in Greece with Lord Houghton tracing the footsteps on the poet he called Master, and drank deeply of inspiration at Newstead Abbey, Byron's English home, which to Joaquin Miller was a shrine, and where he wrote of "the lordliest dust that ever yet moved animate in human form." He did not pass over the Scottish poet, Burns, in his travels, for he penned this at his tomb:

In men whom men condemn as ill
I find so much of goodness still;
In men whom men pronounce divine
I find so much of sin and blot,
I hesitate to draw the line
Between the two, where God has not.

One of the most interesting incidents of his English visit was his intercourse with the young exiled Prince Imperial, of France, who met with such a shocking death in South Africa during the Zulu war. Like others, he greatly admired Joaquin Miller's horsemanship, and the latter tried to teach the Prince how to cling to his horse, and climb into the saddle as he ran, in the fashion of the Indians and vaqueros; but somehow he seemed to think it too undignified for a soldier. Alas, had he taken advantage of the lesson, the tragedy of his death might have been averted!

The poem, "Dead in the Long, Strong Grass," was the poet's tribute to this brave and brilliant young man, "only son of his mother, and she a widow." Dead with seventeen wounds in his breast made by the deadly assegai of the Zulu. Three years ago I heard afresh the sad story from the lips of a visiting friend, brother of the ill-fated Captain Carey, in charge of the scouting party. The Captain had not thought it wise to unhorse at that particular spot, but unfortunately allowed the ardent young Prince to over-rule his judgment. When the savages made their raid, the procedure usual on such occasions was followed, "every man to horse," but when they arrived at a place of safety the Prince was found to be missing.

England went wild with sorrow over the death of its guest. Well I remember the storm in London. There was almost an obstruction in the House of Commons. Many clamored for a court-martial, others said the Captain was not to blame. His grandmother, Lady Brenton—widow of a great naval hero—used her influence, and finally the matter was dropped in his favor. He never recovered from the blow, however, for six months later he died in India—ostensibly of

JOAQUIN MILLER AT WORK IN BED AT HIS HOME, "THE HIGHTS"

liver trouble, but in reality, his brother said, of a broken heart.

The Prince pressed a very valuable solitaire diamond ring on Joaquin Miller at parting. The latter did not want to accept it, having heard the Emperor died poor; the Prince persisted, however; "Wear it anyway till I return," he said. Alas, poor young man! For him there was no return. The Poet gave the ring to the present Mrs. Miller as her engagement token, and she has it yet in safe keeping, tho' seldom wearing it, on account of its size.

Mrs. Miller tells an interesting story about her busband's poem on "Garfield," the martyred president. Tributes were solicited from well-known authors, Walt Whitman, Longfellow, and Joaquin Miller, preeminently. The first-mentioned would not undertake it, feeling he was not inspired at the time, and when the remaining two had written theirs, Longfellow withdrew his as secondary to the noble effort of his brother-poet.

Womanhood has ever been a prolific theme with Joaquin Miller, his finest poem on that subject being the now famous one entitled, "The Bravest Battle." It was thus that he came to write it. A fine equestrian statue was to be erected in New Orleans and the poet was asked to write a poem fitting the occasion, it being in honor of the bravest battle ever fought. When he produced it, however, the committee would not allow it to be read, as it was a tribute to women instead of to men of battle, but years afterwards it *was* read in that same city by one of America's leading women, and it has become one of his best known poems.

Never a good financier—and generous to a fault—although he returned from Europe with considerable money, he lost heavily through unfortunate investments. He had, at one time, thought of making a home in Italy—at Florence—and later he built himself the now historic log cabin at Washington, D. C., but later the lure of the West was upon him, and in 1885 he settled at "The Hights," a tract of land situated in the foot-hills of Fruitvale, California.

From this famous home of his a magnificent view may be had. General Fre-

mont caught his first glimpse of the narrow strait connecting the San Francisco Bay with the great Pacific from its slopes, and called it the "Golden Gate." The large and thriving city of Oakland lies a thousand feet below, with beautiful Lake Merritt like a sparkling diamond on her finger.

Here the poet converted barren hills into a forest garden. Here he erected monuments to Fremont, Browning and Moses. The soldier has a square tower, the English poet one round in shape, and the great Hebrew lawgiver a pyramid.

"Why a monument to Moses?" he has frequently been asked, and invariably his answer has been: "No one knows where Moses was buried; why not here as well as anywhere else?"

For himself he built a funeral pyre of the same grey granite, within a stone's-throw of his tiny "God's Acre," where lie his own beloved dead. On it his ashes were reverently consigned to the flames in conformity with his wish, the Bohemian Club—of which he was a charter member—conducting the very unique but beautiful service, assisted by Colonel Irish, his most intimate friend. The funeral service proper—and cremation—had taken place at the time of the poet's death in February, but this was the final ceremony.

There are many interesting cottages at "The Hights," the most famous of which is the miniature Newstead Abbey, modeled after Byron's home. The conical-shaped door leads into "The Chapel," and above it may be seen the cross, the star and the crescent. It was Joaquin's own particular room in former days; the place where much of his writing was done, and for which he preferred to use yellow paper, as a color more restful to the eyes. His daughter has also used it for correspondence, a letter from her drawing my attention to the fact. The door to the right indicates the room of Maud McCormick (daughter of the poet by his first wife, and now lying in the little cemetery on the hill), and the one to the left is the famous guest-chamber, the room in which so many celebrated people have slept when making their pilgrimage to this mecca of the literary world.

The cottage in which the poet died, however, is a new one, built by him for the occupancy of his wife and daughter, Juanita, when they came to him from New York. During his last two years here he received all who came, in spite of physical infirmity and weakness. In the forenoons he would be found in bed, a large, old-fashioned one, placed at the end of a long, narrow room containing pictures and valuable mementoes of past days.

The poet was ever picturesque, even in sickness. On his head he wore a dark red velvet fez, over his night-clothes a scarlet dressing-gown, making him—with his luxuriant beard of snowy white—almost barbaric in his splendor, especially with the finishing touch of a bear skin bed-cover. His complexion, to the very last, was one that a girl might have envied, and his keen, clear blue eyes seemed to pierce to the very soul of man.

His language was at all times singularly simple and direct, and his sense of humor very keen. One day I found him sitting on a hard wooden bench with open slats, and looking very uncomfortable. "Let me get you a pillow, Mr. Miller," I said. "Pray don't," he answered, "I am training my back to stand alone again." This was after his severe illness.

At times he was embarrassingly frank. "Your children get their good-looks from their mother," he said to a male visitor one day. "You are not good-looking."

On another occasion, when two ladies were there, he turned to one of them and said, "You have a face that will never grow old." Then shaking his head at the other he exclaimed, "But you! Ah, you!—" Thus did he indirectly rebuke "worry" when he saw traces of it in his fellow-beings.

He loved children and ever had a kind word for them. I took my young son to "The Hights"—the older children went of their own volition—that he might have the privilege of touching the hand that wrote America's greatest poem, "Columbus;" the poem destined, perhaps more than any other, to put grit and back-bone into the men of the rising generation.

"What are you going to be, my boy?" asked the poet.

"I don't know yet, sir."

"Well whatever you are, be a man, a manly man, and above all things never know how to tell a lie." Thus impressing the little fellow with the necessity of letting the warp and woof of him be such that a lie would be a moral impossibility.

We had left the sermon in the church that lovely Sunday morning for God's great out-of-doors, and this was His message through His prophet of the hills, our American Tolstoi, which I pass on to others; for could we but carry the blessed admonition first of all into our individual life, then into our civic life, into our relations with the world at large, it would go far toward hastening the millenium and giving us heaven upon earth.

Joaquin Miller, Dead?

By Alexander McBoyle

The mountains loved him, all the hills
Responded to his joyous tread,
And far Alaska throbs and thrills
The message, "Joaquin Miller's dead!"

Fair wooded heights he loved so well!
The weeping willow bows its head,
All felt the magic of his spell,
And whisper, "Joaquin Miller's dead!"

Rest, active brain and kindly heart,
Rest with the sunshine o'er thy bed;
My tribute, with the tears that start,
Are not for Joaquin Miller, dead.

But for the Genius that has passed
Beyond the vale where mortals tread;
Hope keyed his stout heart to the last,
And Joaquin Miller is not dead.

Prometheus gave him words of flame
That, living, shall their lustre shed
And crown him with undying fame,
Although 'tis written, "He is dead."

JOAQUIN MILLER *and* HIS DAUGHTER

By the Editor

SELDOM has there been a sweeter, finer and more beautiful relationship between father and daughter than always existed between Joaquin Miller and his daughter, Juanita. One of the tenderest and most exquisite poems he ever wrote was addressed to her, when she was a child of ten, and he had just completed making his new home on The Hights above Fruitvale, near Oakland, habitable. Her mother had found it impossible to live on the Pacific shores, hence the growing daughter seldom saw her glorious poet papa, but he was her hero, her greatest of all men, and they corresponded regularly. Then he wrote to her this poem:

JUANITA

You will come, my bird, Bonita?
Come! For I, by steep and stone,
Have built such nest for you, Juanita,
As not eagle bird hath known.

Rugged! Rugged as Parnassus!
  Rude, as all roads I have trod—
Yet are steeps and stone-strewn passes
  Smooth o'er head, and nearest God.

Here black thunders of my canyon
  Shake its walls in Titan wars!
Here white sea-born clouds companion
  With such peaks as know the stars!

Here madrona, manzanita—
  Here the snarling chaparral
House and hang o'er steeps, Juanita,
  Where the gaunt wolf loved to dwell!

Dear, I took these trackless masses
  Fresh from Him who fashioned them;
Wrought in rock, and hewed fair passes,
  Flower set, as sets a gem.

Aye, I built in woe. God willed it;
  Woe that passeth ghosts of guilt;
Yet I built as His birds builded—
  Builded, singing as I built.

All is finished! Roads of flowers
  Wait your loyal little feet.
All completed? Nay, the hours
  Till you come are incomplete.

Steep below me lies the valley,
  Deep below me lies the town,
Where great sea-ships ride and rally,
  And the world walks up and down.

O, the sea of lights far streaming
  When the thousand flags are furled—
When the gleaming bay lies dreaming
  As it duplicates the world!

You will come my dearest, truest?
  Come my sovereign queen of ten;
My blue skies will then be bluest;
  My white rose be whitest then:

Then the song! Ah, then the saber
  Flashing up the walls of night!
Hate of wrong and love of neighbor—
  Rhymes of battle for the Right!

Is there anything more suggestive of their blessed oneness of relationship than the query, and its answer:

All complete? Nay, the hours
  Till you come are incomplete.

When his last illness became serious Juanita resolutely left everything of the East behind her and came out to nurse her father. He needed her, and she felt she needed him. With a devotion that never faltered, day or night, she watched over and cared for him as tenderly as mother ever tended a sick child. His every need and wish were understood and met without a word, so perfect was the deep sympathy that existed between them. She wrote his letters, attended to his business and relieved him of every care. Again and again, when I have been with them in the sick room, I have been touched to tears as his luminous eyes followed her about the room. Affection, deep and abysmal, pride, fatherly tenderness—everything beautiful and sweet—was mirrored in them, or shone through from his emotional soul.

Now that he has gone from The Hights, Juanita has taken his own room and made of it a "Sanctuary," where

she herself retires to think over the great work he sought to do for the world in giving to it his inspirations. When I wrote to her about this special number of *Out West,* she wrote a beautiful letter, from which I extract the following:

"I believe Papa would be wonderfully pleased with the Joaquin Miller number of *Out West.* As for me, I shall place the magazine in the Sanctuary already fragrant from fadeless wreaths, former flowers of your friendship and many symbols—sweet, strong organ points over which harmonies of thought play in waves of remembrance. His advice was always, 'Try to be balanced, Baby—"Be ye wise as a serpent and harmless as a dove."' So at night I wear a serpent ring that my sub-conscious self may dictate wisdom to my waking acts, and during the day repeat his 'Voice of the Dove,' so love may sink into my soul until there is tolerance for what appears to be missteps and I learn the value of each today. In fact, the roses of my Papa's planting I fashion into beads, on some his poems chanting and on others Christian creeds, then kissing the Cross, remember that he said, 'I planted my first trees in the shape of a cross, to teach us all to look up to the cross, to never fret under the cross we bear nor to forget Him, for sorrow has its place. God made the night as well as the day, and "Behold it *all* was very good."'

"Perfect Papa! what melodies of memory vibrate in tune to verses singing ceaselessly—may I be worthy, may I be worthy of him has ever been my prayer."

With Miss Miller's permission we are privileged to present three of her own poems, two of them written to her poet father. These poems have been printed on postal cards, with beautiful reproductions of color sketches she made to accompany them, and I am sure they only need to be known to create a large demand for them.

As the years go by there can be no question but that Joaquin Miller's fame will grow, and one of the sweetest flowers in the glory-wreath that will ever enshrine his memory will be the devotion he won and ever received from his gifted daughter.

The Star *of* The Year

By Juanita Miller

The Star of the New Year
Shines and sings
The while each silver
Joy-bell rings
Of sweetly, softly sacred things
For you, Sweetheart, and yours.

Harmony holy, happy and high,
Peace that reaches from
Earth to sky:
The peace of the New
Year's lullaby,
For you, Sweetheart, and yours.

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SOME MEMORIES *of* JOAQUIN MILLER

By John P. Irish

IN a notice of the death of Joaquin Miller, *The London Times* said that he tried to found a colony of literary people on his place in the mountains near Oakland.

Joaquin never tried to do that, and such purpose had no place in his plans. But there occurred at his mountain home certain things which in literary interest have probably not been equalled in the history of any genius.

These events moved me to name his mountain "The Oakland Parnassus," for surely the myths that rose in the slopes and forests of the Greek Parnassus that looked down on Delphi were of no more interest than the inspiration of Joaquin's Parnassus. In one of his houses went to live an old soldier and his wife. She had been a teacher, and was aged, wan and exhausted. The sap of life was dry in her. When they had lived near Joaquin for a time a local paper occasionally published brief notes of neighborhood news from her pen. These notes expanded into comment and finally began to take on the character of literature. This went on until the approach of our war with Spain. One day it was cabled that the poor Queen Regent of Spain, in despair of saving her country, had gone into her chapel and prayed.

Soon after, from the pen of the worn old woman on Joaquin's Parnassus appeared a brief poem, under the caption, "The Queen Prayed." It would have done credit to any of the major poets, and none of the minor poets has excelled it.

On his way to Japan, Sir Edwin Arnold visited Joaquin, and the two sons of genius communed on Parnassus.

The next year two Japanese boys appeared there and asked for the Philosopher. Joaquin said, "I am the Philosopher." They told him that wishing to know English literature, Sir Edwin Arnold had advised them to seek California and find the philosopher, Miller. They had visited our two universities in quest of him and finally found him. They lived with him several years, faithfully serving him and his mother, but refusing pay. Finally the elder began to write verse. He found a publisher in New York, and his little volume is valued by scholars for its literary merit and its mist and charm of the Buddhistic philosophy. That boy was Yone Noguchi, now professor of English Literature in the University of Japan.

Next appeared on Joaquin's Parnassus an old and spent woman, partly deaf, worn by trying work of years as a teacher. She had no aims, only a wish to find rest. He gave her a lodge for shelter, and in due time, the air of Parnassus in her nostrils, the weary spirit was thrilled and she began to write. She became one of the best short-story writers. Her style was vivid, the spirit of her work was pure, and the earnings of her pen surrounded her last days with comfort and peace.

Then came Kanno, an educated Japanese who, after dwelling on Parnassus awhile in contact with Joaquin, began to write. His drama, "Creation's Dawn," and short poems and meditations, abound in fine lines, as, "Now, invisible hand of mighty Creator forges human souls on the anvil of passion," and, "Her life was music. She dove into the ocean of Death like a white sea-bird."

Both Occident and Orient are likely to hear more of this genius, inspired on Joaquin's Parnassus.

These people sought him, were the recipients of his hospitality, and none of them had any name in literature and were all unaware of any ability to write. It will be seen that the facts are very different from the implications of the statement in *The Times*. Instead of

searching for celebrities in letters, the arms of his hospitality were opened to the maimed and spent and the stranger, who, in the atmosphere that was around him discovered talents they had not suspected.

In his compassion for all things that have life, his philosophy was distinctly Buddhistic. The gentle son of Mahamaya was no more a brother to the least that hath life than was Joaquin.

Once I called on him with some Eastern friends. After we had dined under the trees I made my carriage ready to return, and Joaquin said he would hitch his big horse, Black Warrior, to the buck-board and take part of the party down the mountain. While hitching, the horse bucked, and the ladies raised an alarm. When I ran to the scene I found Joaquin under Black Warrior's feet. Catching the bridle I subdued the beast, and Joaquin crept out dusty and much disarranged, but looking upon the horse most benevolently, he said in apology for the brute, "That horse must have eaten something that disagreed with him."

He was charming with children and never tired of reciting to them some of his humorous verses, and singing songs in Chinook.

His place, "The Hights," was a barren and forbidding mountain ridge. But he had the raised vision of genius and saw at once its value for the majestic view it commanded, from the Santa Cruz mountains to Mt. Tamalpais, and out upon the Pacific through the Golden Gate. He developed water by digging out hidden springs, and planted trees—thousands of trees—and roses. His first house bore on its gable a cross, a crescent and the Aztec nimbus. He said, "They symbolize forms of the religious idea, and there is good in them all."

When his mother came she had a separate house and lived in comfort to the end of her days. She was a woman of noble form and poise, and it was apparent that his genius came through her, for she had the Shakespearean dome, the poetic head and brow.

On the summit he built his pyre, and there his mother sleeps. In 1889, under engagement with the New York *Independent*, he prepared for a journey, and wrote to me this directory letter:

My Dear, Dear Friend Irish:

I wrote to Black, Edmunds and Townsend as promised, and now am off for a tremendous long trip, taking in all the cities of the Northwest and ending in the Indian Territory. I am not solid. Some day I shall sit down and not get up any more. Some day I shall not have you, my dear, dear boy, at hand to snatch up the brandy bottle with the cork in it and pull me through.

But the *Independent*, my honest old paper, has advertised my trip and is impatient of delay. I must go, even though I fall in harness.

But, of course, I shall come back and we will have a thousand dear days together, here under my trees. I only write this letter, or rather this will, in case I am overtaken suddenly, as I shall be sooner or later, so that you and all may know how earnest I am about the last service that man can do for his friend. I have earned the right, I hope, to get out from under the wheels of trade, and out of the dust of combat. I want to leave my ashes on my "Hights," among the trees I have planted, and I want you to see to it that my body is burned on my tomb here; and quietly, secretly if necessary. Let no one meddle. It should be of far less concern to the world than the planting of one of my thousands of trees.

I have written Woodbury to come here, and burn all my papers. You and he will put your two hearts and your two honest heads together and do for me these last services, and then help Abbie and Bob. Roosevelt, my executor, who holds my will, to settle up my little estate, all of which, except as named in my will which Roosevelt holds, goes to Abbie and Baby. Mother remains on the place, in her home while she lives, if she likes. Brother George will look after her. I wish that you would choose one of my cottages here and Woodbury another, and live in them as much as you can. This would protect my trees and keep the place intact till Baby is up here.

Love to you and yours,
JOAQUIN MILLER.

By way of explanation, "Black" referred to is Gen. Jno. C. Black, the gallant soldier, former Pension Commissioner, and "Edmunds" was the late Jas. B. Edmunds, former Commissioner of the District of Columbia.

The "brandy bottle" refers to a subject which is the theme of the first part of the letter. Joaquin did an enormous lot of work on the Hights with his own hands. He terraced the ridge, lifted and placed rock, and sustained a cardiac strain, of which I knew nothing until one day as he sat down to dinner at my table, he began a hearty laugh at a humorous remark made by my daughter, Frances, and at once collapsed, limp in his chair.

I sprang to the side-board for a bottle of Naglee brandy, leaned his head back and placed the neck of the bottle in his mouth. He struggled to free his mouth and said, feebly, "John, pull the cork." I pulled it, and drenched him with a good drink, when he recovered and had his dinner. It is evident that he expected this cardiac strain would finally conquer him. But it played no part whatever in the final tragedy.

I reached his house five minutes after he had died, with no one present but his devoted wife. I carried out his last request, and his ashes are amongst the trees that he planted, on the Hights he loved so well.

Cremation *of* Miller

By Gertrude Boyle Kanno

Burnt embers from a stranded ship of song;
Ashes of Spirit!
On the wings of the wind ye are borne
From these heights;
Back to the sea ye have flown. . . .

Joaquin, Spirit of the West,
I hail thee!
Pilot of freedom, of rugged will, of elemental
beauty and force,
Through the mists I behold thee,
Steering thy Spirit-Ship of Song. . . .

O'er the rhythm of the sea
Wafts the cadence of thy voice;
O'er the pulse of the deep
Throbs the compassion of thee;
With ear at last attuned
We catch the divine melody of thy song.

In the surging of the sea,
Surge the love-hunger, the beauty-passion of
thee;
The wild cry of the sea
Proclaims the freedom of thee.
Pilot of the West,
Of the Ship of Song,
Steer on.

MILLER, FRIEND

By Bessie I. Sloan

PAGES innumerable have been written in praise of Joaquin Miller, Poet. A neighbor of ten years would add a loving tribute to Joaquin Miller, Friend, knowing that he was even a greater friend than a poet; a friend not alone to those who knew and loved him, but to the oppressed, the hopeless, the convict, the man of foreign race whom others reviled. Faithful to high ideals, his rugged simplicity and truth is an inspiration to all lovers of the true and the beautiful.

Our first meeting with the picturesque figure who was to become friend and critic, was at Santa Monica, by the sea, in Southern California. He would stand on the beach at the edge of the irridescent waves, holding his slouch hat in his hand, his white hair and beard flowing in the wind, a broad, red silk tie (usually) giving the vivid note to his costume, which consisted of a long frock coat, and corduroys tucked into high boots.

Here he would dreamily weave the melody of waters, the glow of sunshine and sunset into poetic rhythm; would talk at times of his work or travels, and when in mellow mood, would recite to a chosen few the best-loved and probably best-known of his earlier poems, "The Voice of The Dove," and "Columbus."

In the lines

There are many tomorrows, my love, my love,
There is only one today.

he imitated the tender wooing, cooing dove note perfectly.

It was in nineteen hundred and two, and I remember with what breathless interest he held us as he related the story of his visit to Byron's home, when sleeping in the poet's bed for three nights, he watched and waited for the expected ghost that did not walk.

Another incident I recall—a simple thing that may serve to illuminate his fun-loving nature. At luncheon he would squeeze the juice from an orange, inflate the skin and place it carefully at the top of a dish of fruit. Then he waited nonchalantly at the door of the dining-room to watch the orange balloon collapse, to the surprise and chagrin of the individual who selected it. With a sly smile and merry wink, like a boy pleased with the trick he would glance at us and walk away.

Later, when we availed ourselves of the invitation to visit him at his home on the Hights east of Oakland, as he expressed it, "Four miles east, and one mile perpendicular," the warmth of his greeting, the simple hospitality and his interesting stories of souvenirs, won our hearts completely, and it became a usual thing to ride or walk up the wild-flowered, hill-side road to his loved park, where we have watched him at work, always cheery, apt with aphorism and repartee, ready to share everything, from fruit and roses to his latest verse.

In vancy I see him stand beside the "fountain of youth," which was so arranged in the midst of a fern-clad rockery that he could turn an artificial rain-storm upon his vine-clad dwelling. "I love to write to the sound of falling water," he said, and added, with a twinkle of the eye, "Besides, it cools my roof."

In the little chapel-like cottage he then occupied I picture the fresh complexioned, clear-eyed "Poet of the Sierras" (the appellation not altogether to his liking), writing in bed, with a small black or red cap upon his head and a wonderful buffalo robe covering him. On the wall hung the Klondyke coat with nugget buttons, Alaska mocassins of rein-deer hide, photographs and letters of celebrities, sketches by well-known artists, and greetings from brother poets. There was also a collar and necktie with inscription

beneath, "For my friend John P. Irish, in heaven." Somewhat of a wag was Joaquin.

Nasturtiums climbed his steps to blossom gayly in the door-way. "Do not pluck my pretty companions," he would say, "they nod and whisper to me of many things—things that reach back to the time of Moses."

The following incident reveals his love for his trees. Mrs. Kanno, the sculptor, had her studio on the hill in one of his small cottages, where she had worked for seven years. One day he found her sawing the partition between two rooms. It was his cottage, his partition. He watched her for some time then, "You are all right," he said decidedly, "you will get ahead." She told him that she needed light and a larger room to work in. "That eucalyptus sweeps over the roof and annoys me; I wish you would cut it down." The poet demurred, then brought his saw and severed a huge limb. Finally, "I can't cut any more," he said in a hurt voice, "I have loved that tree." It still stands, the half of it, a mute witness to his tenderness.

Pink rose hedge and forest of trees that he planted, miles of rock fences he had built by discharged convicts (who did not always return the loyalty his faith demanded)—were these not enough to prove him the lover of nature and of all humanity?

In those days I would tie my horse to a tree at the shady road-side and call aloud, "Joaquin!" True to himself and his hours for work, the poet would answer heartily, "Come in!" or "Begone!" as the case might be.

"That is a handsome man with you," he remarked. The gentleman looked pleased. Joaquin raised his hand with the wonderful diamond ring (a present from Queen Victoria), partly covered his mouth and whispered in an aside to me, "I never knew a handsome man that was worth a damn." Another time when a young musician walked to the "Hights," Joaquin embarrassed him by asking sternly, "Sir, do you work?" Behind the sternness lurked the usual twinkle.

Perhaps he was annoyed by unseasonable visits of the curious, for his gate then bore this inscription: "Nothing to see up here except down yonder." "Down yonder" was the glorious panorama of cities, bay, islands, Marin hills, Tamalpais, and Golden Gate. No wonder he wrote:

Be this my home till some fair star
  Stoop earth-ward, and shall beckon me,
For surely Godland lies not far
  From these Greek heights and this great sea,
My friend, my lover, trend this way,
Not far along lies Arcady.

This poem, "Oakland," was set to music by his daughter, Juanita, and was sung by her with sweet earnestness at his last public appearance, the Fourth of July, nineteen hundred and twelve.

Our every pilgrimage to the "Hights" was rewarded by various happy experiences. Mecca of artists, writers, sculptors, actors and singers, the talk was of art, of poems and plays for the future. With what pardonable pride Joaquin displayed a substantial cheque from the *Century*, with an accompanying request for a poem on "The Grizzly Bear." Or, "I have a new poem coming out soon in *Sunset*, watch for it," he would say.

Nowhere in California is there a more beautiful canyon than that which divides his acres, and in the fairy-like setting (ferns and wild currant grow riotously), we have enjoyed many feasts, among them an epicurean repast of broiled quail, with Mr. George Wharton James, editor of *Out West*, as cook, Mr. and Mrs. Kanno (philosopher and sculptor), brewers of delicious tea, Chas. Grant, the well-known artist, and our appreciative selves, unexpected though welcome participants. Joaquin in mocassins and deerskin coat was lord of the feast' Mr. James whittled to a nicety the hazel stake that held the delicious morsels over the fire, our appetites were keen, but keener the poet's wit that flashed beneath those glorious red-woods, where purling sun-flecked waters rippled over the rocks in harmonious accompaniment.

Ina Coolbrith, Edwin Markham and Herman Whittaker were his frequent visitors, also among his friends and admirers were Joseph D. Redding, Frank Unger, David Bispham (who made his song "To Russia" famous), and many other well-known members of the Bohemian and Sequoia clubs of San Fran-

cisco, and the California Winter's Club, of Oakland.

As we became better acquainted, I took advantage of his kindliness, his bigness, to send some indifferent verses now and then which he always faithfully criticized, if sometimes severely. His advice may be of benefit to those who believe they feel the promptings of the divine afflatus.

"If you have soul, if you are a true lover of nature, I see no reason why you should not write. Many come to me as you have done and I tell them all to read and write and work. It is the kernel you must cultivate, not the hull. Live from within, without counts for naught. Curb that exuberance of yours and be more quietly glad. Read! Here are Markham and Maeterlinck in the *Arena*. Markham comes here too. Listen to this: "The color of the ground was in him, the red earth, the tang and odor of all primal things." And this:

He held his place,
Held the long purpose like a growing tree,
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.

"Falter not at praise," he repeated. "Yes, that is it, I could not have written that. Work and write and read and write and work."

Her hero of many adventures, the poet felt deep sorrow at his dear old mother's passing, and reverently uncovered the life-like bust that his friend, the sculptor, had made of her. We walked to Mrs. Kanno's studio recently and viewed her latest work. Here truly was Joaquin, life-like. She had lived near and studied him for seven years. The expression she caught while he was fighting a fire on the hill near her cottage is breathlessly alive with spirit, true to the forceful personality we knew and loved; we could but gaze in wonder and admiration.

I have received many treasured letters from him, some of which have taken hours to decipher, although, unlike Horace Greely, Joaquin could read his own hand-writing.

In criticism of an acrostic, whose excuse for being must be attributed to inexperience, he wrote this characteristic note:

Your acrostic is O. K., but what *is* an acrostic? I doubt if S— B— or T— or any other poet ever wrote one worth reading. Even a sonnet, to my way of thinking, is "bad form," a sort of Oregon boot-climbing Parnassus.

But there! I won't scold. Do come and we will talk as of old, at Santa Monica. Come and I promise you I shall not be building fences, especially on Sunday.

With love to you and yours,
JOAQUIN MILLER.

Once, after sending him some imperfect verse, he was kind enough to write:

You are improving greatly. When you have learned to work as hard as I, you will be O. K. I have not noted all your "carelessness," but will point out one of your failings. The accent must fall in the right place else you jolt!

Again, in response to some lines on the Hawaiian Islands, immortalized in his "Songs of the Sunlands," he says:

My dear——:

This is *too* fairy-airy—too fanciful. Why can't you be a little more real? Rhymes? Yes, perfect in melody and so on, but somehow they don't take hold of my prosaic old heart, my dear girl. I am busy revising proof sheets of my six-volume edition—busy, enthused, tired and cross, but with love to you and yours,
JOAQUIN MILLER.

Neither too tired nor too cross, dear big-hearted poet, to take the time to write to one who asked of him. Only sweetness and kindliness beamed in that clear blue eye of thine, Joaquin! And a dash of humor.

The following was sent to him after an inspiring visit:

TO JOAQUIN MILLER

Across the poppy fields, each golden cup
Wide open to the sunshine, through young oats
And tangle of sweet clover. Looking up
We seem to hear from heaven the lark's sweet notes.

And there are yellow fairies 'neath the trees,
Gay buttercups in shining satin dress,
All dancing in wild revel, as the breeze
Catches and tosses them in fond caress.

The slopes are dotted with a million flowers,
Dear ruffled fledgelings, nestling closely down
To mother nature's breast through sunny hours,
And knowing nothing of a winter's frown.

So climbing on, we reach the Poet's home,
Abode of peace, the chapel on the hill,
Where dwells the lover of the wood-lawn loam,
The trees, and sermon stones, and tumbling rill.

His blue eyes shining with the love of truth,
The love of good, and wisdom of his age,

Still drinks he from the fount eternal youth;
And this he built himself—dear Poet-Sage.

He was not too great to reply to these simple lines:

Thank you, my friend of the great sea-side. You are getting on finely. Keep it up if you really like it, and *come*, come again. I go north in August.

With love to you and yours,
JOAQUIN MILLER.

Always encouraging, strong in his faith that right prevails, and in his belief in immortality, his example to mankind was work—out-door work. The planting of trees and flowers was a daily delight; his park with its great cross of trees tells the story of twenty-five years of ceaseless toil to cultivate the beautiful.

And this is what he tells us:

I will my ashes to my steeps,
I will my steeps, green cross, red rose,
To those who love the beautiful,
Come, learn to be of those.

A large volume on Montana, six volumes including poems, prose and plays, and his book, *The Building of The City Beautiful*, give forth his dreams, hopes, struggles, adventures, courage and loves. Beauty, he worshipped, finding it in all things. He loved the golden yellow of poppies, buttercups, jonquils, nasturtiums and acacia, and wrote on poppy-hued paper so that his friends "might share his sunshine." His creed, written with trembling hand in my volume three a few weeks before his passing, probably the last inscription that he wrote, proclaims this:

My creed, to preach to teach and to proclaim,
Here, there and everywhere,
There is no ugly thing on earth,
No thing but hath some beauty worth,
If we but seek to see it there.

Since his serious illness in nineteen eleven, when his wife and daughter came from the East to cherish him, friends have been welcomed at the new house a little farther up the hill, with its wonderful view from the doorway (a glorious picture framed in eucalyptus, pine, cedar and acacia) of his beloved sunset and Golden Gate. Mrs. Miller's hospitality is widely known, and I have rested for a quiet hour in Juanita's cottage, where from a gold back-ground her father's painted portrait looked benignly down upon us. Over our coffee cups (Juanita makes delicious coffee), "Is it not strange," she asked, "that father's picture should have fallen the day that he was taken ill? I am not superstitious, but it was the thirteenth of the month, and when we picked it up there was a large crack across it."

His last letter was dated January fourteenth, nineteen hundred and twelve, an answer to an invitation to speak before the members of the Adelphian Club, of Alameda.

I am not strong enough to go far. Of course I hope to be out before long, but at present am obliged to remain in-doors. I am glad you remember me as I remember you and yours at the bright sea-side so long ago.

Come and see my trees when the spirit moves you. I shall be glad to see you all.

Do you know the sun is shining every day here, even when the fog hangs dismally all about the bay?

Gloom is never on the Hights.

With love to you and yours,
JOAQUIN MILLER.

The writing was less firm than formerly, but "Gloom is never on the Hights" held a world of meaning.

We knocked at the door of the new house now, and waited until we were bid to enter. And here was a vivid contrast to the old days. Joaquin, lying on his pillows, the skull cap on his head, the buffalo robe over him, but with face whiter, hands transparent, a look of spiritual sweetness and patience about him, in his clear eyes the steady gleam of hope and determination. Hovering about him were wife and daughter, lightening, brightening, praying that he might stay. But once he complained "it's cold," or "it seems a thousand years that I've been here," but a moment later, "I will have something fine a year from now."

Two weeks before his passing I climbed the hill one glowing day, a day resplendent in blue and green and gold—his gold of acacia. That morning a black pigeon beat its wings against my window and perching at the top, looked steadily at me for a long time. In a vague sort of way I fancied that it might be one of Joaquin's doves with a message for me. A bunch of California violets

was all I brought him, but he warmed my heart as I entered by quoting perfectly the closing sentence of a short story that I had sent him several months before. The enthusiast was planning a new poem. "I have something *good* this time," he assured. It was the day after Mrs. Langtry's (Lady de Bathe's) visit, and the same day a young actress had called upon him for a sketch and had told him she knew that it must succeed with his name for a guaranty. Whether he promised to consider it or not I am unaware, but it would be like him, ever looking ahead to the work that he loved, his active brain constantly evolving new ideas for plays and poems, his bright eyes sparkling to the last with the irresistible twinkle.

When we revel in the exquisite imagery of that best-loved poem, in which his passion for the sea is so wonderfully expressed (love for the elemental, mysterious ocean was, perhaps, the strongest bond between us), whether he bears us to Alaska or the South Seas, or from desert to plain, from the slopes of Oregon to Missouri, to Italy, to Japan, or our own California, we are uplifted and refreshed by his spontaneity, by the high spirit of poesy this true soul reveals; his song finds an answering song in our hearts; his work and the love of it has made our work the lighter.

It is difficult to realize that he will never again greet me with the old familiar call, "Come in, Slim Jim!" Once when he espied me at the edge of a crowd (he was addressing the Doctor's Convention at the Portland, Oregon, Exposition), he paused to unaffectedly wave a hand, and called me by that name, to the amusement of his audience. Never again will he write the encouraging words so highly prized, nor slyly turn back a glove at the wrist to kiss a woman's hand in courtly fashion, or to say (and this is a treasured memory), "You never tire me, friend, you are a rest to me."

In his loyalty to "The Building of The City Beautiful," where many have and where all will eventually come to worship, he stands out proudly on The Hights, a kingly figure, lion-hearted, glorying in the beauty of the setting sun that, at the very hour of his death, flashed joyous signals from the clouds above the wondrous risen Western city across the bay, while he watched for the last time "the stately ships sail on," confident

Enough to know that I and you
  Shall breathe together there as here
  Some clearer, sweeter atmosphere,
Shall walk high, wider ways above
Our petty selves, shall lean to lead
Man up and up in thought and deed.

And his last message from "Adios" is his invitation to the friends he loved.

Come here when I am far away,
  Fond lovers of this lovely land,
And sit quite still and do not say
  Turn right or left or lend a hand,
But sit beneath my kindly trees
And gaze far out yon sea of seas.
  These trees, these very stones could tell
  How long I loved them and how well,
And maybe I shall come and sit
  Beside you; sit so silently
You will not reck of it.

As a sunrise or sunset is not especially alluring unless enhanced by cloud effects, why not follow the sun's example and when clouds of disappointment, trouble and sorrow hang low upon the horizon, illuminate them with such a flood of patience, courage and good cheer that their radiance will charm all beholders as does one of California's most gorgeous sunsets or an exceptionally brilliant sunrise in Florida or Alabama?

L. M. Wetzel.

Passing *of* Joaquin Miller

By Lannie Haynes Martin

Forceful and fearlessly facing the sun,
Like Valhalla chieftain with battle well won,
The last mighty pagan of Woden has gone.
Royal his Teuton heart, Scald-like his song,
Fiercely exulting as Death's call came on,
Yet tender and tranquil his words as the dawn.

So would I live elemental as he,
Born of the earth, still from earth bonds as free;
Fronting Death grandly with simplicity—
Never a muttering priest to shrive me—
But straight on necessitous journey to meet
Friend, who will friendship's free-masonry greet.

From the Los Angeles Times.

Address at Funeral *of* Joaquin Miller

By William Day Simonds

WE ARE gathered at the funeral of the last of America's great poets—that is the last so far as now appears. Longfellow and Lowell, Holmes and Whittier, and Walt Whitman, all of whom knew and honored the Poet of the Sierras, were laid to rest years ago. A little younger, but belonging distinctly to that era, Joaquin Miller has lived into the second decade of our twentieth century. For twenty-five years he has lived here on the "Hights," a thousand feet above the city and the sea. And now that he is gone what shall we say of him, our poet?

Truly and most sincerely this: He was a poet by the grace of God, and not by favor of school or college. The God-ordained Poet is a man endowed with a vision and with the gift of adequate expression—adequate and musical. To that vision he must first of all be true, and that gift of melodious expression he must train with persevering industry.

Joaquin Miller was true to his vision, and true to his gift. Let the poet once stoop to commercialize his vision, or consent to fashion his verse to please popular taste, though he gain applause and wealth, to such a one the gates of noble achievement are forever closed.

To our poet, upon whom has fallen the "white silence" of death, there was granted in youth a vision of rare beauty. He saw this wonderful West, its mountains and valleys, its rivers and charming lakes, its forests and deserts, its varied life—not as the careless see, but as the dreamer with artist soul endowed—and so seeing he revealed to the East, and to Europe, a new paradise for man. Well could he say: "I have been true to my West. She has been my only love. I have remembered her greatness. I have done my work to show to the world her vastness, her riches, her resources, her valor and her dignity, her poetry and her grandeur."

This was his mission, his vision, and right nobly was it fulfilled. In words that were pictures, in cadences that sometimes fell like softest music on the ear, he portrayed to an admiring world the unexplored beauty of lands that lay between the Rockies and the sea.

In his lines are the majesty of our

mountains, the loveliness of valleys threaded with winding brooks, the mystery of untrodden forests, the fragrance of wildflowers, the nesting of happy birds, the mingling light and shade of morning and of night, and over all the serenity of the stars.

He reveled in the freedom and frankness of nature. He reveled in the unspoiled integrity of God's great out-of-doors. Pioneer men and women, miners, hunters, Indians—children of the fields and woods, the unconventional and the sincere—these were his friends, and to these he gave the best his genius could bestow.

What troubles he may have had, what private griefs, I know not, but this I know—he was in life most fortunate that God permitted him to do a little work the world will not forget. Much that he wrote will pass and be remembered no more, but there are lines traced by his hand which bear the stamp of immortality. They will live as long as men can sense the grandeur of our mountains, or the ocean's sublime appeal.

Most fortunate our Poet in the time and manner of his going from us. Dante died in exile. Byron in far-away Greece. Shelly sank to his rest in the waters of a foreign sea. But Joaquin Miller died under a roof his own hands had reared, and in sight of a forest his own hands had planted. Birds he had welcomed to their summer nests sang his requiem. Wife and daughter and friends ministered to nature's last needs. Loving hands smoothed his pillow and moistened his parched lips. Dying, he went from love to love, from his own house to his Father's House above.

And he is dead, our Poet. But what is death? He shall answer:

What is this rest of death, sweet friend?
  What is the rising up, and where?
  I say death is a lengthened prayer,
A longer night, a larger end.

I say the shores of death and sleep
  Are one; that when we, wearied, come
  To Lethe's waters and lie dumb—
'Tis death, not sleep, holds us in keep.

Yea, we lie dead for need of rest—
  And so the soul drifts out and o'er
  The vast, still waters to the shore
Beyond, in pleasant, tranquil quest:
  It sails straight on, forgetting pain,
Past isles of peace to perfect rest.

Night from *The* Hights

By Juanita Miller

Two tall trees stood like sentinels
  Guarding a jeweled altar cloth,
Red rubies flamed and fascinated
  The fabrics of moth.
The high priest sun had stained the sky,
  Spilling the chaliced wine,
And the atmosphere was heavy
  With incense of the pine.

The diamonds gleamed and glistened,
  Crescent and stars kissed the sea,
Then music, I listened—
  Were you calling me?

(Copyright 1913.)

Under *the* Study Lamp

By the Editor

Unless otherwise initialed, all Reviews in *Out West* are written by the Editor.

A feminine and therefore tenderly written story is that of the awakened conscience of a rich (or supposedly rich) girl, who finds that her chief income is derived from a house of ill-fame. Like "V. V.'s Eyes," it shows us the developing character, step by step, of a society girl into a real helpful member of the body politic. First a nurse in a public hospital, who fails to rise to the occasion at a critical moment, then the founder of a settlement-house, the friend of a vacillating and dishonest politician who makes love to her, she learns something of what life means to other people, with a decided enlargement of her own sympathies and ambitions. Naturally she falls in love, and her two earlier experiences, though seemingly heartbreaking, admirably prepare her for the third, which joyously ends the book. *Ruth Anne*, by Rose Cullen Bryant, 320 pages, $1.25 net, J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

Are lawbreakers often driven to deeper and greater crime by the heartless and vindictive treatment accorded them by the officials of the law, is a question definitely answered in a story which has a large foundation in fact. It tells of John Salathiel, a transported convict, in the Australia of sixty years ago, who was driven by monstrous treatment to become a bush-ranger, and leader of a band of outlaws. Yet in a few years he did more to bring about law and order than the men who were hunting him to the death. The story is well told; the hero is a real flesh-and-blood and true-souled character; the plot skilfully laid and the dramatic action swift, real and convincing. A story to stir the sluggish blood merely as a story, but to the tender-hearted and brotherly a story to quicken one's sympathies with the unfortunate. A beautiful love episode runs through the story, and it has a fine and happy ending. *The Outlaw*, by David Hennessey, 349 pages, $1.25 net, George H. Doran Co., New York.

A sweet story of a little girl, with a stern and harsh grandfather who had the reputation of being a miser. In hunting for her grandfather's piles of hidden treasure the dreamy, curious, warm-hearted girl finds a rare collection of curios and memorials connected with the life of Nathan Hale, one of her ancestors. When she understands the historic worth of these relics that her stern grandfather has cherished with so much care it makes her very tender with him, and when a thief seeks to rob them of a valued letter of Hale's, she entraps him and brings her grandfather on the scene. A fairy grandmother also appears in the story, and through her own sweet character, and the helpfulness of the grandmother, she wins her way into her grandfather's heart—hence the name of the story. *Harmony Wins*, by Millicent Olmstead, 225 pages, $1.00 net, postpaid $1.10, Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston, Mass.

To a large extent Socialism is a Condition, not a Theory. Whether we wish to or not, it now confronts us. It is well, therefore, to seek to know definitely what prominent socialists teach and believe. A longtime prophet of socialism is Morris Hillquit, and he sums up socialism in his recent book. He tells us of the Causes that make for Socialism; the Socialist Aim; The Trend of Social Development; The Methods of Socialism; The Political Program; The Accomplishments of the Movement, and the Socialist Movement in the United States. The book is clean-cut, clear, brief and concise. One can read it in a few hours. The author claims that "the creed of Socialism is accepted by thirty million persons, and that a movement of such magnitude and universality could not spring up without a cause, or continue without a mission. To scoff at it is futile. To ignore it is folly. It must be faced. It should be understood." In this we heartily agree with Mr. Hillquit, and every well-informed man must acquaint himself authoritatively upon what socialists believe and teach. This book is one of the best I have seen for this purpose. *Socialism Summed Up*, by Morris Hillquit, 110 pages, $1.00 net, The H. K. Fly Company, New York.

A subject very similar to that of socialism in that it is the object of much affection and of equal abusei s that of the pussy cat. Agnes Repplier has selected, translated and arranged a rare assort-

ment of beautiful, tender, dainty, appreciative, abusive, denunciatory and vindictive passages in prose and verse, from a large variety of authors upon this conflicting subject. Whether one loves or hates the cat he cannot but enjoy reading these diverse opinions and expressions, and Miss Repplier's charming introduction. She points out with keen discrimination the constitutional differences between the dog and the cat—the one an animal that loves and serves, the other which "seldom loves and never serves, and which has only the grace of companionship to offer in place of the dog's passionate fidelity." One of the prettiest and daintiest stories in the book is Pierre Loti's "Moumoutte Chinoise," though equally touching is Miss Repplier's own "A Sailor," taken from her admirable work, "The Fireside Sphynx." *The Cat; Being a Collection of Endearments and Invectives Lavished by Many Writers Upon an Animal Much Loved and Much Abhorred*, selected and arranged by Agnes Repplier, with illustrations by Elizabeth F. Bonsall, 172 pages, $1.00 net, postpaid $1.08, Sturgis & Walton Company, New York.

A book of thrilling romance has been made by Richard Stead in gathering together true stories from authoritative books of travelers and explorers in Southern Seas. The first chapter is devoted to fights with Fijians, and is taken from Commander Wilke's story of the exploring expedition of 1838-42. There are other chapters devoted to the Fiji Islands—Tahiti, the New Hebrides, the Polynesians, etc.—all of which are authentic and reliable. It is therefore a trustworthy book to place in the hands of the romantic youngster who loves to read of such exciting adventures. These stories have the virtue of truth, and by their alluring appeal to the love of the adventurous that dwells in every normal youngster's heart leads him (and her also, for the sisters as often love such books as do the brothers) to absorb a certain modicum of other knowledge about these countries that so recently were inhabited by savages. Mr. Stead has done parents good service in providing them with this and other reliable books for their boys and girls. *Adventures in Southern Seas;* Stirring Stories of Adventure Among Savages, Wild Beasts, and the Forces of Nature, by Richard Stead, 318 pages, with seventeen illustrations, $1.50 net, J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Caspar Whitney for many years was Sporting Editor of *Harpers;* then the Editor of *Outing;* then Sporting Editor of *Colliers*. Few men are better known in the world of out-of-door sportsmanship than he, hence his story of his adventurers while on the Great Rivers of South America naturally attracts considerable attention. He made five separate overland and river expeditions, largely by canoe and chiefly on streams that were more or less connecting. He also visited the Indians of the far southeastern corner of Venezuela. The book is full of intimate pictures of the jungle, the rivers, the brush and the divides, written by a keen observer, a scientific naturalist, and a trained literary artist. Here we see Indians as they are, learn of ants, lizards, snakes, and climatic conditions of South America as they really exist, of jaguars, tapirs, and grouse-like birds, of cataracts and the somber tropical forests as Mr. Whitney found them. Most of the book is thoroughly enjoyable, but when it comes to those parts devoted to the hunting and killing of the brothers-of-the-wild I lose interest and am filled with repugnance and regret. The last chapter of the book is a most practical and useful one in that it gives full particulars as to how to outfit for jungle travel. As a whole the book is a most valuable contribution to our knowledge of the rivers of South America, especially of the Orinoco. It is dedicated to Mrs. Whitney, "but for whose inspiring example this delayed record of the Call of the Red Gods would never have been submitted." *The Flowing Road*, by Caspar Whitney, with maps and photographs, 318 pages, $3.00 net, J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

More and more as the years progress children are receiving greater attention. Never in its history was our school system so criticised, analyzed and questioned. Since the day of Froebel we have had many great teachers who have shown us the importance of giving full attention to the growing child. Now we have the Montessori, the Ferrerer, the Tolstoy, and other methods of education, and the physiologist and psychologist alike have devoted their attention to finding the best methods of really "educating" the child. And as the spirit of Conservation is also in the air, the cry now is, "Let us conserve the child." One of the latest books on this subject is from the pen of Dr. Arthur Holmes, assistant director of the psychological clinic of the University of Pennsylvania. His aim is to show how the clinic helps the teacher know how to treat backward children. In the past these have been placed side by side with normal children to the manifest disadvantage of both. Let us honestly confess that we have bragged too much and too early about our great school system. The editor of this book shows how fearfully faulty it is. To correct our errors we must know them. This book shows them very clearly in reference to the abnormal child. Poor mental or physical deficients, let us begin at last to be fair and decent to them. I would compel every parent, every tax-payer, every school director, every teacher in this whole wide land to read and study this book. It would be to their incalculable benefit if it but aroused all to the determination to follow out its suggestions for the proper treatment of the defective child. We owe Dr. Holmes and all those who are working upon similar lines a deep debt of gratitude. *The Conservation of the Child;* A Manual of Clinical Psychology Presenting the Examination and Treatment of Backward Children, by Arthur Holmes, 345 pages, $1.25 net, J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

More fascinating than a novel, more thrilling than a book of adventures, more instructive than many a college lecture, more stimulating to research than a purse of gold offered as a prize, more influential in leading boys and girls, men and women to study and know the wonderful works of God in Nature is Fabre's *Life of the Spider*, with its exquisite prose-poem of an Introduction by Maurice Maeterlinck. He calls Fabre the Insect's Homer, and really to me the story is more fascinating than the bloody pages of the Father of Poetry. How I used to hate the dry-as-dust classified knowledge and Latin names that people still humbug themselves into believing is "knowledge," and called "Natural Science." Thank God for such men as Fabre and Maeterlinck and those who give us the real life—the births, loves, hates, habits, trials, difficulties, triumphs, tragedies, comedies—of these tiny brothers and sisters of ours of the Insect World. These fascinate us and call out our deepest sympathies, and thus we begin to learn and know the meaning of such words as "The Universal Kinship." I could quote a hundred, yea ten times a hundred passages from this charmingly-written volume on the spider. Let me give but one passage from Materlinck's estimate of it, and Fabre's other books: "Forthwith, from between the open leaves, there rises and unfolds itself, without hesitation, without interruption, and almost without remission to the end of the four thousand pages, the most extraordinary of tragic fairy plays that it is possible for the human imagination, not to create or to conceive, but to admit and to acclimatize within itself." Of Fabre himself he says: "He has devoted to surprising the little secrets of the insects, which are the reverse of our great mysteries, fifty years of a solitary existence, misunderstood, poor, often very near to penury, but lit up every day by the joy which a truth brings, which is the greatest of all human joys." To me the book is extraordinarily fascinating throughout. *The Life of the Spider*, by J. H. Fabre, 404 pages, $1.50 net, postage 14 cents extra, Dodd, Mead & Company, New York.

One of the first of American novelists was James Fenimore Cooper, and Mary E. Phillips has done Americans good service in writing for them a beautifully-illustrated and comprehensive life of the man who so vividly told of America in the days of its earlier romances. Scores of photographs and pictures embellish the book so that we become well informed as to the surroundings and conditions of his life, and as details are given of the influences that environed him while he was writing his books, side-lights are thrown upon them that are very illuminating. For instance, it is well-known that he opposed slavery, but he and Gerritt Smith differed as to how abolition was to be brought about. They agreed publicly to debate the question. Cooper took the side of "colonization," and Smith of "instant abolition." For *several hours* they debated, while the audience listened with riveted attention. "At its close the two gentlemen walked arm in arm to the 'Hall,' Cooper's home, where they dined together." *James Fenimore Cooper*, by Mary E. Phillips, 368 pages, 282 illustrations, $2.50 net, The John Lane Company, New York.

Will the Indians ever get their due? Slowly but surely the people of the United States are beginning to realize that the Indian of reality is very different from the Indian they have imagined. It has been the fashion to laugh at Fenimore Cooper's Indians, but he knew them well and described them truthfully. Four books have recently come to my desk, and they all have the purpose of giving real information about the Indian. One is written by an Inspector in the Indian Service who, for nearly four decades, has been in intimate association with Indians. Not a statement of his book that is not susceptible of proof by official records or living witnesses. The title he gives to his book proves his feeling—*My Friend, the Indian*. To attempt to quote would be to want to fill up a score pages of *Out West*. He was the Inspector who brought about the placing of the stone formation of the Standing Rock agency as the symbol of peace, and his description of the dedication by the Indians is exceedingly interesting. He was present at the killing of "Only One," a warlike Sioux, and saw the discomfiture at a "virgin feast" of "Billy Squash," who had traduced one of the maidens of the tribe. It was he who planned the great buffalo hunt of 1882, when five thousand buffaloes were killed by a party of six hundred mounted Sioux, and was a personal friend of Sitting Bull. He tells, with manifest sincerity, the Indian side of the so-called Custer massacre, and I would that every white person in the land might read it. Knowing Custer well, and having intimate and long association with Chief Gall of the Hunkpapa Sioux and the other Indians concerned, he throws an entirely new light upon that unfortunate and terrible affair. Equally illuminative is his account of the trouble with the Modocs in the Lava Beds, and of the unwhipped Utes. The final chapter is a plea that we "Give the Red Man His Portion." Recognizing that our government in its dealing with the Indian is unstable, he would have it honorable and sincere, fair and just, as it always should have been, but, alas, seldom has been. Mr. McLaughlin's book proves him a true friend to the Indian, a just man, and a brave, in that he has dared, officially, to tell the American nation how remiss it has been in its treatment of the Indian race. *My Friend, the Indian*, by James McLaughlin, 417 pages, 16 illustrations, $2.50 net, Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston, Mass.

NOTE.—All the books reviewed in these pages may be ordered direct from this office, and will be sent postfree on receipt of prices named.

For those who wish to gain authoritative knowledge of the Iowa Indians an excellent little volume has been prepared by William Harvey Miner, the well-known student of the Indians of the Mid-West. After a luminous Introduction, there follows a carefully corrected reprint of Foster's account of the Iowas taken from his "Indian Record," published in 1876. The Appendix is full of meat, in that it gives the various treaties made with the Iowas, and a full list of Iowa synonymy. *The Iowa*, by W. H. Miner, 100 pages, 4 illustrations, $1.00 net, The Torch Press, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

In his life among the Indians, James Willard Schultz gained the most intimate knowledge of their methods of thought as well as life. He has incorporated these in several books, two of which are recently issued. These are, *Sinopah, the Indian Boy*, and the other, *With the Indians in the Rockies*. Both are excellent books for boys and girls in that they give in readable and interesting form accurate knowledge of the Indian and his ways, and materially assist in removing the false conceptions the yellow novelists and newspaper writers have spread. Sinopah is a Blackfoot Indian boy, and the story of his babyhood, boyhood and youth is interestingly told. How that he was taught not to cry, to bear pain, to bathe every day in the year in cold water, to endure hardship, to fast, to control the flesh in every way—this is a good story to tell in this age of luxury and degeneracy. There is also enough of adventure and experience to give those thrills that youngsters enjoy. This latter feature is predominant in the second book. It is the story of Thomas Fox, a trapper, whose life was spent among the Indians—friendly and hostile—in the pursuit of his calling, and who told the story to Mr. Schultz around the camp-fire. Buffalo-hunting, rowing up the Missouri, fights with Indians, the discovery that his Uncle Wesley was married to a squaw, to whom he became very much attached, exploring the Rocky Mountains, adventures in the snow, bear hunting and the like make up the story. Both books can be highly commended for their fidelity to truth and their interest. *Sinopah, the Indian Boy*, by J. W. Schultz, 155 pages, 4 illustrations, $1.10 net, and *With the Indians in the Rockies*, by J. W. Schultz, 228 pages, 6 illustrations, $1.25 net, both published by Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, Mass.

Strong and unusual in plot, with powerful character-drawing, yet strangely funny and unreal in its cowboy phraseology is Ridgewell Cullum's *Night Riders*. The story is not one of the Kentucky raiders, but of a Montana cattle-king, who appeared to be blind, yet in reality had power of keen sight in the dark, and who held Indians and whites in subjection by his powerful will. He had a beautiful daughter, and she fell in love with a Harvard graduate who came to the ranch as a "pupil." The cowboys and citizens cannot discover the night riders, but it remains for John Tresler, the pupil, to discover that the merciless and blood-thirsty Red Mask is the blind cattle-king. *The Night Riders*, by Ridgewell Cullum, 426 pages, $1.25 net, George W. Jacobs & Company, Philadelphia.

The camera has done much for the advancement of our knowledge of wild life. In the West William Finley has made exquisite photographs to accompany his fine and spirited descriptions of birds and beasts. The English Finley is a Radclyffe Dugmore, and his camera has accompanied him throughout the wilds of the world. Caribou, chickadees, warblers, vireos, cowbirds, woodcocks, ducks, geese, swans, 'possums, trout, yellow-tail, sea-trout, and salmon, have all contributed to Mr. Dugmore's beautiful pictures and stories. He takes us into the holy of holies of the wild animals in winter and shows us the delicate tracery and embroidery of their tracks in the snow, and he also follows the trapper in his rounds so that we may know how the wild creatures are trapped and slain for our selfish ends. There are fifty-one excellent illustrations around which the charms of the book center. There is a fine chapter devoted to Trout Fishing in the High Sierras, and one on Yellow-Tail Fishing off Catalina. Mr Dugmore's descriptions are real and vivid and are worthy a place by the side of those of Clarence King and John Muir—and from a Californian no praise can surpass this. *Wild Life and The Camera*, by A. Radclyffe Dugmore, 332 pages, 51 illustrations, $2.00 net, J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

A far more interesting and readable book than its title would suggest is *Why They Fail*. The author, with a spirit and nerve that sweeps the reader along shows us that things in business, society, the courts, churches, professions and generally speaking, are far from right. He claims that this is because we have failed to teach our children to *do* right as well as to *know* what is right. The book is a strong and effective plea for the development of moral courage and backbone, of spiritual power, of character above money-making. Every father and mother, teacher and preacher and citizen could carefully read it with profit and advantage if he would set in motion the teachings it contains. *Why They Fail*, by Rev. A. T. Robinson, of Santa Monica, 228 pages, $1.25 net, Broadway Publishing Company, 835 Broadway, New York, or of the author.

Every person has his own individual problems and possibilities. To meet the former manfully and develop the latter superlatively is the main business of a true man's life. This can be done only by self knowledge and self-control. William George Jordan gives us in a little book, but a

powerfully useful one, his ideas of how to secure kingship. There are nine chapters, and each is as valuable as its predecessor. They deal with control of the tongue, duty, charity, worry, simplicity, sorrow, etc., and are full of discerning, sympathetic wisdom. *The Kingship of Self-Control*, by William George Jordan, 59 pages, 25 cents, Purdy Publishing Company, 27 E. Randolph St., Chicago, Illinois.

A most unusual book, a rare book, a strange book, a book entirely different, is Roger Pocock's *Man in the Open*. It is a dramatic novel. A drama in story form, with two chief characters doing a monologue when the curtain rises. The author claims that the story is true. It is remarkably romantic and deals with a rough Texan, born on the Labrador coast; first a trapper, then a sailor, a cowboy, and a ranger in northern Canada. Full of a quaint humor, true brother to the animals, big and little, and the birds of the wild, such a lover of Nature as all men ought to be, a philosopher by divine right and ordination he passes through a series of terrible and happy experiences which he meets as becomes "a man of the open." There are too many tragic occurrences, but these were true incidents in many a life in the earlier days of our country's history. Here are a few bits of his quaint humor: Speaking of his father he says, "What mother thought about poor father took years to say." Did you ever hear a nagging woman more aptly and cutely described? Again, he tells us his mother "used to sit up at night *confessing father's sins*."

Here are two of his quaint aphorisms: "A bucking horse throws miles, sheer waste into the air, miles better pulled out straight the way you're going." "There's some persons mistaking dollars for some sort of wealth." "In coin like 'seen' and 'done' and 'known,' I'm a millionaire." He calls the desert "the austere land having the naked eternities."

While still a cowboy, simple-hearted, straight and clean, he is tricked into marrying a woman of the town who regards it as a good joke. By and by she kills herself and later he finds a great singer out in the wilds for her health, and he marries her, only to find that his first wife's death was a sham. Through a whirl of strange and most trying experiences he grows and she grows into that fullness and largeness of life that come only to those who really seek God in bravely and sincerely living their life here. I have enjoyed the book immensely and can assure those who care for such a book at all that they will be benefited and enlarged by reading it. *A Man in the Open*, by Roger Pocock, 352 pages, $1.35 net, Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

In 1908 Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pennell wrote their authorized *Life of Whistler*. A fifth edition is already called for, and I do not wonder. With literary grace and felicity the text unites with the large number of excellent portraits and reproductions of Whistler's celebrated works, to create a harmonious whole that sets Whistler and his art before us as seen and known to his intimate friends. It is a rare piece of biography, honest, full, intimate, sympathetic and genuine. Quaint, whimsical, individualistic, occasionally cranky and irascible, he was, nevertheless, a true man and a great artist. He cared little or nothing for people's opinions, never deferred to them, never combatted them, but just went on striving after a more perfect expression of his own big soul that saw large things —yea divinity—in the most minute things, and that saw only littleness in the men and women who imagined themselves great and important. The earnestness and sincerity of his love for art, and that it should be as truthful and perfect as he could make it, lead us to revere the man in the artist. His "peculiarities" are shown to be merely the personal expressions of a rare and altogether individualistic soul. Let us have more such. Thank God for every man that dares to be himself in this world of smug conformities and uninspired monotonies. *Life of James McNeill Whistler*, by E. R. and J. Pennell, 450 pages, small quarto, fully illustrated, $3.50 net, J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

A Sacramento gentleman sent out an invitation to a number of prominent citizens asking for an expression of opinion about Socialism. The result is the booklet *Why I Am Opposed to Socialism*, Original Papers by Leading Men and Women, 53 pages, paper 50 cents, cloth 75 cents, E. Silvin, P. O. Box 963, Sacramento, Calif.

Whatever Pierre Loti writes is well worth the attention of any thoughtful mind, but when he gives us an intimate sketch of the life of Carmen Sylva, the literary, humane and good Queen of Roumania, his words have special power of attraction. Both subject and method are of his best. Never has the prose-poet been seen to better advantage than in this charming narrative. We come near enough to her to see the loving pathos of her tender eyes that have wept so copiously over the tomb of her only child. We hear the thrilling sweetness of her voice as she reads one of those true stories that have secured her fame as a literary artist. We are close enough to look over her shoulder and observe that what she is reading aloud in French, without a pause or sign of hesitation, is written in German. We are introduced to her kingly husband, Charles, and to the daily life of the palace. There are other stories in the book and all are gems of the peculiar Loti brilliancy. *Carmen Sylva, and Sketches From the Orient*, by Pierre Loti, 214 pages, $1.00 net, The Macmillan Company, New York.

Samuel McChord Crothers is a keen, brilliant and whimsical essayist with a dry humor that tickles one under the ribs constantly at unexpected moments. He himself is a proof of the law of "serendipiticity," which, as all readers of *Out West* are well aware, is a remarkable law. What? You don't know what serendipicity is? Then by all means get *Humanly Speaking*, by S. M. Crothers, 216 pages, $1.25 net, and read it and the nine brilliant essays that make up its pages. Published by Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, Mass.

Stephen Bonsal is an entertaining, because an observant, studious and well-informed writer. For twenty years he has studied the American Mediterranean and the Carribbean Islands. He sees the vast possibilities of these countries by the change that will come by the opening of the Panama Canal, and the new sea route that will thereby be demanded. Fully impressed with their glories and beauties and their marvellous resources, he wishes his fellow citizens to understand, to comprehend, to grasp them ere others do so to their detriment. Some of these islands are our possessions, others belong to England, others are independent. All are attractive, alluring and full of delight to the visitor, be he scientific observer or casual traveler. The various chapters deal with The Caribbean World, The Black Republic (Hayti), The Truth About Voodoo, Santa Domingo, Venezuela, The Story of Castro, Colombia and the Spanish Main, Cartagena and the Loyal North Americans, The Orphans at the Conquest, The French Islands, Porto Rico, Mexico After Diaz, The Conquest of the Isthmus, and The Usufruct of the West Indies. In addition there are a series of comprehensive appendices, which give facts and figures of great help. Their are sixteen excellent illustrations and two good maps. *The American Mediterranean*, by Stephen Bonsal, $3.00 net, 488 pages, Moffat, Yard & Company, New York.

Gasoline engines are a wonderful advance upon horse and mule power, both on the farm and on the road. The Norman W. Henly Publishing Company has again put the mechanical, farming and the traveling public under obligation to them by issuing two excellent books. These are, *The Gasoline Engine on The Farm*, and *The Modern Gasoline Automobile*. The former is by Leno W. Putnam and is a complete handbook for the farmer who wants to run, or at least fully understand, his own gasoline engine. Special attention is given to showing how the drudgery of farm life may be avoided by an intelligent use of the engine, and all the problems that are liable to be met are discussed and shown to be easily mastered. *The Gasoline Engine*, by Leno W. Putnam, 556 pages, 179 illustrations, $2.50 net, Norman W. Henly Publishing Company, 132 Nassau St., New York.

The latter work is by Victor W. Page, late technical editor of the *Automobile Journal*. He fully discusses the design, construction, maintenance and repair of the gasoline auto, and with five hundred specially-made, detailed illustrations and diagrams simplifies the subject for the most ordinary mind. The author is evidently a thoroughly practical man. He has had experience from designing, to running and repairing his own and other people's cars. Hence his suggestions and instructions are of the most useful and practical character. We can commend this book most highly without any reserve. Every owner and user of a gasoline auto should possess it, and therefore we have arranged to supply it ourselves to our readers. *The Modern Gasoline Automobile*, by Victor W. Page, over 700 large pages, 500 specially-made illustrations, $2.50, Norman W. Henly Publishing Company, 132 Nassau St., New York, or Editor *Out West*, 546 S. Los Angeles St., Los Angeles, California.

"A bully good story with some class to it." This is the decision of a fifteen-year-old lad on Leslie W. Quirk's college-football story, *The Fourth Down*. It tells of a freshman who seeks his own pleasure in the game, but who finds that there is something superior, higher, and more important, viz., the success of the team as a whole. Manfully he rises to the new conception and thus not only develops himself, but becomes a powerful factor for good in his college. Penny "Dad" Lubbock, Eidenfessel and the fat Wallie Moogers soon win their way into the heart, and their doings and sayings make the heart of this reviewer (though he has passed the fifty line) thrill with pleasure. It is an excellent story for boys of fourteen and upwards. *The Fourth Down*, by Leslie W. Quirk, 321 pages, with spirited illustrations by Henry S. Watson, $1.20 net, Little, Brown & Company, Boston, Mass.

To those who are interested in the subject of whence we come, what we are, and whether there is a heaven and a hell, I can commend *Immortality, Established Through Science*, by John O. Yeiser, $1.00 postpaid, 128 pages, paper cover, illustrated, National Magazine Association, 419 Bee Bldg., Omaha, Nebraska.

Stephen Graham already has written two delightful books on Russia—"Undiscovered Russia" and "A Vagabond in the Caucasus." He now places us further under obligation with his *Changing Russia*, recording a Tramp along the Black Sea shore and in the Ural Mountains. To the lover of the open the book is a delight, and when he is a philosopher as well he gets an added pleasure. For instance, one chapter is devoted to the experiences of the tramp, sleeping on the seashore, in a dry cave, under a tree, in a heavy fog, by the side of a rousing bonfire, in a barn, etc. The next

is full of philosophic comments upon "Colonization and Politics." Even tramps think nowadays. Another gives a vivid picture of a colonist's home and the mental processes going on in the minds of the better class of Russian peasants. The book throughout is an intimate and awakening account of the inner life of the common people, such as we seldom read. *Changing Russia*, by Stephen Graham, 15 illustrations and maps, 310 pages, $2.50 net, postage 30 cents, John Lane Company, New York.

One of the first things that forcefully impresses itself upon the mind of the careful reader of Ellen Glasgow's *Virginia* is her clear and scornful vision of the absurd, detrimental and misleading conventions of life. There is no railing against them, but a quiet, sharp, stabbing sarcasm that reaches under the fifth rib to the heart every time. For instance: "This superstition has as much reason to support it as Gabriel's innocent conviction that there were no faithless husbands when there were no divorces." Again: "A clergyman's wife might do menial tasks in secret, and nobody minded, but they were not for a clergyman." . . . "To have been forced to train her daughter in any profitable occupation which might have lifted her out of the class of unskilled labor in which indigent gentlewomen by right belonged, would have been the final dregs of humiliation in Mrs. Pendleton's cup." . . . "The solitary purpose of art was, in Mrs. Pendleton's eyes, to be 'sweet,' and she scrupulously judged all literature by its success or failure in this particular quality." . . . "That any book which told, however mildly, the truth about life should have entered their daughter's bedroom would have seemed little short of profanation."

There are scores of such passages which reveal the author's profound contempt and bitter hostility to these hollow, absurd "beliefs," "modes of thought," "pretences of faith," etc., etc., we call conventions.

Then, too, Miss Glasgow can put into a scintillating sentence a reproof and warning, a sermon and exhortation as illuminating as a comet on a dark night. Here is one: "The despotism of trifles." Who is there that hasn't seen and chafed furiously at the lives ruined and cursed by yielding to the "despotism of trifles?" Here is another: "Universal acquiescence in littleness." Could any sentence, any sermon, any oration more clearly set before a thoughtful mind the damning, narrowing ruination that comes from the giving up to the popular, little-minded conceptions of life and its duties.

As I read I have to chuckle over such sentences as this: "To demand that a pretty woman should possess the mental responsibility of a human being would have seemed an affront to his inherited ideas of gallantry."

Naturally no such words could have been written (so says the conventional Northerner) save about the South, where "chivalry" is supposed to reign supreme. The story is of a Southern girl, born to many absurd and senseless conventional ideas, whose mother had the "divine gift of evasion which enabled her to see only the thing she wanted to see," and who existed at all "only by inventing a world of exquisite fiction around her." Another character is the rich man of Dinwiddie, whose "strongest instinct was that of race, though he had estranged both his son and his daughter by his stubborn conviction that he was not doing his duty by them except when he was making their lives a burden." This man "was as strict in his attendance upon church as he was loose in applying the principles of Christianity to his daily life." He had a son a part of whose picture is thus drawn: "Since he had never loved anything with passion except money, he was regarded by his neighbors as a man of unimpeachable morality." He also had a nephew, Oliver, the son of a cast-off, penniless brother, who had imprudently married. This youngster, thinking himself a genius and a playwright, came to his uncle for a job, which the latter refused to give, except on condition that he quit writing. Naturally a row followed the refusal and the youth left the house. But and by by he fell in love with the pretty girl, Virginia, and his desire to wed her tamed his proud spirit and sent him to solicit the work his uncle offered. Then comes the story of the arrival of children, the slow and sure breaking of the wife, the slow and sure growing apart. At last the playwright in the husband asserts itself and he writes a successful play. This takes him away from home, wife, children to New York—and temptation. He yields. The wife awakens to the knowledge that all her sacrifices, her devotion, her mother-love, have been and are failures, as far as keeping Oliver are concerned, and the book closes with her broken-hearted view of life, relieved only by the telegram she receives from her boy who is a student in Europe that he is returning to her. *Virginia*, by Ellen Glasgow, $1.50 net, Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, New York.

An interesting and unique story is *The Supplanter*. It tells of a boy born of a mother who immediately loses her identity in an insanity that lasts for several years. The boy is brought up by the nurse who thus becomes the supplanter. Her mother-heart is devoted to the lad and he in turn becomes the son of her spirit if not of her flesh. There is a deep pathos in the story, and it is realistic and true to life. The author dedicates it to her daughter, and I cannot help but feel that happy ought to be any daughter with such a mother, if her writing is any index of her real and actual life. The book contains some pretty verbal pictures of California scenes, where many of the events transpire. *The Supplanter*, by Grace Duffie Boylan, $1.25 net, postpaid $1.37, 362 pages, Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston, Mass.

COLUMBUS

Joaquin Miller

BEHIND HIM LAY THE GRAY AZORES,
BEHIND THE GATES OF HERCULES;
BEFORE HIM NOT THE GHOST OF SHORES;
BEFORE HIM ONLY SHORELESS SEAS.
THE GOOD MATE SAID: "NOW MUST WE PRAY,
FOR LO, THE VERY STARS ARE GONE.
BRAVE ADM'R'L, SPEAK; WHAT SHALL I SAY?"
"WHY, SAY: "SAIL ON! AND ON!"

"MY MEN GROW MUTINOUS DAY BY DAY;
MY MEN GROW GHASTLY WAN AND WEAK."
THE STOUT MATE THOUGHT OF HOME; A SPRAY
OF SALT WAVE WASHED HIS SWARTHY CHEEK.
"WHAT SHALL I SAY, BRAVE ADM'R'L, SAY,
IF WE SIGHT NAUGHT BUT SEAS AT DAWN?"
"WHY, YOU SHALL SAY AT BREAK OF DAY:
"SAIL ON! SAIL ON! AND ON!"

THEY SAILED AND SAILED, AS WINDS MIGHT BLOW,
UNTIL AT LAST THE BLANCHED MATE SAID:
"WHY, NOW NOT EVEN GOD WOULD KNOW
SHOULD I AND ALL MY MEN FALL DEAD.
THESE VERY WINDS FORGET THEIR WAY,
FOR GOD FROM THESE DREAD SEAS IS GONE.
NOW SPEAK, BRAVE ADM'R'L; SPEAK AND SAY—"
HE SAID: "SAIL ON! SAIL ON! AND ON!"

THEY SAILED. THEY SAILED. THEN SPAKE THE MATE:
"THIS MAD SEA SHOWS HIS TEETH TONIGHT.
HE CURLS HIS LIP, HE LIES IN WAIT,
WITH LIFTED TEETH, AS IF TO BITE!
BRAVE ADM'R'L, SAY BUT ONE GOOD WORD:
WHAT SHALL WE DO WHEN HOPE IS GONE?"
THE WORDS LEAPT LIKE A LEAPING SWORD:
"SAIL ON! SAIL ON! SAIL ON! AND ON!"

THEN, PALE AND WORN, HE KEPT HIS DECK,
AND PEERED THROUGH DARKNESS. AH, THAT NIGHT
OF ALL DARK NIGHTS! AND THEN A SPECK—
A LIGHT! A LIGHT! A LIGHT! A LIGHT!
IT GREW, A STARLIT FLAG UNFURLED!
IT GREW TO BE TIME'S BURST OF DAWN.
HE GAINED A WORLD; HE GAVE THAT WORLD
ITS GRANDEST LESSON: "ON! SAIL ON!"

From Joaquin Miller's Complete Poetical Works,
The Whitaker & Ray Company, San Francisco.

The BUST *of* JOAQUIN MILLER

(See Frontispiece)

By the Editor

AS Colonel Irish has pointed out in his interesting "Memories," printed herewith, the genius of Joaquin Miller was of such a character that it attracted to himself—as naturally as the sun attracts to itself—many other exquisite and beautiful luminaries. Not the least of these was Gertrude Boyle Kanno, the sculptor, and her gifted husband, Samurai Kanno. For many years Mrs. Kanno had been gaining fame by the promise of her work, and at the time of her marriage was working upon a bas-relief of Joaquin Miller. An arrangement was then made whereby Mr. and Mrs. Kanno moved to The Hights, took up their permanent residence there, and remained until the poet's death. The bust then made has ever since been regarded as one of Mrs. Kanno's strongest and finest pieces of work. The fine face—nose, brow, eyes, lips—of the poet were reproduced with vigor and power, and the whole illuminated with the life expression those of us who knew him well often saw upon his features. Work like this does not come by mere desire and seeking. It is the result of inborn genius, trained and disciplined by years of arduous study and labor.

Just before his last illness Mrs. Kanno undertook a more substantial and pretentious study of the poet. In the rugged surroundings of his mountain eyrie she posed him, and with his face uplifted to the heavens, "listening"—as he once said to me—"to the voice of God whispering in his ear," reverent yet fearless, sensitive yet strong, receptive yet reflective, he stands. As was his wont he wears his big sombrero, for when out of doors it was as much a part of himself as were his long, flowing locks and tawny beard and slightly upturned moustache. One secret of Joaquin's health and vigor through so long and arduous a life is also revealed by Mrs. Kanno in this bust—that is the deep, wide nostrils through which large volumes of purifying, vivifying, sun-laden, mountain air entered deeply into his capacious lungs.

In a personal letter to the Editor, Mrs. Kanno thus speaks of her life upon The Hights and the opportunities it afforded her for studying Joaquin: "For over eight years I had the rare privilege of associating with and observing the Poet of the West, studying him in all his varying moods—meditative, active, serious, humorous, inspired, religious, worldly—from the sublime to the frolicsome human in sudden and startling flights. It certainly was a fine schooling for future work. I should be better able to portray subjects such as Walt Whitman, Tolstoi or others of our great, rugged, elemental men of genius, through my knowledge of this one. Yes, even in the world of abstract ideas, of symbolism, in which I so love to venture, his influence will be felt, for have I not seen the elements personified—fire, wind, the heat of the sun, the strength of the earth, the flowing rhythm of the river, the power of the sea, all so strangely combined in this man so close to Nature and to Spirit.

"I have made many attempts to seize these characteristics and imprison them in the clay, and again and again have I failed and destroyed my attempts. In my studio on The Hights I have not less than half a dozen studies—reliefs and life-sized busts—each portraying a different phase of the poet. These I keep as notes for a final effort in which I shall strive to embody the best parts of all of these—and something more. For I believe that art should not be mere imitation, photographic portraiture. It must rather be a creative portrayal of the soul of the subject—recreating the nature, the material, and interpreting the spirit of it."

Mrs. Kanno's genius has also produced other figures of some of California's noted men, such as John Muir, Joseph Le Conte, Luther Burbank, Wm. Keith, General John C. Fremont, the Pathfinder, Dr. J. K. McLean, the Theologian, and John Swett, the Educator.

The PASSINC *of* JOAQUIN

By Takeshi Kanno

Wounded Lion, howling toward the dead moon
Funeraled by the anxious clouds of doubt;
Glittering his eye—
Flickering, softened by dreadful pain;
Now groaning against the dark sound of ebbing tide.
Calling his dead mates;
Gazing toward the gloomy beckoning hand of Fate.
Sudden turned to eastward, where floats
The scene of "bravest battle" of past shadow of life.
List, far yon billow!
Dark sound of ghostly waves dashing against shore of life.

Aged Dragonish Pine falls on Mother Earth,
With sounding stormy wind of life.
Ah! where is now thy martial arm that held scepter,
Ever swaying currents of the time?
Where art thou now sailing in vessel of Death.
With thy hoary beard tossing against ghostly wind,
That wafts to the Unknown Strand,
Sailing "on and on?"
Bravest Soul ever fought in stormy field,
Gone, with parting voice of ebbing tide,
While sound of evening gong wailing.
Gone, gone to the Eternal Land.
Bravest Soul sails on.

His soul, as eagle flew from martial sleeve of Dying Pine,
Flying on wings of Death;
Miles million in a moment soars.
Glaring his fire-eye!
Soaring, sailing "on and on"—
Through the clouds
To the bottomless, boundless, limitless realm of eternal silent song,
Where starry mates throng.
Bravest Eagle-soul,
Soaring upward—on!
Look yon, upon the pyre burning reluctant Dream!
Let soft hand of ageless Silence funeral earthly Shadow sublime;
Let voiceless voice of God utter honor supreme,
Farewell, bold Pilot-Soul,
Till we melt in One Mystery unknown!

CUPID'S CARNIVAL

By Fannie Harley

"Hail to thy returning festival, Good Bishop Valentine!" "Singing cupids are thy choristers and thy presentors, and the mystical arrow supercedes the crosier borne before thee."

HIDDEN among green leaves in the damp soft earth, dainty blue forget-me-nots bespeak the thoughts of happy lovers; from branches of fresh budding trees the cooing notes of gentle doves tell of love; before our minds float visions of bleeding hearts bestuck with arrows from Cupid's quiver; and postmen staggering under the weight of mail pouches bulging with laced and perfumed missives, whistle joyous and happy love tunes. 'Tis St. Valentine's Day!

From time immemorial lovers have observed this day; poets have loved it. But why should it be dedicated to St. Valentine? He was a prespyter of the Church, and stood firm to his faith as a Roman Bishop. He wrote no love songs, and if famous for his love and charity, so was every saint in the calendar. He was murdered at Rome, February 14th, A. D. 278.

During the very earliest period of Roman religion February was regarded as the month of expiation and atonement, the Festival of Purification, in honor of Februata Juno, goddess of marriage and wedlock, and the ideal of female modesty and prudence, occuring on the fourteenth of the month. Sixty years before the Trojan war the custom of holding a festival in honor of Lupercus, Lycean Pan, destroyer of wolves, was brought to Rome and eventually it came about that the feasts held in honor of both Pan and Juno fell upon the fifteenth day of February, and were known as the Feasts of the Lupercalia.

The celebrants of this ancient festival met before the Lupercal, a cave at the foot of the steep southwest corner of the Palatine Hill, where, legend has it, the yellow waters of the flooded Tiber deposited, beneath a sacred fig-tree, the famous twins, who were cared for and nurtured by a wolf, the sacred animal of Mars, War God of the earliest settlers on the Palatine.

Quiet and solemnity characterized the opening scenes of the ceremony. While offering salt-cakes made by vestal virgins from first ears of last year's harvest, a dog and two goats were sacrificed upon an altar. Two youths of high rank were brought forward, their foreheads smeared with the bloody knife used in slaughtering the victims, then cleansed with wool dipped in milk. This done they were obliged to laugh. Girding themselves with the skins of the slaughtered goats, a luxurious feast was patraken of, after which two companies of young men, each led by one of the two youths, ran around the base of the Palatine Hill, starting at the Cave of Lupercal, but not completing the circle, and as they ran, struck at the women with *februa*—strips of skin cut from the hides of the same victims.

The value of the sacrifice of life was in the belief that new life was conveyed to all of the worshippers. The youths were purified of the blood of the *sacrosanct* victims by the smearing of the blood upon their foreheads, which signified death, and the cleansing with milk, an emblem of new life. The laugh was given as an outward sign of revival, for the dead are silent. This act was also symbolic of the revival of all animal and vegetable life —the blood representing the death of the power of growth—the milk, its resuscitation in spring. By girding themselves with the skins, the youths became one with God, and the victims were able to communicate the new life, thus acquired in the course of their lustration of the city, by striking at the women with the *februa*, which was be-

lieved to produce fertility. Those wielding the strips were regarded as priests or magicians, and, but for goat-skins and wreaths upon their heads, were naked.

On the eve of the Lupercalia, in honor of Februata Juno, patroness of women, the yound men of Rome chose their sweethearts by drawing names of young women from a box, thus pairing off the youths and maidens for the great celebration on the morrow. Upon the maids who had fallen to their lot, the youths bestowed gifts of great value and beauty, as scarfs and other female finery.

At the time of St. Francis de Sales, several pastors of the church endeavored to abolish this superstitious custom of the heathens by substituting the names of female saints on the billets, the name of the saints thus drawn to be the patronesses for the ensuing year, and it was incumbent upon the drawers to emulate in every way possible the lives of the saints they had drawn. But this balloting for ghostly partners soon lost its charm for these bouyant young people, and the maidens of flesh and blood won the day, proving that it is impossible to extirpate any ceremony to which the common people have been accustomed.

The custom of observing the fourteenth day of February was more than sixteen hundred years old when the Christian Valentine was beaten by clubs and beheaded at the time of the Claudian persecutions, during the great heathen Festival of Love and Purification, and it was not until the fifteenth century that the zealots of the Church did away with the festival by placing in its stead a church festival in honor of the martyred bishop, but succeeding only in engrafting a Christian ceremony onto a pagan custom and sending it to us as St. Valentine's Day instead of the Lupercalia.

The observance of St. Valentine's Day with most of its Lupercalian practices sped fast to Great Britain. As late as the sixteenth century the drawing box was customary, and from it the bachelor drew the name of the maid who should be his "valentine" for the ensuing year, and upon his sleeve or in his bosom he wore it. In some instances both maids and youths drew billets, thus giving each two "valentines." Dances and treats were given throughout the year, and oftimes these associations ended in love and marriage. Such Valentine customs were adhered to more in those days when all daughters were expected to marry, than later as women began to be independent and look forward to a career. In both England and Scotland the ladies whose names were drawn were presented with handsome and expensive presents in emulation of the gallants of ancient Rome.

The custom of drawing "valentines" was also practiced in France, the sentimental tie holding sacred throughout the year. Each stood to the other in relationship of Cavalier and Lady of Beauty—he to honor and defend; she to repay him with smiles and silk favors done by herself to be most appreciated.

A tradition prevailing in the rural districts was that on the fourteenth day of February the choristers of the air chose their mates, and the inherent feeling of love so strong in sturdy youth led to the custom of choosing sweethearts on that day. Shakespeare alluded to the widespread tradition when he said:

"St. Valentine is past;
"Begin these wood birds but to couple now?"

Early in the morning, before the sun was up, youths of the villages supplied with nets, set out to catch an owl and two sparrows, without injury to the birds. The owl, emblem of wisdom, could influence the members of the feathered tribes to enter the net of love, and the early morning was selected as being symbolic of an early union, the only means of securing real happiness. Success attending this adventure, and considering it a good omen, the young men returned in triumph, claiming the right to demand a reward of three pots of purl from each housewife in honor of St. Valentine.

"Challenging valentines" retained in England up to a late date, "Goodmorrow, 'tis St. Valentine's Day," being the challenge, and the first to say it, upon friends meeting, received a present.

At six o'clock in the morning children adorned with flowers and ribbons began marching about the streets singing of St. Valentine, throwing wreaths and true-lovers-knots to those who listened to their songs.

Sometimes young men stole up to the houses of their "chosen ones," and hurled, through an open window, oranges or apples onto which love notes had been tied.

St. Valentine's eve, being fraught with all sorts of superstitions, great belief in charms and omens prevailed. A bay leaf was pinned to each of the four corners and one in the middle of a pillow, then if the fair one dreamed of her sweetheart she was sure of marrying before the year was out. Favorites' names, written upon small pieces of paper, were rolled in clay and dropped into water, the first rising to the top indicating the "valentine" for that year. Most curious of these superstitions was the following: At midnight, a young woman, all alone, went to the churchyard, and as the clock struck twelve she ran around the church singing,

"I sow hempseed, hempseed I sow,
"He that loves me best
"Come after me and mow."

After repeating this twelve times her lover was supposed to appear and follow her away.

From the custom of drawing names, the first of the modern epistolary valentines were evolved in the year 1667. These first valentines were gaudily gilded and voluminously written, but on account of expensive postage the practice of sending them did not become general until printed valentines, bits of colored quaintness, requiring less postage, came into vogue. Poetical epithets made their appearance during the age of chivalry. In time these simple mottoes lengthened into verses, accompanying aesthetic and appropriate illustrations, until today we have the elaborate painted and lacy perfumed valentines which have grown out of them.

At no remote period the vulgar and hideous monstrosity known as the comic valentine was unknown, for the intention of the valentine was to convey some courteous profession of attachment or compliment.

No matter from whence sprang the observance of February fourteenth, whether from heathen worship of Pan and Juno, or from ceremonies instituted in memory of a martyr saint, let us not permit it to degenerate into a meaningless day with promiscuous exchange of love tokens. Let us feel the regeneration of nature; participate in the pleasures of bird-mating time; open our hearts to love; disport ourselves in the frolics of an old-time St. Valentine's Day, and preserve one of our most deserving, beautiful and interesting holidays.

To A Meadow Lark

By Lillian Surrey Baldwin

Golden throat, golden throat, bursting with praise,
Flooding the earth with ethereal voice!
Teach me, oh teach me to learn with amaze,
Even a tithe of thy message, "Rejoice!"

Golden throat, golden throat, throbbing with life,
Lilting the loves of red roses and white!
Teach my wild passions a calm in their strife,
Teach them to blend with the heavenly light!

Golden throat, golden throat, here on the earth,
Lives a hard man, but he wishes to feel,
Standing and list'ning—to feel a new birth!
Teach me, oh golden throat, teach me to kneel!

The LAKE *of* BLOOD

By Etolia Ishii

UP AMONGST the rugged Hakone Mountains, by the long white road, from the village of Moto-Hakone, lies a little lake of copperish hue, dull and languid in the hot summer air. The long winding road crawls in and out, like a creeping snake, between the hills. On all sides are the seemingly endless mountains, with their fragrant pines, tall coarse grass, and light featherly bamboo. Far, far away, between clumps of ancient pines, the deep unfathomable blue of Hakone lake smiles lazily in the bright sunshine—and beyond, the grim, unbroken chain of mountains spreads into the distance.

In a temple, dark and spacious, where shadowy mysteries lurked in the gloomy crevices, and the air was heavy with burning incense, sat a solemn circle of stern, shaven priests; on their set faces, looks of unutterable scorn, their cold, hard eyes fixed upon the outlaw, sitting in the center, robed in white, a dagger in his hand. He who had offended the reigning Lord was sentenced to be hung, but at his earnest request the priests were to permit him to commit "*hara-kiri.*"

"Let the Lord Yamaguichi end his own life—we shall, in our mercy, permit him to die an honorable death."

Thus the High Priest had spoken, and they sat in the huge, silent room, with the burning incense filling the drowsy air, and hovering o'er the impassive gods. They were awaiting the temple bell to toll the hour of sunset. At the first deep tones proclaiming the funeral of Day, the outlaw must take his own life.

Sitting there, in the midst of the stern circle, memories of the years gone by amongst the wild hills, flitted thru his mind. Thru the slightly parted *shoji* he caught a glimpse of the clear blue sky, the floating clouds like snowy ships sailing in the balmy breeze. Soon his soul would be borne upward with them. The priests had cursed him, had doomed him to sorrowful existences to come; but he knew the just gods would have mercy. Or was this the chastisement for some crime committed in the gray shadow-past? Had he offended the divine gods a thousand years ago in a previous life, and was he accordingly doomed to live wretched, haunted years in expiation for his sin? Why should he suffer and atone for a crime committed in the long forgotten years of yesterday, in another life, in another personality? Why must he suffer thru the lengthy days of Tomorrow? But the gods must have justice, and the gods knew best. After all he was only an insignificant bubble in the great Universe of Creation, so he was doomed like millions of others to sink into Oblivion, into the long, long sleep man calls death. He must bid farewell to this beautiful world and to his beloved child, O Ena-san, to wander aimlessly with other spirits until he should be called to enter this world again. But would the great Human Tide bring him back once more, or would he sink forever down to the rocky floor of the vast Ocean, which is littered with the white bones of drowned men and skeletons of shattered hopes, there to lie forgotten thru the long, long ages to come?

A roving wind floated down the mountain side and stole thru the parted *shoji*, bringing with it an odor of fragrant pines. It came like a message of hope and comfort to the doomed man. There against the blue sky stood the mountains he loved—*Futagoyama*, the Twin Mountains. How dear their rugged summits, how inviting the cool bamboo groves! There was a volcanic cone on the second peak. Once when he was desperately pursued he had fled across to the second mountain where the dreaded volcano lay smouldering her anger against the world, ready to hurl her wrath upon mankind. Tradition set forth that once when a party of revellers attempted to ascend to her tempestuous head, she had given vent to her anger. That was a dreadful night, so they said. The sky was one

glowing mass. The hoary mountain hurled forth burning stones; scorching lava poured down her sides, and the neighboring hills trembled beneath the shock. And as if in approval, the sublime Fuji, "the supreme emperor of the hills," sent forth his great voice to warn the world. The outlaw had heard the tale and often as a lad had gazed with awe at the cones, but sorely pursued he had prayed and asked the Futagoyama to harbour him from human injustice. The garrulous old mountain took pity upon him and extended her shelter. Even the huge venomous reptiles which dwelt there, molested him not, and hiding there, within the shelter of the lava boulders, he had learned to love it all. The bright sunshine had gradually faded, only a few moments more, and then the dagger—what would become of his little O Ena-san after his death? Would the kind village people dare to protect her? A moment his stern lips quivered, then he frowned; he was a noble, the last of a proud family, sentenced to die by a rival lord. No, he must not shrink, when the gray spirit of death should offer him the Draught of Oblivion.

Over the little stony path from the village came a young maiden running and panting up the narrow rough way. The hot, scorching sun had baked the tiny road, sharp pebbles tore and blistered her bare feet, but heeding not the pain, nor the dry parched sensation in her tortured throat, she ran on. On and on, over stunted bushes and the heat-cursed road. What matter if her throat ached and her head throbbed in wild agony, what matter if the prickly thorns and fallen pine needles sank into her soft flesh! The minutes dragged slowly, while gently a grayish mantle enveloped the earth. The shadows came creeping down the hillside, and faster, and faster O Ena-san sped, stumbling over rocks and bushes, her breath coming in short agonized gasps. She had reached the little lake, which lay at the foot of the temple. On the opposite side stood the stone belfry with the huge iron bell. Would it ring e'er she could skirt the lake? Glancing fearfully up she beheld the dying sun, a large golden ball hung against the crimson curtain which parted dying Day from the coming Night and bathed the hills and the lake in its golden blessing. Soon this brilliant monarch would disappear, leaving only a faint glow of his glory upon the painted sky, then the bell would toll, and her father must die.

Short, sharp bamboo and long grass, like keen-edged blades, grew by the water. Thru these she plunged—but a thot, and her flying feet stopped, a short catching sob escaped her aching throat, a terror came into her soft brown eyes like the look of a hunted doe. What was it her father had often told her?—"Whosoever stands neath the bell whilst it is ringing shall be beheaded, and his blood shall crimson the lake." A second she hesitated, with the new horror dawning in her eyes, then on she sped like a fleeing deer.

The setting sun shot one parting glance over the smiling lake, the frowning bell, and the old dark temple, shaded by hoary pines, who whispered their tales of mysteries and of the impending tragedy to the capricious wind, coquetting with the younger trees. The golden rays streaming down seemed like a brilliant pathway from this earth to the glorious heavens above. O Ena-san saw it and a little wistful smile lit up her face as, panting, she stumbled into the belfry and weakly clung to the bell.

The Day was dead; only a faint pinkish glow lingered in the sky. From the east the purple shadows came floating down to the hushed earth. Creeping down the hillside, they gathered 'neath the bell, from which a stream of warm blood flowed down to the lake, crimsoning the surface as dusky Night spread over it her soothing hands. In the temple the priests and the outlaw still held silent vigil. The sunset hour had long gone by, and the bell had not sent its condemning voice out into the still night; the gods had been merciful—he was forgiven. A faint smile flashed across his stern face, as with bowed head he thanked the just gods.

Into the night crept a soft cry; the hoary pines bowed their heads, the murmuring winds gently sobbed. A sigh arose from the crimsoned lake, but a song of hope and freedom sang in the outlaw's heart.

AN APEAL FOR *The* INDIAN

By Irene Odock

MY APPEAL comes not from those who have had other homes, whose ancestors with yours had the rich inheritance of many generations of civilization, but from a people who once possessed all this goodly land you now so proudly claim.

Victims of the aggressive selfishness of the stronger race, his paleface brother, having come out of his contest with the paleface without home, without fireside, with scarce a place to lay his head in a country once entirely his own, he has been misunderstood and misjudged, and the misconception has been permitted to become the so-called knowledge of the Indian.

While generally the possibilities of advancement for all European races are taken for granted without qualification or exception, this native American is so stamped and branded "Indian" that he practically travels a road so beset with pitfalls, stumbling blocks and unevenness of footing that he is consigned to dual work of clearing his own pathway.

From the long seaboard of the Atlantic for three hundred years we have been crowded backward, ever backward, from the Pacific shores; since the coming of the first white men we have been driven from the hills and valleys we loved, to the mountains and deserts. Dispossessed of our homes we have been left until our numbers have become so very few that we have been called a vanishing race. And what now remains of this native American, you can tell only by the lonely graves scattered here and there, and the few remaining ones—outcasts in the land of their fathers, outraged in their most sacred institutions, weakened in body, broken in spirit and fully conscious of the hopelessness of their condition.

Then, dear friends, do you wonder that the wail for our dead is so often heard in our few remaining camps, and that our survivors are passing swiftly away? For this is a people robbed and spoiled, they are a prey and none delivered, for a spoil and none saith restore.

We ask not that you shall give us back the homes of your people; we ask not that you shall restore the forests where we hunted the wild deer and the elk, or the lakes or rivers that gave so freely of their abundance to sustain and nourish the primitive race that white men found in possession when they first discovered our country. Your people have been enriched by their industries, trained by their schools, uplifted by their religion, while ours have been driven backward, ever backward in a mere struggle to live.

Then, my brothers, shall we be left to die and disappear in a land that you have made so great? We are brethren, all sons of one Father, the same Great Spirit is the Father of us all; the Great Mystery, whom blindly we have adored, for whom our reverent speech could give no spoken name, but whose unseen existence and association we have felt and known in all the influences of Nature that speak to us of a Being Supreme.

We have not inherited the training of civilized fore-fathers; we desire to learn but our lessons, which have too often been given by those who care not for us. We plead for our children the opportunities that your children have and we ask no more for our children than we desire for yours. We would know more of holy things; our men and women are children yet, larger grown, still subject to the impulses of youth, weak and unwary, and they fall victims to the greed and neglect of the stronger race.

The woods and their indwelling spirits, wild or gentle, are gone; the solitudes of Nature no longer yield their secrets for our instructions or produce the living creatures that once supplied our material wants. We are groping for better things than we have known. Who is there among you will give ear to this, who will hearken for the time to come?

To the Christian people of California and elsewhere—in the name of Him who promised His blessing upon a kindness shown to the least of His brethren—I bring to you my story of the California Indian.

The Indian *and* Our Public Schools

By State Superintendent Hyatt

The following is an address written by Superintendent Hyatt and read at the annual meeting of the California Indian Association by Mrs. Hyatt. It gives the attitude of those in authority, sworn to observe the law, in regard to the rights of Indians in our public schools. It is well for some arrogant and ignorant white people to know that the Indians have *rights* they are bound to observe, as well as that they themselves are thus favored.—EDITOR.

AS I understand it, the current feeling is that the Indians are *here* through no act of their own; that here they must *remain;* that *they* and *we* must learn to live in the same country together; that this learning to harmoniously live in the same world will be facilitated and hastened by, so far as possible, educating the young Caucasians and the young Indians in the same *way*, and, so far as possible, *together*, to the end that we may understand each other, make allowances for each other, interpret each other and dwell in harmony with each other in the same country.

To this doctrine I heartily subscribe and pledge my co-operation to carry it out. It is the only decent one, the only practicable one. Banishing the Indians to remote and inaccessible reservations, educating them apart from and in a different way from the rest of our people, is no way to make of them independent and self-sustaining citizens. Rather, it makes them shy, helpless *aliens*, incapable of self-support, unable to take their own part in the hurly-burly of life, not understanding or entering into the white man's way of living—which is the only way the Indian can continue to live.

Really, I suppose the best solution of the problem is for the Indian children to be squarely taken into our own ordinary district schools, and taught by the same teachers, in the same way as the other children. In this way they learn to live together better than in any other way. So far as I have observed, this plan has excellent results whenever the Indian children are few as compared with the whites. The Indian children are almost universally clean, inoffensive and tractable. They are desperately shy, incomprehensibly afraid of ridicule. But one never hears of an Indian child being defiant or impudent or making trouble in the discipline of the school, never.

As a matter of law, Indian children have the same rights in the districts where they reside as the children of any other nationality; in fact a *better* right, for they have been here longer than *any* of us. I very often have to render this decision to excited individuals who want the Indian children put out of the school because they are Indians. It reminds me of a story of the old days of gold in California that was told me the other day. Bear Flat was inhabited by a community of Californians for generations, born and bred on the soil—Mexicans, in the parlance of the day. Bye and bye the argonauts observed that these native Californians were bringing in gold to exchange for food. Whereupon a mass-meeting was called of Englishmen, Irishmen, Dutchmen, Jews, Frenchmen and everything else under the sun, gathered in from all over the world by the smell of gold. They organized in a methodical and legal way, and *resolved* that the mines did not and could not belong to *foreigners*. Then they adjourned, and they *went* for that group of heathen natives, *ejected* them bodily and took possession of their homes and their gold forever after, with the serene consciousness of acting in a strictly legal and proper manner. Indian children have a right in the school of their home district, derived from living a thousand years further back than the oldest European descendant of the State.

When the Indian children are in con-

siderable numbers, however, the residents of the district are likely to grow restless and sour. They are alarmed lest the school be *overwhelmed* by the Indians. They don't want their children submerged by what they call the *stupidity* of the Indians. Sometimes they are alarmed over the possibility of their sons marrying Indian girls after spending years with them in school. Sometimes there are Southerners in the district, to whom a colored skin is rank poison. Sometimes you have fearful and wonderful yarns of the disease, filthy habits, and unsanitary lives of the Indians—generally from some lean, malarial, tobacco-chewing, pork-eating citizen, lately come in from Arkansas or Missouri, and afflicted with yellow jaundice. He shakes his fist and swears violently that *his* children haint a goin' to mix up with no Indians in that school, not by a jug full. It is alleged, with direful head-shakings, that the whole Indian race is afflicted with tuberculosis, that they are grown through and through by venereal diseases, that they are frightfully immoral.

It is my observation in these particulars that the Indians are very like other peoples. Their immoralities are forced upon them by white men of the baser sort. Their diseases are derived from the white man, and they are unable, economically, to combat them as the white man does, by nourishing food, comfortable houses, good liivng. Give them a chance, even half a chance, and they soon rise to the level of the neighborhood. Some of the neatest, brightest and handsomest little girls I have ever seen were the children of Indian mothers in district schools, with clean dresses, sparkling eyes and red ribbons on their smoothly-combed hair. I have observed that even the despised half-breed, when he is the son of a capable, healthy white man, grows into a capable man who can take care of his own and whose word is as good as his bond.

We, as a people, are fond of referring to our public school system as the great *melting-pot* of the nation, where the polyglot peoples of the world are taken in by wholesale, assimilated, and turned out as patriotic, capable American citizens. Our sympathy goes out to the poor and downtrodden of the earth, who come to us in hundreds of thousands. Last year 65,000 Jews came by steamer to the port of New York alone. More than a million are in New York now, to say nothing of the Austrians, Italians and other European peoples. Now it seems to me that if we so cheerfully undertake the burden of assimilating the weak and slavish peoples of the old world, we can very well look kindly upon the task of assimilating our own American Indian, who is the product of our own soil, who has an untamed spirit and a soul attuned to nature rather than to the artificial conditions under which he must live in future. Where he is degraded, we ourselves have done the work of degradation. *Naturally* he affords a better basis for citizenship than the effete, worn-out and disease-stricken remnants of *older* civilizations.

When the Indian children are in large numbers and the community as a whole is opposed to them, it is well for the Indians to be encouraged to form a regular school district of their own, under the laws of the State. The organization and conduct of the district will be valuable training to the adults as well as to the children. If the county superintendent is active and interested in this problem, as he should be, he will take a pride in assisting and guiding these timid people in forming and managing their school, in seeing to it that it is in every way on a par with the other schools of the county. So far as I have been able to observe, the Indian people themselves very greatly prefer this form of education to the government reservation school. They like to have their children at home nights and mornings, the same as other people, instead of sending them away for weeks and months to a federal school. The children are a comfort and a help to their parents, and ought to be with them. Desolate indeed is the home where children have been but are no more. What else have people left to live for?

It is well for the red man, who must live in the United States, the land of his fathers, all the rest of his life, and whose children and children's children must live here too, who must gain his daily bread by competing against the white

man, who must work and bargain and buy and sell and prosper or fail with him—it is well for the red man to organize his school and educate his children in the white man's way. He will not resent the separate school if he runs it himself and it is as good as the other schools. He will resent it only if it appears in the guise of an advertised discrimination against an inferior race.

All of these things really rest upon an economic basis. I observe that when by some accident an Indian community has received its share of its birthright in good, arable, valuable land, instead of some distant desert or some dry canyon—that then the Indian occupies a very different station in the public eye. He is a man of substance, of property, of influence. Politicians court him and business men deal with him. "Money makes the mare go" for red men the same as white and yellow. The white man has a hundred years or so the start of the Indian, that is all. Give the Indian a fair chance at good food, correct living, opportunity and education, particularly industrial education rather than literary, and he will catch up with us in a century or so. We must be patient and must give him his chance.

From *The* Hights

By Juanita Miller

Warm, red sun kissed the "Gate" good-night
Mid purple pomp and cloth of gold,
Great gorgeous colors dropped from sight
Deep down into my heart they rolled.

Shy silver stars came out and sang,
Each one in perfect harmony,
Until the air with music rang
And all my soul went calling thee.

(Copyright 1913.)

EDITORIAL

To the kind courtesy of Elbert Hubbard, The Roycroft Shop, East Aurora, N. Y., we are indebted for permission to use the etching of Joaquin Miller, which appears on our cover. This illustrious poet was born Nov. 10, 1841 and died Feb. 17, 1913, and this issue of *Out West* is intended not so much to commemorate the date of his passage hence, as to bring our readers into a closer and more intimate knowledge of his life.

In the September issue of *Out West* an interesting article appeared entitled, "The Hand-Cart Brigade." Owing to an oversight, this was credited to Felix J. Koch. The author in reality is Augustus W. Daugherty, 302 South Carson Street, Carson City, Nevada. We heartily regret the occurrence and hope the effect of this notice will be to lead our readers to look up the article and give it a more careful reading. It is well worth it.

The editor of *Out West* is a little late in extending his congratulations to Robert Sterling Yard on his taking the Editorial Chair of *The Century Magazine.* Mr. Yard opens his salutatory with an utterance that gives the strong manhood and personal vision that guides him. He says: "The magazine needs no other aim than to be worthy of the name it bears."

Think what this century means to mankind, the hopes it enshrines, the aspirations it shadows forth, the progress it indicates. "In remaining the 'old' *Century,* merely growing with the times, merely holding fast to its historic place in the front of progress, this magazine, in these richer days of hard thinking and prompt acting and strenuous living, these tumultuous days of changing eras, remains by mere definition the organ of what is noblest and forwardest in American life." Seeking to

Robert Sterling Yard, the New Editor of "The Century Magazine."

keep step with the age in all that makes for human progress, recording all the great achievements in art, science and social development, the new editor pledges himself to seek to understand, and faithfully and truthfully to mirror to his readers all the powerful currents moving in America today. This is a large aim. But Mr. Yard is a large man, and the *Century* has proven itself a large magazine. We are assured Mr. Yard's purpose as expressed in his closing words will faithfully be adhered to: "We shall make this magazine, fearlessly and in the white light of today, as nearly the magazine of the century as courage and devotion and eyes that see and minds that shrink not can do." We bid him God-speed in his high endeavor, look up to him for encouragement and example, and will gladly and gratefully follow him as far as we may in all that makes for the permanent development of American manhood and womanhood, and the glory of American literature.

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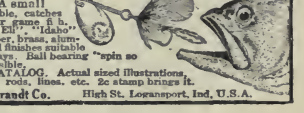

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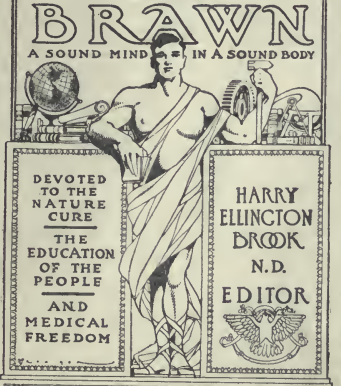

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New Series, Vol. 7 March 1914 Number 3

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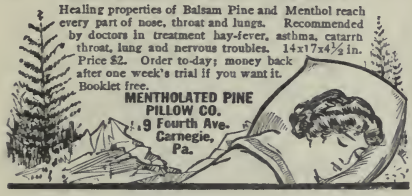

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AND, WHEN THE RIFTED CLOUDS ARE CURLED,
SEES FAR BELOW THE STEADFAST LANDS.

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YOSEMITE VALLEY FROM OLD INSPIRATION POINT

OUT WEST

MARCH 1914

FRANCISCAN MISSIONS

By the Editor

THESE old Missions are a perennial source of interest, not only to strangers coming into California, but to a growingly large number of our more studious and appreciative citizens. In their history, their romance, their dignity, their architecture, and their pathos, they appeal to the sensitive mind as much as any of the historic memorials of our country.

So long, too, as the human heart loves bravery, devotion, self-sacrifice and the highest idealism, their story will never grow tiresome. Indeed, interest in the ancient and dilapidated buildings and their history will increase with each year. Today a thousand visit them where ten saw them twenty years ago, and twenty years hence hundreds of thousands will stand in their sacred precincts and unconsciously absorb beautiful and unselfish lessons of life as they hear some part of the story recited. It is well that this is so. A materially inclined nation needs to save every unselfish element in its history to prevent its going to utter destruction. It is essential to our spiritual development that we learn that

PRESIDIO CHURCH AND PRIEST'S RESIDENCE, MONTEREY, CALIF.

Not on the vulgar mass
Called "work" must sentence pass,
  Things done, that took the eye and had the price;
O'er which, from level stand,
The low world laid its hand,
  Found straightway to its mind, could value in a trice.

It is of incalculably greater benefit to the race that the Mission Fathers lived and had their fling of divine audacity for the good of the helpless aborigines than that any score one might name of the "successful captains of industry" lived to make their unwieldy and top-heavy piles of gold. With all their faults and failures, all their ideas of theology and education—which we, in our assumed superiority, call crude and old-fashioned—all their rude notions of sociology, all their errors and mistakes, the work of the Franciscan Fathers was glorified by an unselfish aim, high motive and constant and persistent endeavor to bring their heathen wards into a knowledge of saving grace. It was a brave and heroic endeavor. It is easy enough to find fault, to criticize, to carp, but it is not easy to *do*. These men *did*. They had a glorious purpose which they faithfully pursued. They aimed and achieved nobly.

In order that their achievements may be the better understood, and by a larger circle of readers, Little, Brown & Company, of Boston, Mass., have just issued a new volume from my pen entitled, *The Old Franciscan Missions of California*. It is a smaller and cheaper book than my *In and Out of the Old Missions*, but it will serve to give many a glimpse into the inner life and work of the padres, and no one can read the story without a thrilling of the pulses, a quickening of the heart's beats, and a stimulating of the soul's ambitions.

This new volume is merely an honest and simple attempt to meet a real and popular demand for an unpretentious work that shall give the ordinary tourist and reader enough of the history of the Missions to make a visit to them of added interest, and to link their history with that of the other Missions founded elsewhere in the country during the same or prior epochs of Mission activity.

If it leads others to a greater reverence for these outward and visible signs of the many and beautiful graces that their lives developed in the hearts of the Franciscan Fathers—their founders and builders—and gives the information needed, its purpose will be more than fulfilled.

This is what the publishers have to say of the new book:

"The California Missions, because of their picturesqueness, their romantic history, the noble deeds they have enshrined, are always of keen interest to a constantly increasing multitude of travelers and tourists. They are one of the main 'features' of the State, and are sought by every visitor within its borders. Most of the material written about them is included in elaborate volumes, more suited to home or library reading, and that the visitor may refresh his memory, and identify the Missions and the various padres associated with them, George Wharton James, an authority on the subject, has prepared this popular handbook.

"The volume gives the important facts in their histories, describes their distinctive features, and cites the legends about them. The copious illustrations, all from photographs especially taken, are remarkably artistic in themselves, and make most attractive a book primarily intended to serve as a guide and handbook to those who visit these famous old Franciscan Missions."

The following are excerpts from the book:

THE RELATIONSHIP OF THE MISSIONS OF LOWER AND ALTA CALIFORNIA

Rightly to understand the history of the Missions of the California of the United States, it is imperative that the connection or relationship that exists between their history and that of the Missions of Lower California (Mexico) be clearly understood.

The Jesuit padres founded fourteen Missions in Lower California, which they conducted with greater or less success until 1767, when the infamous Order of Expulsion of Carlos III, of Spain, drove them into exile.

It had always been the intention of Spain to colonize and missionize Alta California, even as far back as the days of Cabrillo, in 1542, and when Vizcaino, sixty years later, went over the same region, the original intention was renewed. But intentions do not always fructify and bring forth, so it was not until a hundred and sixty years after Vizcaino that the work was actually begun. The reasons were diverse and equally urgent. The King of Spain and his advisers were growing more and more

Photograph by Fred W. Twogood, Riverside.

FACHADA OF THE RUINED MISSION OF SAN DIEGO.

uneasy about the agressions of the Russians and English on the California, or rather Pacific, Coast. Russia was pushing down from the north; England also had her establishments there, and with her insular arrogance England boldly stated that she had the right to California, or New Albion, as she called it, because of Sir Francis Drake's landing and taking possession in the name of "Good Queen Bess." Spain not only resented this, but began to realize another need. Her galleons from the Philippines found it a long, weary, tedious and disease-provoking voyage around the coast of South America to Spain, and besides, too many hostile and piratical vessels roamed over the Pacific Sea to allow Spanish captains to sleep easy o'nights. Hence it was decided that if ports of call were established on the California coast, fresh meats and vegetables and pure water could be supplied to the galleons and in addition, with *presidios* to defend

Photograph by Howard Tibbitts, San Francisco.

MISSION SAN GABRIEL ARCÁNGEL.

CAMPANILE AND CHAPEL, SAN ANTONIO DE PALA.

them, they might escape the plundering pirates by whom they were beset. Accordingly plans were being formulated for the colonization and missionization of California when, by authority of his own sweet will, ruling a people who fully believed in the divine right of kings to do as they pleased, King Carlos III issued the proclamation already referred to, totally and completely banishing the Jesuits from all parts of his dominions, under penalty of imprisonment and death.

I doubt whether many people of today, even though they be of the Catholic Church, can realize what obedience to that order meant to these devoted priests. Naturally they must obey it—monstrous though it was—but the one thought that tore their hearts with anguish was: Who would care for their Indian charges?

For these ignorant and benighted savages they had left their homes and given up all that life ordinarily means and offers. Were they to be allowed to drift back into their dark heathendom?

No! In spite of his cruelty to the Jesuits, the king had provided that the Indians should not be neglected. He had appointed one in whom he had especial confidence, Don Jose Galvez, as his *Visitador General*, and had conferred upon him almost plenary authority. To his hands was committed the carrying out of the order of banishment, the providing of members of some other Catholic order to care for the Indians of the Missions northward into Alta California, as far north as the Bay of Monterey, and even beyond.

To aid him in his work, Galvez appealed to the Superior of the Franciscan Convent in the City of Mexico, and Padre Junipero Serra, by common consent of the officers and his fellows, was denominated as the man of all men for the important office of Padre Presidente of the Jesuit Missions that were to be placed henceforth under the care of the Franciscans.

This plan, however, was changed within a few months. It was decided to call upon the priests of the Dominican Order to take charge of the Jesuit Missions, while the Franciscans put all their strength and energy into the founding of the new Missions in Alta California.

Thus it came to pass that the Franciscans took charge of the founding of the California Missions, and that Junipero Serra became the first real pioneer of what is now so proudly denominated "The Golden State."

The orders that Galvez had received were clear and positive: "Occupy and

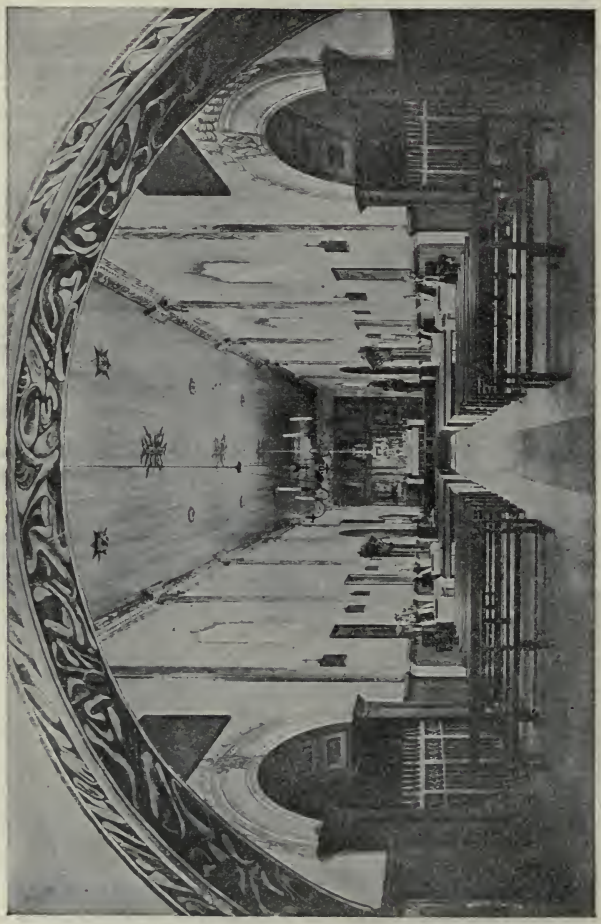
fortify San Diego and Monterey for God and the King of Spain." He was a devout son of the Church, full of enthusiasm, having good sense, great executive ability, considerable foresight, untiring energy, and decided contempt for all routine formalities. He began his work with truly western vigor. Being invested with almost absolute power, there was none above him to interpose vexatious formalities to hinder the immediate execution of his plans.

In order that the spiritual part of the work might be as carefully planned as the political, Galvez summoned Serra. What a fine combination! Desire and power hand in hand! What nights were spent by the two in planning! What arguments, what discussions, what final agreements the old adobe rooms occupied by them must have heard! But it is by just such men that great enterprises are successfully begun and executed. For fervor and enthusiasm, power and sense, when combined, produce results. Plans were formulated with a completeness and rapidity that equalled the best days of the *Conquistadores*. Four expeditions were to go—two by land and two by sea. So would the risk of failure be lessened, and practical knowledge of both routes be gained. Galvez had two available vessels: the *San Carlos*, and the *San Antonio*.

For money the visitor-general called upon the Pious Fund, which, on the expulsion of the Jesuits, he had placed in the hands of a governmental administrator. He had also determined that the Missions of the peninsula should do their share to help in the foundation of the new Missions, and Serra approved and helped in the work.

When Galvez arrived, he found Gaspar de Portola acting as civil and military governor, and Fernando Javier Rivera y Moncada, the former governor, commanding the garrison at Loreto. Both were captains, Rivera having been long in the country. He determined to avail himself of the services of these two men, each of them to command one of the land expeditions. Consequently with great rapidity, for those days, operations were set in motion. Rivera, in August or September, 1768, was sent on a commission to visit in succession all the Missions, and gather from each one all the provisions, live-stock, and implements that could be spared. He was also to prevail upon all the available families he could find to go along as colonists. In the meantime, others sent out by Galvez gathered in church furniture, ornaments, and vestments for the Missions, and later Serra made a tour for the same purpose. San Jose was named the patron saint of the expedition, and in December the *San Carlos* arrived at La Paz partially laden with supplies.

MISSION SANTA CRUZ.



INTERIOR OF MISSION SANTA BARBARA.

The vessel was in bad condition, so it had to be unloaded, careened, cleaned, and repaired, and then reloaded, and in this latter work both Galvez and Serra helped, the former packing the supplies for the Mission of San Buenaventura, in which he was particularly interested, and Serra attending to those for San Carlos. They joked each other as they worked, and when Galvez completed his task ahead of Serra he had considerable fun at the Padre Presidente's expense. In addition to the two Missions named, one other, dedicated to San Diego, was first to be established. By the ninth of January, 1769, the *San Carlos* was ready. Confessions were heard, masses said, the communion administered, and Galvez made a rousing speech. Then Serra formally blessed the undertaking, cordially embraced Fray Parron, to whom the spiritual care of the vessel was intrusted, the sails were lowered, and off started the first division of the party that meant so much to the future of California. In another vessel Galvez went along until the *San Carlos* doubled the point and started northward, when, with gladness in his heart, and songs on his lips, he returned to still further prosecute his work.

The fifteenth of February the *San Antonio*, under the command of Perez, was ready and started. Now the land expeditions must be moved. Rivera had gathered his stock, etc., at Santa Maria, the most northern of the Missions, but finding scant pasturage there, he had moved eight or ten leagues farther north to a place called by the Indians, Velicata. Fray Juan Crespi was sent to join Rivera, and Fray Lasuen met him at Santa Maria in order to bestow the apostolic blessing ere the journey began, and on March 24 Lasuen stood at Velicata and saw the little band of pilgrims start northward for the land of the Gentiles, driving their herds before them. What a procession it must have been! The animals, driven by Indians under the direction of soldiers and priests, straggling along or dashing wildly forward as such creatures are wont to do! Here, as well as in the starting of the *San Carlos* and *San Antonio*, is a great scene for an artist, and some day canvases worthy the subjects should be placed in the California State Capitol at Sacramento.

Governor Portola was already on his way north, but Serra was delayed by an ulcerated foot and leg, and, besides, he had not yet gathered together all the Mission supplies he needed, so it was May 15 before his division finally left Velicata. The day before leaving, Serra

Photograph by C. C. Pierce & Co., Los Angeles.

WALL DECORATIONS ON OLD MISSION CHAPEL OF SAN ANTONIO DE PALA.

Photograph by Harold A. Parker, Pasadena.

RUINED MISSION OF SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO.

Showing campanile and protected arched corridors.

established the Mission of San Fernando at the place of their departure, and left Padre Campa in charge.

Padre Serra's diary, kept in his own handwriting during this trip from Loreto to San Diego, is now in the Edward E. Ayer Library in Chicago. Some of his expressions are most striking. In one place, speaking of Captain Rivera's going from Mission to Mission to take from them "whatever he might choose of what was in them for the founding of the new Missions," he says: "Thus he did; and although it was with a somewhat heavy hand, it was undergone for God and the king."

The work of Galvez for Alta California was by no means yet accomplished. Another vessel, the *San Jose*, built at his shipyard, appeared two days before the *San Antonio* set sail, and soon afterwards Galvez went across the gulf in it to secure a load of fresh supplies. The sixteenth of June the *San Jose* sailed for San Diego as a relief boat to the *San Carlos* and *San Antonio*, but evidently met with misfortune, for three months later it returned to the Loreto harbor with a broken mast and in general bad condition. It was unloaded and repaired at San Blas, and in the following June again started out, laden with supplies, but never reached its destination, disappearing forever without leaving a trace behind.

The *San Antonio* first arrived at San Diego. About April 11, 1769, it anchored in the bay, and awakened in the minds of the natives strange feelings of astonishment and awe. Its presence recalled to them the "stories of the old," when a similar apparition startled their ancestors. That other white-winged creature had come long generations ago, and had gone away, never to be seen again. Was this not to do likewise? Ah, no! In this vessel was contained the beginning of the end of the primitive man. The solitude of the centuries was now to be disturbed, and its peace invaded; aboriginal life destroyed forever. The advent of this vessel was the death knell of the Indian tribes.

Little, however, did either the company on board the *San Antonio* or the Indians themselves conceive such thoughts as these on that memorable April day.

But where was the *San Carlos*, which sailed almost a month earlier than the *San Antonio*. She was struggling with difficulties—leaking water-casks, bad water, cold weather. Therefore it was not until April 29 that she appeared. In vain the captain of the *San Antonio* waited for the *San Carlos* to launch a boat and to send him word as to the cause of the late arrival of the flagship; so he visited her to discover for himself the cause. He found a sorry state of affairs. All on board were ill from

scurvy. Hastily erecting canvas on the beaches, the men of his own crew went to the relief of their suffering comrades on the other vessel. Then the crew of the relieving ship took the sickness, and soon there were so few well men left that they could scarcely attend the sick and bury the dead. Those first two weeks in the new land, in the month of May, 1769, were never to be forgotten. Of about ninety sailors, soldiers and mechanics, less than thirty survived; over sixty were buried by the wash of the waves of the Bay of Saint James.

Then came Rivera and Crespi, with Lieutenant Fages and twenty-five soldiers.

Immediately a permanent camp was sought and found at what is now known as Old San Diego, where the two old palms still remain, with the ruins of the *presidio* on the hill behind. Six weeks were busily occupied in caring for the sick and in unloading the *San Antonio*. Then the fourth and last party of the explorers arrived—Governor Portola on June 29, and Serra on July 1. What a journey that had been for Serra! He had walked all the way, and, after two days out, a badly ulcerated leg began to trouble him. Portola wished to send him back, but Serra would not consent. He called to one of the muleteers and asked him to make just such a salve for his wound as he would put upon the saddle galls of one of his animals. It was done, and in a single night the ointment and the Father's prayers worked the miracle of healing.

After a general thanksgiving, in which exploding gunpowder was used to give effect, a consultation was held, at which it was decided to send back the *San Antonio* to San Blas for supplies, and for new crews for herself and the *San Carlos*. A land expedition under Portola was to go to Monterey, while Serra and others remained at San Diego to found the Mission. The vessel sailed, Portola and his band started north, and on July 16, 1769, Serra raised the cross, blessed it, said mass, preached, and formally established the Mission of San Diego de Alcala.

It mattered not that the Indians held aloof; that only the people who

FACHADA OF MISSION SAN FRANCISCO.

Photograph by Howard Tibbitts, San Francisco.

RUINS OF THE ARCHES, MISSION SAN ANTONIO DE PADUA.

came on the expedition were present to hear. From the hills beyond, doubtless, peered and peered the curious natives. all was mysterious to them. Later, however, they became troublesome, stealing from the sick and pillaging from the *San Carlos*. At last they made a determined raid for plunder, which the Spanish soldiers resisted. A flight of arrows was the result. A boy was killed and three of the new-comers wounded. A volley of musket-balls killed three Indians, wounded several more, and cleared the settlement. After such an introduction, there is no wonder that conversions were slow. Not a neophyte gladdened the Father's heart for more than a year.

CONDITION OF MISSION INDIANS

Today the total Indian population of Southern California is reported as between two and three thousand. It is not increasing, and it is good for the race that it is not. Until the incumbency by W. A. Jones, of the Indian Commissionership in Washington, there seems to have been little or no attempt at effective protection of the Indians against the land and other thefts of the Whites. The facts are succinctly and powerfully stated by Helen Hunt Jackson in her report to the government, and in her *Glimpses of California and the Missions*. The indictment of churches, citizens, and the general government, for their crime of supineness in allowing our acknowledged wards to be seduced, cheated and corrupted, should be read by every honest American; even though it make his blood seethe with indignation and his nerves quiver with shame.

In my larger work on this subject I published a table from the report of the agent for the "Mission-Tule" Consolidated Agency, which is dated September 25, 1903.

This is the official report of an agent whom not even his best friends acknowledge as being over fond of his Indian charges, or likely to be sentimental in his dealings with them. What does this report state? Of twenty-eight "reservations"—and some of these include several Indian villages—it announces that the lands of eight are yet "not patented." In other words, that the Indians are living upon them "on sufferance." Therefore, if any citizen of the United States, possessed of sufficient political power, so desired, the lands could be restored to the public domain. Then, not even the United States Supreme Court could hold them for the future use and benefit of the Indians.

On five of these reservations the land is "desert," and in two cases "subject to intense heat" (it might be said, to 150 degrees, and even higher in the middle

of the summer); in one case there is "little water for irrigation."

In four cases it is "poor land," with "no water," and in another instance there are "worthless, dry hills;" in still another the soil is "almost worthless for lack of water."

In one of the desert cases, where there are five villages, the government supplied "water in abundance for irrigation and domestic use, from artesian wells." Yet the land is not patented, and the Indians are helpless, if evicted by resolute men.

At Cahuilla, with a population of one hundred fifty-five, the report says, "mountain valley; stock land and little water. Not patented."

At Santa Isabel, including Volcan, with a population of two hundred eighty-four, the reservation of twenty-nine thousand eight hundred forty-four acres is patented, but the report says it is 'mountainous' stock land; no water."

At San Jacinto, with a population of one hundred forty-three, the two thousand nine hundred sixty acres are "mostly poor; very little water, and not patented."

San Manuel, with thirty-eight persons, has a patent for six hundred forty acres of "worthless, dry hills."

Temecula, with one hundred eighty-one persons, has had allotted to its members three thousand three hundred sixty acres, which area, however, is "almost worthless for lack of water."

Let us reflect upon these things. The poor Indian is exiled and expelled from the lands of his ancestors to worthless hills, sandy desert, grazing lands, mostly poor and mountainous land, while our powerful government stands by and professes its helplessness to prevent the evil. These discouraging facts are enough to make the just and good men who once guided the republic rise from their graves. Is there a remnant of honor, justice, or integrity, left among our politicians?

There is one thing this government should have done, could have done, and might have done, and it is to its discredit and disgrace that it did not do it; that is, when the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo transferred the Indians from the domination of Mexico to that of the United States, this government "of, for and by" the people, should have recognized the

THE TOWER AT MISSION SAN CARLOS BORROMEO, CARMEL VALLEY, MONTEREY.

helplessness of its wards and not passed a law of which they could not by any possibility know, requiring them to file on their lands, but it should have appointed a competent guardian of their moral and legal rights, taking it for granted that *occupancy of the lands of their forefathers would give them a legal title which would hold forever against all comers.*

In all the Spanish occupation of California it is doubtful whether one case ever occurred where an Indian was driven off his land.

In rendering a decision on the Warner's Ranch Case, the United States Supreme Court had an opportunity offered it once for all to settle the status of all American Indians. Had it familiarized itself with the laws of Spain, under which all Spanish grants were made, it would have found that the Indian was always considered first and foremost in all grants of lands made. He must be protected in his right; it was inalienable. He was helpless, and therefore the officers of the Crown were made responsible for his protection. If subordinate officers

Photograph by Howard Tibbitts, San Francisco.

MISSION SAN LUIS REY, PARTLY RESTORED.

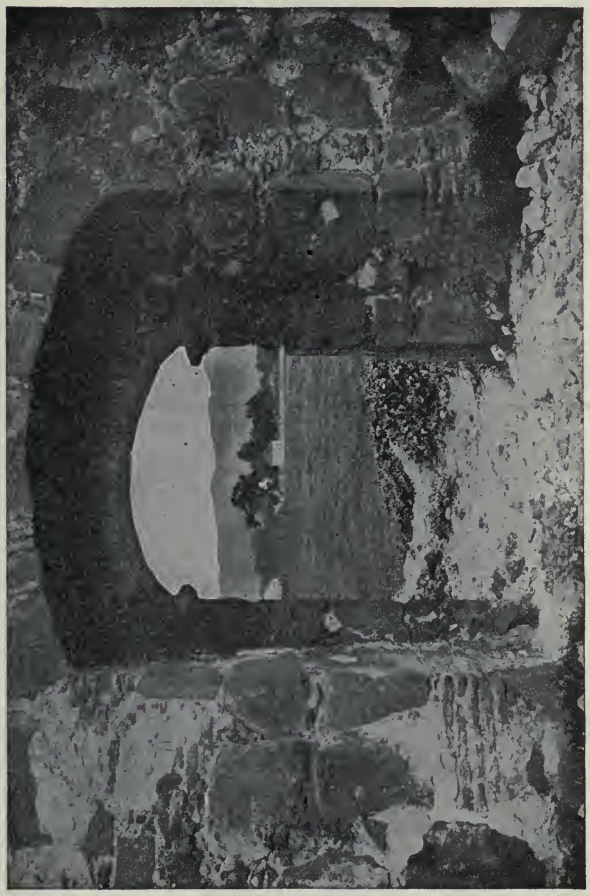
failed, then the more urgent the duty of superior officers. Therefore, even had a grant been made of Warner's Ranch in which the grantor purposely left out the recognition of the rights of the Indians, the highest Spanish courts would not have tolerated any such abuse of power. This was an axiom of Spanish rule, shown by a hundred, a thousand precedents. Hence it should have been recognized by the United States Supreme Court. It is good law, but better, it is good sense and common justice, and this is especially good when it protects the helpless and weak from the powerful and strong.

In our dealings with the Indians in our school system, we are making the mistake of being in too great a hurry. A race of aborigines is not raised into civilization in a night. It will be well if it is done in two or three generations.

Contrast our method with that followed by the padres. Is there any comparison? Yes, to our shame and disgrace! The padres kept fathers and mothers and children together, at least to a reasonable degree. Where there were families they lived, as a rule, in their own homes near the Missions. Thus there was no division of families. On the other hand, we have wilfully and deliberately, though perhaps without *malice aforethought* (although the effect has been exactly the same as if we had had malice), separated children from their parents and sent them a hundred, several hundred, often two or three *thousand* miles away from home, there to receive an education often entirely inappropriate and incompetent to meet their needs. And even this sending has not always been honorably done. *Vide* the United States Indian Commissioner's report for 1900. He says:

"These pupils are gathered from the cabin, the wickiup and the tepee. *Partly by cajolery, and partly by threats; partly by bribery and partly by fraud: partly by persuasion and partly by force*, they are induced to leave their homes and their kindred to enter these schools and take upon themselves the outward semblance of civilized life. They are chosen not on account of any particular merit of their own, not by reason of mental fitness, but solely because they have Indian blood in their veins. Without regard to their worldly condition; without any previous training; without any preparation whatever, they are transported to the schools—sometimes thousands of miles away—without the slightest expense or trouble to themselves or their people.

"The Indian youth finds himself at once, as if by magic, translated from a state of poverty to one of affluence. He is well fed and clothed and lodged. Books and all the accessories of learning are given him and teachers provided to instruct him. He is educated in the industrial arts on the one hand, and not only in the rudiments, but in the liberal arts on the other. Beyond the three r's he is instructed in geography, grammar and history; he is taught drawing, algebra and geometry, music and astronomy and receives lessons in physiology, botany and entomology. Matrons wait on him while he is



MAIN DOORWAY AT SANTA MARGARITA CHAPEL.

Photograph by Howard Tibbitts, San Francisco.

MISSION SAN JUAN BAUTISTA, FROM THE PLAZA.

well, and physicians and nurses attend him when he is sick. A steam laundry does his washing, and the latest modern appliances do his cooking. A library affords him relaxation for his leisure hours; athletic sports and the gymnasium furnish him exercise and recreation, while music entertains him in the evening. He has hot and cold baths, and steam heat and electric light, and all the modern conveniences. All the necessities of life are given him, and many of the luxuries. All of this without money and without price, or the contribution of a single effort of his own or of his people. His wants are all supplied almost for the wish. The child of the wigwam becomes a modern Aladdin, who has only to rub the government lamp to gratify his desires.

"Here he remains until his education is finished, when he is returned to his home—which by contrast must seem squalid indeed—to the parents whom his education must make it difficult to honor, and left to make his way against the ignorance and bigotry of his tribe. Is it any wonder he fails? Is it surprising if he lapses into barbarism? Not having earned his education, it is not appreciated; having made no sacrifice to obtain it, it is not valued. It is looked upon as a right and not as a privilege; it is accepted as a favor to the government and not to the recipient, and the most inevitable tendency is to encourage dependency, foster pride, and create a spirit of arrogance and selfishness. The testimony on this point of those closely connected with the Indian employees of the service would, it is believed, be interesting."

So there the matter stands. Nothing of any great importance was really done to help the Indians except the conferences at Mohonk, New York, until, in 1902, the Sequoya League was organized, composed of many men and women of national prominence, with the avowed purpose "to make better Indians." In its first pronunciamento it declared:

"The first struggle will be not to arouse sympathy, but to inform with slow patience and long wisdom the wide-spread sympathy that already exists. We cannot take the Indians out of the hands of the National Government; we cannot take the National Government into our own hands. Therefore we must work with the National Government in any large plan for the betterment of Indian conditions.

"The League means, in absolute good faith, not to fight, but to assist the Indian Bureau. It means to give the money of many and the time and brains and experience of more than a few to honest assistance to the Bureau in doing the work for which it has never had either enough money or enough disinterested and expert assistance to do in the best way the thing it and every American would like to see done."

How The Robin Got Its Red Breast

By
May Showler Groves

To the ceremonial wigwam
To the dimly flick'ring fire,
Mewuks come when day is gone
To hear the tales of Bearded sire.
While without the rain is falling,
They within sit close together,
List'ning to the tale enthralling,
Never minding stormy weather.
From the fartherest generation,
Comes the tale of the First People,
Of the Indian's creation,
And the Lizard,man Petale,
How the Star-Maidens listened
To the elder-berry trees
Playing softest, sweetest music,
Swaying gently in the breeze.
From ancestors far, far back,
Comes the story of the thunder,
Of the rainbow's tinted path,
And He-koo-las, shining wonder,
Of Wit-Tab-bah there's a story,
"How the Robin Got His Red Breast;"
How he won long-lasting glory,
And the world with Fire blest.
It was in the times far past,
When the world was dark and cold,
And the people had no fire. At last
Up spoke the Robin bold,
"I know where there is fire,
But it is far away;
'Tis a journey that will tire,
For 'twill take many a day.
Now, I will go and find it
In that far-distant land.
Perhaps I can get a bit
To bring home to my band."
Time passed by. He saw a light.
It was the fabled fire.
He stole a piece, and took to flight
With it hid in his attire.
Every night on the homeward way
The cold, bare ground was his bed.
With the fire safely beneath him, he lay;
And this turned the Robin's breast red.
O'er many a valley did he roam,
O'er many a rocky steeple.
But finally he reached his home
With the fire for his people.
Some he put in the buck-eye tree,
He made the sun with the rest,
And from that day to this, you see,
We with the sun are blest.

IMPRESSIONS *of* A VISIT TO YOSEMITE

By L. M. Wetzel

TO one who has never visited the Yosemite Valley, Bridal Veil Falls, El Capitan, The Three Brothers, Cathedral Spires, Cathedral Rocks, Yosemite Falls, North Dome, Half Dome, Vernal Falls, Nevada Falls, Glacier Point, Sentinel Dome, Liberty Cap, Mirror Lake, Royal Arches, Happy Isles, etc., are little more than a confused jumble of names.

He may have read descriptions of its scenery, received postcard views from visiting friends, heard lecturers descant upon its glories, and may have gazed enraptured upon its wonders as they were flashed upon a screen, but there is little coherency to his impressions of the Valley as a whole, and only a few isolated objects stand out in his mind with anything like distinctness. Yet as soon as the vision is his, he bursts into rhapsodies and joins the innumerable

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throng who have attempted to describe its indescribable charm and grandeur. Who that has ever looked upon majestic El Capitan and unforgetable Half Dome can remain mute upon the subject?

It was my great pleasure and privilege to make a trip to the Yosemite in the summer of 1913 with a friend, and now every name not only calls up its own image, but a train of associations as well. And as again I live over every detail of my visit to this Wonderland of Nature and thrill anew to the feelings inspired by the different scenes, I desire that others enjoy it with me.

What if the weather man does add a little extra fuel to his furnace while we are at Merced, it is not long after the train really starts until the heat is lost sight of in the witchery of the scene through which we are passing. To our right as the road winds in and out clinging to the mountain-side is the beautiful, fascinating, changeful Merced River. So smooth and placid it is in some places we can scarce detect a ripple. When thus seen, one would imagine it never has ought else to do than take its ease, as it basks in the smile of the brilliant sun and sends back a reflection of the willows that line its banks.

A short distance away, however, all is changed. Above the noise of the train can be heard the roar of the water as it comes dashing, splashing, flashing, boiling, seething, leaping, plunging, rushing, and tumbling, over, around and between the rocks that would obstruct its progress. It is difficult to realize that this is the same stream which appeared so lazy and languid in another part of its course. Paradoxical, indeed, does it seem that a stream apparently so sluggish in its movements at times can keep pace with itself as it speeds on with such wild tumult in the dance of its roaring cascades.

The scene along its banks have also changed. Massive boulders are scattered here and there interspersed with smaller ones, many beautifully colored, as are also some of the stratified rocks through which the river has cut its way. Beyond are the mountains. Now they rise almost abruptly from the stream, stony and bare; again they slope gently away with a thick growth of trees and chaparral to their summits, while yet again there is a compromise, and gray masses of stone life their heads sufficiently high to add to the attractiveness of the color scheme. And ever can be seen the blue haze hanging over the distant landscape. Certainly the engineer who located the Yosemite Valley Railroad had an eye for the picturesque and beautiful.

And what a gigantic task was its construction! It is only seventy-eight miles in length, but at least two-thirds of the roadbed was blasted out of the solid rock which forms the mountainous walls of the Merced River Canyon, the cost running as high as $100,000 per mile. Its terminus is El Portal, and no matter how hot, tired and dusty a traveler may be when he alights, the rustic depot building claims more than a passing glance before he proceeds to the hotel.

The latter—Del Portal—is a rambling, commodious building in perfect harmony with its surroundings. Wide verandas encircle it on three sides, inviting one to linger out-of-doors and enjoy the mountain breeze redolent with the spicy odor of the pines. Nor is he disappointed when he goes within, for in the finishing and furnishing of the interior the comfort and convenience of the guests were steadily kept in view. "As should be in this perfect and invigorating climate, every room is an outside room with canyon-side and river in delightful vistas. There is a beautiful ladies' parlor exquisitely furnished and adjoining the main lobby that is appropriately set about with Indian rugs and baskets and these, together with the cosy club room, are blessed with great fireplaces, where huge logs roar merrily upon occasion. The club room lies along the carpeted hall near the buffet and barber shop. The sparkling water that is piped to every room comes from a spring on the mountain. The fruits and table vegetables are fresh from a garden that holds no less a charm in its loveliness than in its products;" while the genial host, Mr. F. A. Cline, and his retinue of faithful assistants, are so cordial one feels as if visiting friends who are entertaining a large house-party, rather than putting up at a public hotel. No wonder people love to loiter here on their way either to or from the Valley. It is an

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ideal spot where tired mind and tired body are rejuvenated and forms a center from which divers pleasure-excursions may be made as well.

But delightful as it is to linger here, the call of the Yosemite cannot be resisted, so, with eager anticipations, we leave on the morning stage.

The scenery along the way is a duplication of that through which we have passed in the railroad part of our journey except that the farther we penetrate into the canyon the grander and more rugged it becomes. The floor of the Valley, which at El Portal is 2000 feet, rises to 4000 feet and the size of the boulders in

and along the river-bed, as well as the mountain-peaks and domes, correspondingly increase in dimensions.

Exclamations from first one and then another of our party cause us to attempt the impossible in trying to see in all directions at one and the same time. But whether it is the landscape as a whole looming up ahead of, or behind us; the towering heights on this or that side of the river; the granite arch under which we pass; the gigantic masses of stone shattered from the parent walls of the Valley by some process of nature; the magnificent trees, standing out singly and calling for admiration, or marshaled collectively, ascending the mountain slopes; the river itself which is never the same for any perceptible distance; or ferns nestling picturesquely at the foot of a tree or under a ledge of rock; or the sprays of bloom on the opposite side of the road; the prospect is equally alluring.

A fourteen-mile ride brings us to our destination. "The Incomparable Yosemite," as John Muir terms it, is before us. And it does not seem amiss right here to quote from his most interesting book on "The Yosemite," the vivid picture he gives not only of the Valley but its general setting as well.

"The whole range of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, five hundred miles long, is furrowed with canyons 2,000 to 5,000 feet deep, in which once flowed majestic glaciers, and in which now flow and sing the bright rejoicing waters.

"Though of such stupendous depth, these canyons are not gloomy gorges, savage and inaccessible. With rough passages here and there they are flowery pathways conducting to the snowy, icy fountains; mountain streets full of life and light, and presenting throughout all their courses a rich variety of novel and attractive scenery—the most attractive that has yet been discovered in the mountain ranges of the world. In many places, especially in the middle region of the western flank, the main canyons widen into spacious valleys or parks diversified like landscape gardens, with meadows and groves and thickets of blooming bushes, while the lofty walls, infinitely varied in form, are fringed with ferns, flowering plants, shrubs of many species, and tall evergreens and oaks that find footholds on small benches and tables, all enlivened and made glorious with rejoicing streams that come chanting in chorus over the cliffs and through side canyons in falls of every conceivable form, to join the river that flows in tranquil, shining beauty down the middle of each of them.

"The most famous and accessible of these canyon valleys, and also the one that presents their most striking and sublime features on the grandest scale, is the Yosemite, situated in the basin of the Merced River at an elevation of 4,000 feet above the level of the sea. It is about seven miles long, half a mile to a mile wide, and nearly a mile deep in the solid granite flank of the range. The walls are made up of rocks, mountains in size, partly separated from each other by side-canyons, and they are so sheer in front, and so compactly and harmoniously arranged on a level floor, that the Valley, comprehensively seen, looks like an immense hall or temple lighted from above.

"But no temple made with hands can compare with Yosemite. Every rock in its walls seems to glow with life. Some lean back in majestic repose; others, absolutely sheer or nearly so for thousands of feet, advance beyond their companions in thoughtful attitudes, giving welcome to storms and calms alike, seemingly aware, yet heedless, of everything going on about them. Awful in stern, immovable majesty, how softly these rocks are adorned, and how fine and reassuring the company they keep; their feet among beautiful groves and meadows, their brows in the sky, a thousand flowers leaning confidingly against their feet, bathed in floods of water, floods of light, while the snow and waterfalls, the winds and avalanches and clouds shine and sing and wreathe about them as the years go by, and myriads of small winged creatures—birds, bees, butterflies—give glad animation and help to make all the air into music. Down through the middle of the Valley flows the crystal Merced, River of Mercy, peacefully quiet, reflecting lilies and trees and the onlooking rocks; things frail and fleeting and types of endurance meeting here and blending in countless forms, as if into this mountain mansion

Nature had gathered her choicest treasures, to draw her lovers into close and confiding communion with her."*

Even with the aid of this wonderful description, it is difficult to give one an adequate idea of the grandeur and sublimity of the scenery and the feelings inspired by this first view. Dr. Bunnell, to whom the discovery of the Yosemite is attributed, makes this confession: "It has been said that 'it is not easy to describe in words the precise impressions which great objects make upon us.' I cannot describe how completely I realized this truth. None but those who have visited this most wonderful Valley can ever imagine the feeling with which I looked upon the view that there was presented. The grandeur of the scene was but softened by the haze that hung over the Valley—light as gossamer—and by the clouds which partly dimmed the higher cliffs and mountains. This obscurity of vision but increased the awe with which I beheld it, and, as I looked, a peculiar exalted sensation seemed to fill my whole being, and I found my eyes in tears with emotion."

And Col. J. P. Irish expresses himself thus: "The traveler need not be told that he is approaching the gates of grandeur. He feels it. Ahead, through the forest vistas, rise walls of rock, down whose sides streams run babbling and noisy to depths unknown. All are quiet. The funsters have quit funning, and the songsters have ceased singing. There is a tension of expectation, and an exaltation of feeling that are above expression. On spins the coach, and in a moment it reaches Inspiration Point and stops for the first view of the Valley. How many thousands of hearts have felt a new emotion here! Many minds have here felt a sense of separation from the body—as if the sun that shines upon the indescribable scene has etherealized the senses in order that their higher potency might grasp the marvels that are seen. Not a word is spoken. Every visitor is here impressed with the inadequacy of language to describe what he sees."

This utter inability to express what we see and feel holds us spellbound. Not an exclamation is heard. We gaze and gaze enraptured, too overcome with emotion to speak. Ah, how intensified the pleasure, at such a time, to be able to grasp the hand of a thoroughly congenial companion and feel the return pressure indicative of a responsive spirit!

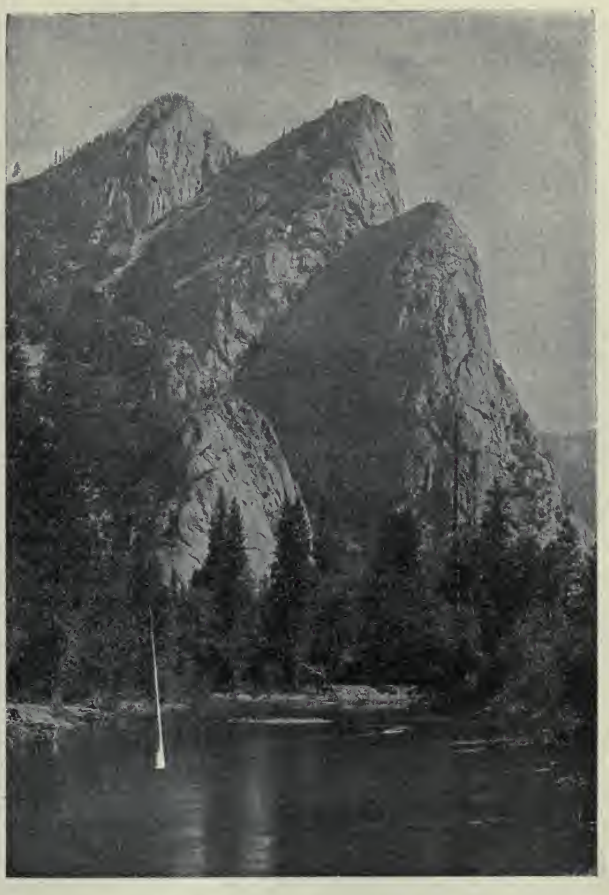
The course of the Valley is somewhat serpentine, but its general direction is east and west, branching at its eastern or upper end so that when seen on a map the prongs or forks have about the same relative position as an outstretched thumb and forefinger, the latter with a decidedly northeastward trend. Entering from the west, the most important features on the south rim are: Bridal Veil Falls; Cathedral Rocks, sometimes called the Three Graces; Cathedral Spires; Sentinel Rock; Union Point; Glacier Point; a little southwest of which is Sentinel Dome; then back to the rim and following along the south side of Nevada Canyon, which embraces the southern branch or fork of the Valley, we come to Illilouette Falls and Panorama Point; continuing on up this canyon almost to the Little Yosemite, we cross the main stream of the Merced River, and tracing its downward course, pass Liberty Cap, Nevada Falls, Vernal Falls and Happy Isles; thence along the south rim of the northern branch or fork, known as Tenaya Canyon, to Half Dome and Clouds' Rest; while these attractions are balanced on the north rim, to our left as we enter, by Ribbon Falls; El Capitan; the Three Brothers, the highest of which is called Eagle Peak; Yosemite Falls; Yosemite Point; North Dome; Royal Arches; Washington Column; Basket Dome and Mount Watkins; with Mirror Lake in Tenaya Canyon between Half Dome and Washington Column.

Of course these details are not all grasped at one time, but it may lead to a clearer conception of the Valley if this general survey is kept in miud.

On goes the stage, passing the grand old guards at the gateway—El Capital on our left and Cathedral Rocks on our right—and other features jutting into prominence from time to time as we follow the winding road, the river all the while keeping us company, though traveling in the opposite direction.

Camp Ahwahnee looks inviting, with

* *The Yosemite*, by John Muir; Houghton, Mifflin Co.



THREE BROTHERS, YOSEMITE VALLEY

sunshine and shadow playing hide-and-seek on its tents underneath the lofty trees, but we are bound for Camp Curry, and on we go through the Village of Yosemite, noticing the numerous studios, and stopping at the Sentinel Hotel for mail, which we have been informed is awaiting us there; then, another mile and we have completed the most fascinating stage ride we have ever taken. A new experience here awaits us. Upon registering we are shown not to a room, but to a tent, for this is a veritable "tent city," laid out with streets and avenues. We are particularly fortunate in our location, as we are on a little eminence called "Knob Hill," and not so near to neighbors on either side as are some. We are also blessed with a great big back yard, and the flaps at both ends of tent can be raised.

A slight rainfall the night before made the air deliciously cool and pleasant in the earlier part of our drive, and though

the sprinkling wagon did good service, the sun came out so hot and bright we now realize we are uncomfortably warm and dusty, and therefore glad of an opportunity to "clean up a little" before lunch.

And what a bright, happy, cheery lot of people assemble in the dining-room, not only at this first meal, but at every one of which it is our privilege to partake while here. Mrs. Curry is the reigning spirit. She oversees everything, welcomes the guests, introducing them one to another and establishes a feeling of kindliness and good-fellowship. Her helpers are mostly young men and women who attend Stanford, or some other university, and take this method of seeing the wonders of the Yosemite and paying their way as they go. Some one who was once there complained that he did not like Camp Curry, for you could never tell a servant from a guest. "I thank whatever gods there be" that the world is not made up of such snobbish persons.

To my mind the training these young people get in the dining-room is worth far more to them and to the world than many years of book-studying. It seems to me that *service* is our only excuse for *being*. What *right* have we to *exist* if we are of no real *use* in the world? Why cumber we the ground? Remember the parable of the fig tree which bore nothing but leaves, and imagine, if you can, how great would be the destruction if a like fate were meted out to all the utterly useless on the face of the earth. And by *useless* I mean not simply the "idle rich" and "idle poor," but also the people who seem to be busy, yet whose time is occupied with trifles, and who do nothing to further the world's work; those who bring forth no fruit—nothing but leaves.

Again, in the conversation following the woman's request to Jesus that one of her sons have a place on his right and the other on his left in his kingdom, what were his words? "Whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister; and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant: even as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." Too many have paraphrased this last statement and express in every thought and word and deed: "I came not to minister, but to be ministered unto."

And so important did this greatest of teachers deem the lesson of service, and so crying was the need for it, then as now, that he emphasized it in one of his very last acts by washing his disciples' feet.

So, without underrating the value of an academic education or the inspiration that the grandeur of this scenery will be to them all through their lives, I repeat that, to my mind, the training these young people are thus acquiring in the *art of doing some useful thing for somebody* will add more to the sum total of human happiness and human helpfulness than could be gained in any other way, no matter what their sphere in life may be.

It is not, however, for the purpose of gathering material for a homily on *service* that we have come to the Valley, and after a little rest we start out for a nearer view of the great Yosemite Falls. There is a little heat and a little dust, but what do we care for either? We are so elated at being here our souls are soaring in the Empyrean and ordinary physical discomforts make little impression upon us. We stop now and again to look at the reflections in the river, here so smooth and tranquil, and marvel at the gigantic fragments of granite scattered so profusely everywhere, while the scenery ahead of us, behind us, to the right and to the left of us is all so wonderful, wonderful. Crossing the bridge that spans the river near the Sentinel Hotel, we follow a footpath through a meadow spangled with wild flowers of different varieties, and on through a fringe of trees, the roar of the water becoming louder and louder as we proceed, until the Lower Yosemite Fall is in full view. Again we pause transfixed, our minds vainly striving to grasp all that we perceive.

Before us is an almost perpendicular wall of rock about 400 feet high, over the face of which a comparatively small stream pours its water in a torrent of comets or rockets, and these, breaking up and commingling, are dashed into infinitesimal bits of spray upon the rocks beneath. Between us and the foot of the falls, and as far down stream as we can see, are boulders, and boulders, and

boulders, piled up or scattered in wild confusion. Although of different shapes and sizes most of them have seen much wear, as they are rounded and smooth, but the largest masses of stone, chiefly along the margins, are still rough and jagged. To our left and nearly at right-angles to the wall in front is another, higher perhaps, and whose face is more scarred, showing that great slabs of rock have in some manner become detached and fallen. Both of these slope irregularly toward the corner where they meet, and on these rugged inclines patches of verdure are seen, while a few trees or shrubs are found here and there on the face of the cliff, wherever they have been able to secure a footing.

This is the scene upon which we gaze, while the roar of the falls and the rush of the waters over the boulders add their charm to the situation. But how inadequately do these facts explain the sensations that overpower us! An explanation, however, is unnecessary—we yield ourselves willing captives to the fascination that enthralls us. Nearer and nearer to the falls are we drawn until within range of the spray, then finding a comfortable resting place among the rocks, we allow the spirit of the place to have full sway.

The lure of it all accompanies us back to camp—in fact, is with us still. For, though the realization of our oneness with the other great manifestations of Nature may not be so vivid, the exaltation that takes possession of one at such a moment never wholly departs. No matter what sorrows and temptations seemingly overwhelm, the soul sings cheerily on and will not permit us to be submerged, but bears us aloft in triumph through it all. Thus it is with the reading of a great book, the hearing of a masterpiece by a great musician, the seeing of a great play, or any other uplifting influence that stirs the emotions to the very depths.

After dinner we gather around the great camp fire and for the first time hear Mr. Curry's "Have you all done your booking for El Portal and Wawona?" delivered with a sort of rythmical intonation peculiarly his own, followed by his recital of how he thinks the Yosemite was formed; music, both vocal and instrumental, by some of the guests, with recitations, readings, etc., by others, and we again rejoice that we have come to Camp Curry,

"Where the fire falls
And the stentor calls."

The fire-fall is a unique pyrotechnical display which, perhaps, could not be duplicated at any other point in the Valley. This camp is located at the base of a sheer wall of rock which rises abruptly 3240 feet to the eminence known as Glacier Point. The owner is fond of alluding to the wall as "Curry's backyard fence," and on a slab at its top, not far from Overhanging Rock, an immense bonfire is built. When pretty well burned down, the glowing embers and bits of wood are shoved over the edge and fall 1000 feet before their descent is interrupted by a slight projecting ledge. Those fortunate enough to witness the scene are always glad of an opportunity to remunerate the plucky chap at Glacier Point who thus contributes to their pleasure.

Though there is telephone communication between Camp Curry and Glacier Point Hotel, it is not always brought into requisition, as Mr. Curry's voice can be distinctly heard by the fire-builder on the Point. On account of the carrying quality of his voice he has been called "The Stentor of Yosemite," after the Trojan hero who, it is said, had a voice equal to that of fifty men, and could command ten thousand troops in the din of battle.

At dinner, when asked whether we would like to have lunch put up for the morrow, our reply was to the effect that it would not be necessary, as we expected to remain on the floor of the Valley and would be back to camp by noon. Morning dawns bright and clear, and as "Happy Isles" sounds interesting and quite in keeping with our mood, thither we betake ourselves. Our verdict is that they have not been misnamed, but, after exploring them pretty thoroughly and enjoying the cascades in the river both before and after it is divided in its course by the islands, we decide to gain a better view of Vernal Falls, and pause not until we come to Lady Franklin Rock. Content here only a

short time, we clamber to some of the larger rocks in mid-stream, where we can get full benefit of the angry swirl of waters as they come tearing down after the rebound from their fall.

Vernal is, perhaps, the most popular of all the falls in the Valley, possibly because of its accessibility, as a most beautiful and thrilling view can here be obtained without very much exertion. Then, too, the rapids add much to the scene, and while the volume of water is greater than in some, the distance is descends is not so stupendous. Puny man is not so over-awed, and therefore appreciates it the more. Most people, however, are possessed with a desire to get nearer and see how it looks when it takes its plunge. So, forgetting all about lunch, we make the ascent and are more than repaid for our trouble. What care we if we are drenched and bedrabbled and the stones over which we pick our way made slippery by the spray which continually plays over the beautiful green slope that gives the name to the falls? The attractiveness of the rainbows observable in the spray and the difference in their form, size and brilliance as seen at different points retard our upward progress more than the difficulty of the ascent, but the top is finally gained and we stand at right-angles to the falls, leaning over the iron railing to watch the waters start on their downward journey.

In his beautiful book, *Romantic America*, Mr. Robert Haven Schauffler states that he never reads a description of any object of interest until after he has himself seen it, because those who do have a preconceived notion of how it must appeal to them. The expected results naturally follow, and they but add their testimony to what has already been said. It is far from my purpose to ignore the truth contained in his statement, for we are learning more and more every day what an important factor suggestion is, but he seems to have entirely overlooked the other side of the question, namely: that persons of like intellect and temperament will see things in the same way, and if they write about them their descriptions must of necessity be very similar.

In trying to tell one of our party, who was unable to make the climb that day, how it appeared to me, I said that as the torrent poured over the ledge it was broken into myriads of drops which glittered in the sun like millions of diamonds. That afternoon when we returned to camp we were both surprised upon consulting a guide book, neither of us had before seen, to find that Vernal was sometimes called the "Cataract of Diamonds." I relate this merely as an illustration of the fact that because people say the same about anything it does not necessarily follow that they are in any way influenced by others. The suggestion is in the object itself and not in what has been said of it by some one else.

Early the next morning we are off to Mirror Lake before the winds arise to make a disturbance and interfere with the smoothness of its surface. We find ourselves there before we realize it, and I must confess very much surprised at its diminutive size. That, however, does not prevent our thorough enjoyment of the marvels it has to offer. As its name implies, it is a perfect reflector, and where else is there in such small compass so much beautiful scenery to be reflected? Not only do we get a view of different objects, but different views of the same objects as we follow around its margin. See how perfectly that mound-shaped rock in the lake near the other shore is imaged. How distinctly every blade of grass, every weed, shrub and stone along its borders, and even the small branches on the far-away trees come back to us from its depths. And look at that tiny cloud! Did you ever see more delicate shades of pink and green? Now it has disappeared behind the dome of Mount Watkins to appear again on the other side more vividly colored than before. The cloud itself, however, gives no hint of this wondrous charm. There comes a larger one whose reflection is also beautifully colored. Let's sit on these stones awhile and see if they are all that way. For half an hour at least we remain intently watching the pageant—the clouds in the sky fleecy-white, but those in the lake all glorified in guise of richest hues.

Writers and lecturers, as well as other visitors to the Valley, have gone into

SENTINEL ROCK, YOSEMITE VALLEY

ecstacies over the rainbows of Vernal and Bridal Veil Falls; many have told of the wonderful reflective powers of this lake, and the number of sun-rises they have seen on the same morning by coming early and shifting their position from time to time. These are all unusual and worthy of note, but to my mind do not compare in interest and beauty with the panorama vouchsafed to us. It was a kaleidoscope of prismatic splendors, varied by the size and shape of the clouds and the height of the rising sun, the colors becoming brighter and more glistening as the sun ascended, until its disc appeared above the mountain crest, then the display was ended. Whether there is seldom such a procession of clouds floating over the lake at the time it is usually visited or whether the refractive ability of the waters was more pronounced on this particular morning, or whether we happened to stop at just the angle from which it is visible, I do not

know. No one to whom we spoke had ever observed or heard anything about this peculiarity, not even those who had been coming to the Valley ever summer for years.

The day still being young, we decided to have a view of the Valley from Sierra Point. Although its elevation is only about one thousand feet, the trail has had little if any work done on it, and consequently the climb at times is steep and difficult. The sun, too, is beginning to make his beams felt, and we often halt in the shade of a tree or towering rock to rest. It sometimes seems as if Nature repents her mighty throes and upheavels and tries to obliterate all traces of her angry moods by clothing the harsh outlines with richest verdure. What Yosemite would have been without her forests of pine and fir, her flowering shrubs and lesser plants, her ferns, mosses and lichens, it is impossible to imagine. It must have been grand and awe-inspiring, but could it have been so lovable? Wherever we pause on our upward journey the picture we behold is entrancingly beautiful. The floor of the Valley is thatched with dark-green forests interspersed with lighter-colored glacier meadows (the formation of which is so graphically described by Mr. Muir), and in every direction can be seen gigantic masses of granite, magnificently sculptured, the slopes and walls leading up to them covered with majestic trees, all pointing heavenward. When at last the crest is won, another vista is opened to our gaze. Yonder is Nevada Falls, the peculiar outlines of which can best be observed at this distance. The river is then lost, except for an occasional glimpse, to reappear at Vernal Falls, and its further course is marked by flecks of white gleaming through the dark foliage which otherwise obstructs our view. Illilouette Falls also comes in for its share of admiration, though here the view is not so charming as when first we beheld it from the lower part of the "Long Trail" on our jaunt of yesterday. On that trip, too, we had an enchanting view of Vernal and Nevada Falls as we crossed the little bridge which spans the river not far below the former.

In speaking of his visit to Yosemite last summer, just after his return, Mr. Robert Burdette remarked that, "When at Grand Canyon, they tell you you cannot begin to appreciate its grandeur and beauty if you do not go down into its depths and look up, and at Yosemite, it is just the reverse—you can get no idea of its wonders unless you climb up and look down." And it is even so. One of the Valley's chiefest charms is the great variety of views obtainable from the different outlooks.

Another day we visit the home of the few Indians who still spend their summers here each year; the old cemetery where the remains of Mr. Galen Clark and other Yosemite pioneers have been interred; and Camp Lost Arrow, which is under the same management as Sentinel Hotel, and is delightfully ensconced in an oak grove near the foot of Yosemite Falls; then on to the Falls again, this time attaining a position where the upper, as well as lower, is within range of our vision, and soon become absorbed in watching the filmy-looking stream as it makes its long downward journey, and is driven by the winds way out to the left over the face of the cliff, and then regains its perpendicular course. Again the lunch hour is forgotten. Later we are enroute for Happy Isles and push on to get a drink of the delicious spring water at the sign of the old watering trough.

Our longest "hike" is our trip to Glacier Point. Starting on our journey at about seven o'clock in the morning, we soon cover the two miles to Camp Ahwahnee at the foot of the "Short Trail," as we have planned to make the ascent by this route. At the very beginning of our climb we are reminded of the old problem in Ray's Arithmetic about the frog at the bottom of the well that jumped a certain distance, then fell back so far, as constant travel has so worked up the sandy soil that we sink down at least a third of the way at every step. Undaunted, however, we proceed, though not so rapidly as we had hoped. This time we take the precaution to carry lunch, and find it might have been well had we also supplied ourselves with a canteen of water, for we are able to procure a drink at only two points on the journey—one about a mile, perhaps,

from the foot of the trail, and the other near the top. The day is the hottest we have yet experienced, and the time between resting spells grows shorter and shorter as the sun approaches the zenith. A pennant floating above us leads us to believe that we are nearing our goal, so it is quite a shock to come suddenly upon a sign at one of the turns in our path reading, "Half-Way Tree." About this time we are overtaken by a party of three—a man, his wife and little boy—who tell us they were almost discouraged and ready to go back when they saw us ahead and decided to keep on. The flag which we had mistaken for the one at Glacier Point is at Union Point, and here we take a good, long rest. It is well that we do, as for some distance now the trail zigzags upward in the broiling hot sun without a tree to break its force, our path being bordered on one side by a thick growth of chinquapin brush.

We finish our journey, however, in the magnificent forests which crown this summit, and some of the most superb views of the Valley are obtained on this stretch. If I were an artist I should certainly attempt to transfer some of them to canvas. Just as we enter the shade we are fortunate enough to encounter a small party descending the trail who have just filled their canteens at the upper spring, and are kind enough to share the contents with us. Never would any one touch other drink than water if it always tasted as good as this does to us, but we are again ready to slake our thirst by the time the spring is reached. Arriving at the hotel we rest a while on the broad veranda, then hurry out to the rim to view what one authority assures us is "the grandest sight on earth." Here, as in many of the other elevated outlooks, an iron railing has been erected, and leaning over this we look down more than three thousand feet into the Valley below. According to Mr. Derrick Dodd, "the sight is something to stop the beating of a chamois' heart, and cause spiders of ice to crawl down one's spine. From here the entire Valley is spread out at your feet, where hotels are as huts, trees of two hundred feet mere shrubs, men as black spots on the surface of the green, Mirror Lake a bright speck, and an apple orchard of four acres, the trees set twenty feet apart, appears as a checkerboard."

Another writer, Dr. Peck, thus describes it: "The galaxy of glories which here speeds out to our vision—Clouds' Rest, Half Dome, Cap of Liberty, Mt. Lyell, Mt. Starr King, Vernal, Nevada and Yosemite Falls, and the amphitheater of the High Sierras—forms a panorama of splendors and sublimities that, once seen, will remain in the memory forever a scene of exaltation and transcendent glory. But the pinions of thought soaring amid such heights and enchanting visions sink into memories, and the wings of imagination droop languidly in the vain attempt to reproduce any adequate conception of the wondrous views from Glacier Point. You must see it if you can."

The time between this and the early dinner hour is whiled away helping the little boy hunt for large cones that have fallen from the sugar pines near the hotel, and in locating, with the aid of the map on the porch, the far-away peaks of the High Sierras. As soon as the meal is over we are again at the rim to witness the sunset. Though there are no clouds, the afterglow is singularly beautiful. The effect is much the same as when we say "the sun is drawing water," except that the bands, or broad stripes, are alternately a lovely pink and a very delicate greenish blue. To the east the high peaks of the Sierras are lighted up with a rosy hue, which changes to a violet, purple or dark brick-red before the somber shades of night envelope all, and an indescribable stillness reigns supreme.

The night is cold—much colder than on the floor of the Valley—and the sunrise does not come up to our anticipations. Of course the ushering in of a new day is always a noteworthy event, and sermons galore might be preached from this text, but we are such a novelty-loving people that unless the manner of the "King of Day's" coming is very *unusual*, we are just a little disappointed, especially if we crawl out at four o'clock on a chilly morning to witness it.

The air, however, in this region of pines, and at such an altitude, is very

invigorating, and we are eager for breakfast so we can be off. We are going down by the "Long Trail," and so energetic do we feel on the start we are satisfied we can cover the whole eleven miles at a single dash. The scenery, though, precludes this even if we do not feel inclined to rest, for how can anyone enjoy the delights of Nature when going at the mad gait pursued by most Americans?

The trail brings us past the head of Illilouette, Nevada and Vernal Falls, and there are times when the Yosemite on the north side of the Park can also be seen, though not to such good advantage as when we were making the ascent over the "Short Trail." Though I have before referred to Vernal Falls, I cannot refrain from adding here its description as well as that of Nevada Falls, written by Mr. Galen Clark a short time before his death at the age of ninety-six years: *"The Vernal Falls is three hundred and fifty feet high, and is one hundred feet wide at the top during the full flood volume, in the early part of the season. It is formed by the main Merced River. This is one of the most perfect perpendicular water-falls in Yosemite. On the south side, at the top, there is a huge slab of granite rock, which forms a parapet breast high, over which one may look down the face of the fall and the rapids below. From below we get the finest view from Lady Franklin Rock, and this view is the most interesting at a medium stage of water. A foot-trail leads up from Lady Franklin Rock to the top of Vernal Falls. During the hours of sunshine in this locality, when passing through the dense spray near the foot of the fall, a perfect circular rainbow can be seen.

"Above the Vernal Fall is the Emerald Pool, deep and placid, where the rushing river seems to stop for a moment of quiet rest befor making its graceful plunge over the perpendicular cliff on its rapid course past Happy Isles to the vale of beauty below.

"The Nevada Fall is nearly one mile higher up the Merced River than the Vernal Fall, and is six hundred feet high. Near the top of the fall there is a projecting ledge of rock which throws a part of the stream off a little to one side with a peculiar twist which adds considerably to its general effect. Below this the face of the wall is not quite perpendicular, but at a full stage of water this is scarcely noticed, as the great volume of water is forced so far out at the top that the front face of the fall is nearly perpendicular. Later in the summer, when the river is at its lowest stage, the whole stream of water glides down the broad smooth face of the wall in a never-ending series of most exquisite long lace waves, forming the most fascinating object of beauty of its kind to be seen in Yosemite."

Again we are glad to refresh ourselves at the spring near the foot of this trail, and revisit Happy Isles on our way back to the camp. The following morning we make a farewell call on Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Best at their studio in the village of Yosemite, regretting that our finances will not permit us to carry away at least one of the paintings in which he has so faithfully portrayed some portion of this marvelous region.

It would be an untold pleasure to remain several weeks instead of one, to visit the other features of the Valley and become better acquainted with those already seen. Months, even years, would not weary one of such companionship. What a treat it must have been to Mr. Muir to spend fourteen years here, until he was thoroughly familiar with the whole Valley in its ever varying moods. He caught the changing lights and shadows, occasioned by cloud and sun, on every one of the lofty domes, peaks and spires; knew every stream, spring, fall, rapid and cascade; explored every meadow, canyon, nook and cranny; became acquainted with every wild animal, bird and insect; delighted in flower, fern and shrub; loved the trees as only he can who makes them his intimates; studied the geological formation and gave to us the the glacial theory of its formation. What thrilling adventures were his! Day or night, winter or summer, fair weather or foul, he was ever on the alert and always on hand whenever anything happened.

But, it is almost time for the stage and I have not said a word about the lovely

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* *The Yosemite Valley, Its History, Characteristic Features, and Theories Regarding Its Origin*, by Galen Clark.

NEVADA FALLS, YOSEMITE VALLEY

wild flowers in which we took so much pleasure—have not even mentioned the belated azaleas we found blooming near Lady Franklin Rock, though it is the first week in August. In fact, so many things are left unsaid that come crowding to my mind upon which I now have no time to dwell. I cannot leave, however, without giving Mr. Chase's description of the Half Dome: *"What El Capitan is to the western end of the Valley, Half-Dome is to the eastern. And more, for it is, I think, incomparably the most wonderful, striking and impressive feature of the region. In strangeness of shape this hemispherical mountain of solid granite is singular among the world's geological marvels, and its sublime height and firm, soaring outline impose it upon

* *Yosemite Trails*, by J. Smeaton Chase, Houghton Mifflin Company.

the imagination more than would be possible to bulk alone. From every part of the upper half of the Valley, the eye is compelled as if by force of physical attraction to return to this extraordinary mountain, which one can never tire of contemplating. One looks upon it almost as one would gaze at some majestic fragment of statuary; and I sometimes wondered with what beautiful phantoms these cloudy domes, pearly cataracts, amethystine gulfs, and sylvan depths of forest would have been peopled if Yosemite had fallen to ancient Greece. For even the matter-of-fact modern mind, surrounded by forms so unusual and heights so solemn, tends to unwarrantable flights of imagination; and one is apt to find one's self pondering why, as much as how, they were brought into being. The Half-Dome possesses one feature in particualr that I always found remarkable and charming—the strange manner in which it catches and holds the last light of day. Often for a full hour after the Valley has sunk into shadow, this high Alp, overlooking by two thousand feet the intervening heights, receives the western glow, and like a great heliograph, reflects the peaceful messages of the evening over all the quiet Valley."

To the reverberation of Mr. Curry's "Farewell," the stage starts, and we cast a last, lingering look at this majestic peak and the other scenes grown familiar to us during the past week. On reaching El Capitan the driver stops and calls our attention to the lone pine tree, eighty feet in height, which seemingly clings to the face of the bare rock about half way up, and at that altitude looks scarcely larger than a tiny shrub; also to the old man with skull cap on who seems to be traveling westward, and from his flowing robes must be going at a very rapid pace.

As El Capitan is at the entrance to the Valley it is not so much in evidence at all times as is Half-Dome, but Mr. E. M. D. Johnstone says: "In some senses it is the more impressive of the two; the bald, square, continuous front of solid granite mounting up at a single bound over two-thirds of a mile, with no apologies of stepping-stones, as half-way landing-places, marks this great buttress as the only one of its kind in the world." And Mr. Chase, in his *Yosemite Trails* above referred to, gives a very interesting account of a night spent by him on the crest of this stupendous granite promintory.

As the road is down grade all the way, we reach El Portal in much less time than it took to make the trip into the Valley, although our driver made a detour from the regular route to show us the largest pine tree in the region. From Del Portal, where we are privileged to remain a few days, we have several pleasant excursions, one of them being to Foresta. The automobile road is just about completed, and after waiting in vain a couple of days for the new automobiles to arrive, we make the trip in one that has done service as a truck. There are eight in the party, and we have a jolly and exhilarating ride. All are delighted with the spot selected for the Summer Assembly, and profoundly hope we may at least visit, if not own a home of our own, in this ideal location. I will not attempt, however, to depict its beauties, objects and attractions, as this has been done by the Editor in "A Summer Home on Yosemite's Rim."

The most thrilling adventure of our sojourn was our visit to the logging camp of the Yosemite Lumber Company. This is located on a mountain-top opposite Hotel Del Portal, and is reached by an incline railway 7,800 feet in length, the steepest portion being a 77 per cent grade, but to one going up for the first time the track seems in places to be almost perpendicular. The cars used are built like an ordinary flat-car, except that a strong bulk-head is erected at one end. A loaded car (which is let down as an empty is hauled up) weighs from thirty to forty tons, hence the cable operating them must be of extraordinary strength and durability. The one used is an inch and a half in diameter, and composed of six strands of nineteen wires each, with a steel heart half an inch in diameter.

The trees are being felled four or five miles back from the top of the incline, and while waiting for a train to take us out, we have an opportunity to inspect the machinery that operates it. We also gain from this elevation some ex-

cellent views of this portion of the Merced River Canyon. Across from us, on the other rim, is the beautifully rounded mountain-top where Foresta is situated, the buildings, orchards and cultivated fields of the farm near its base contrasting with the native forests that cover its summit. The serpentine course of the automobile road as it climbs higher and higher; other mountain crests to the right and left, the ridges leading up to them jutting out into the Valley, catching the sunlight and throwing back to us beautiful shades of reds and browns, while their shadows emphasize the somberness of the dark green canyons that intervene; the waters of the river gleaming here and there like patches of snow between its darker banks and the impediments that have lashed it into foam; the picturesque location of the hotel, with the stage road leading up to it; and the cottages that form the village of El Portal,—all have their place in the scene.

It is to Mr. Fenwick, the company's manager, that we are indebted for permission to make this trip, and he kindly explains to us the workings of the donkey engines and pulleys in bringing down or hauling up the giant tree-trunks. It is also interesting to watch the hoisting and loading of these massive logs onto the cars where they remain until they reach the milling plant at Merced Falls. Quite a contrast between the present process of logging and the old-time method with oxen and high-wheeled carts. The sensation of making an ascent of a mile and a half in eight minutes is unique, but the most thrilling moment of our novel experience is just as we go over the brow of the hill on our downward journey.

We are delighted on our return to the hotel to find there friends we had met at Camp Curry, who were enroute for their homes. They laugh heartily at our unkept appearance, but such a jaunt as we have had, riding on an engine, and sitting on or leaning over pitchy logs of pine, fir and cedar that have had much of the bark knocked off, does not tend to neatness of apparel, and of course our hair is "flying in every direction."

Reluctantly the next morning we say good-bye to Mr. Cline, his wife and little daughter, who have so hospitably entertained us, but are glad to accompany our other friends and enjoy with them the delightful scenery on the return journey to Merced.

ESCONDIDO

By Margie Louise Boyle

A meadow-lark high poised in yonder tree;
A whiff of orange bloom; blue skies o'erhead;
An orchard dotted here and there; a sea
Of waving grain; a new plowed field—dull red.
Low changing chains of foot-hills, ever new,
With jagged rocks—an ever shifting band—
Now far away, now near, now red, now blue,
A sunset sky just ripe for Turner's hand.
A lilting breeze that woos you out of self,
Into this Lotus-Land past all regrets,
All woes, all pain, and leaves you just an elf
Of happiness, who only joy begets.
Why sigh for Arcady or Spain-land fair,
O, friend, when you have this before you there?

A SUMMER HOME *on* YOSEMITE'S RIM

By the Editor

THE allurements and charms of the Yosemite Valley are well set forth in another article. Be it mine to tell the summer home-seeker of a place of delight I have found within the limits of the Yosemite National Park, where he may own a lot, build a house, cabin or bungalow, or erect a tent, and thus have his own summer residence in the pines and firs, ramble daily over mountain and canyon trails, gather wild flowers in their most glorious haunts, breathe the purest air of God's creation, bathe in the delicious and life-giving sunlight, absorb the healthful odors of pine, fir and balsam, drink the crystal-clear water of mountain springs, fellowship with the most cultured and alert minds of the State, and thus drink in the pure native wine of life that makes the body strong, the mind vigorous, and solves the problem of perpetual youth.

CRANE CREEK FALL

When the Yosemite National Park was created, that act precluded the possi-

bility of any person owning a private home in or near the Valley, unless it was secured from some one who already owned patented land within the boundaries of the reserve. Two years ago a group of California's most representative men and women in the educational and literary world thought it would be an excellent plan, were it possible, to establish a summer camp in or near the Yosemite, where lots could be purchased and homes erected for all time, undisturbed by Government or Forest Reserve plans. After considerable search a place was found close to the rim of Yosemite, two miles by trail, and six by automobile road from El Portal, on the Coulterville road leading into the Valley—the only one by which automobiles are allowed to enter Yosemite—a large slice, indeed, of the very best portion of the Yosemite reserve, chosen as a home by a lover of beautiful trees and one who desired close proximity to Yosemite, with all the advantages of the privacy of private ownership.

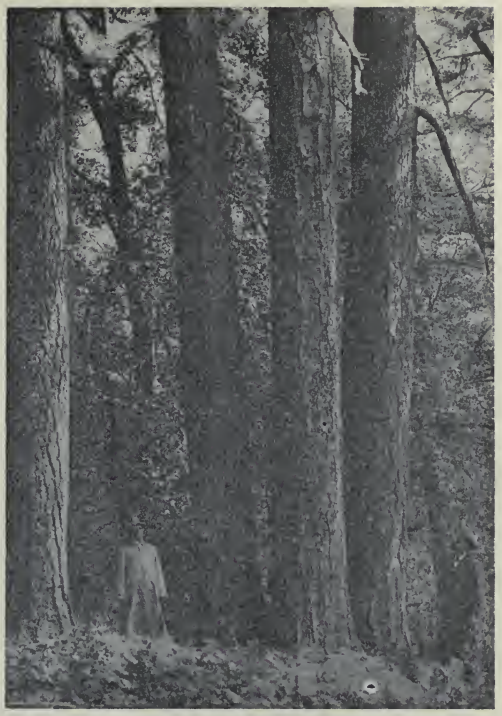
Arrangements were at once perfected for the carrying out of the home plan, and such men and women as President Benj. Ide Wheeler, of the State University, Joaquin Miller, John Muir, Professors Harley Wiley and E. J. Wickson, the head of the State Experimental Stations, Henry Morse Stephens, Jaffa, A. C. Jones, A. Lange, W. D. Armes, artists as Xavier Martinez, literary personages as Jack London, Herman Whitaker, Ninetta Eames Payne and Ida Mansfield Wilson secured lots and entered into the plan for a summer home and a great summer assembly at Foresta—which was the name chosen for the new camp.

While such plans mature slowly, Foresta is now an assured success. Cottages are being erected, and a store, hotel, assembly hall, etc., established. Good roads and trails are now completed, and a water system installed. Here not only the owners of lots and homes may go, but all interested in the Yosemite and what it affords, with the advantage of what Foresta has in addition, are invited to become its guests. Here, wearing one's oldest clothes, one may find perfect relaxation, rest, and recuperation. The hunter, sportsman and fisherman is as welcomed by Nature as is the geologist, botanist and student of the trees. One may boat, canoe, swim or fish, and all the innumerable trails of the Yosemite call for walking and riding on mule, horse or burro. The Big Trees are close by, and if one wishes a touch now and again of the busy traveling world, El Portal is less than half an hour's walk away.

But Foresta's especial claim upon the attention of the refined and intellectual, the quiet, the studious and the cultured is its unique plan for a summer assembly. All the university, literary, artistic and social leaders who have associated themselves with Foresta have done so with the express agreement that they will give of the best of themselves to make the literary and artistic features of Foresta what the unequalled environment suggests and demands. Who can do less than give of his best in such glorious preserves? Inspiration flows out from these majestic trees, massive rocks, towering spires, singing cataracts, jocund cascades, and the flowers and birds give example in the richness and perfection of their coloring and the delicate sweetness of their melodies as to what men should give to their fellows. So wit and wisdom, philosophy and counsel, humor and advice, together with melody and harmony are to flow forth unrestrained and unconfined. But the chief charm of these is that they are to be more informal than formal. Spontaneity and natural expression are expected rather than prepared formal speech. In the words of the Foresta announcement, which I quote unchanged:

"*Informal Talks and Lectures.*—Thoughts shall be expressed by those who have them, and men and women shall hear without compulsion. Scientists, philosophers, poets, and those who have convictions yet untried—men and women to whom the world is listening—shall be invited here for mutual good. The speaker may sit upon a stump or stand beneath a tree and speak the things that are in his heart; the hearer may rest upon the ground, sit upon a log, or walk away into the forest (for in this day and place, from whatever shall weary or cease to interest you, "Flee as a bird to your mountain"). Listeners may even

THE YOSEMITE VALLEY



A LOT IN FORESTA

sit upon chairs, if they will, for in this high place of freedom not even the conventions shall be barred to those who love them.

"*The Nightly 'Council Fire.'*—Wit and wisdom, story and song, poetry and philosophy; but even these things need not trouble the non-participant;—the dreamer shall watch the 'hollow down by the flare;' the whittler shall whittle the unconventionalized splinter from the log, and the smoker shall smoke the 'pipe of peace,' and then—

"*Slumber*, for even those who have not slept, with a wordless lullaby from a million high, green strings—the Harp of the Lord."

If this does not make of Foresta a place to be desired above and over all that the formal and luxurious resorts offer it is because one loves the pleasures of the artificial more than those of Nature in its pure untouched simplicity. Speaking for myself I have purchased more than one lot. As soon as I can find time and the other necessaries, I purpose building a picturesque house of logs, felled and placed by my own hands. Then, when the "call of the wild" sounds with mountain echoes, I purpose stealing away to my Foresta log-cabin, there to commune with all God's great out-of-doors, with my literary, scholastic and artistic friends, with the great of all ages, whose richness of thought and life have found expression in books, and above all, to loaf, and invite my own soul.

WHERE VISITORS STOP IN YOSEMITE VALLEY

By the Editor

FOR many years the Yosemite Valley was under the control of a State Board of Commissioners, but some years ago it was ceded back to the Federal Government, and now it is under the direction of the Secretary of the Interior. The present superintendent is Major Littlebrandt, who brings military exactness to bear upon matters with a view to securing the greatest pleasure, comfort and happiness to the visitors consonant with the preservation of the Valley's natural treasures. Under his direction the roads are cared for and the trails kept in good order, and he is heartily in sympathy with all good endeavors made to enlarge the road system, make new roads, and afford to the traveling public of every grade greater facilities of access.

Naturally the visitor is anxious to know what accommodations are provided for his comfort during his stay in the Valley. In the accompanying article the attractions of Camp Curry are set forth. For years it has been hoped that some one would erect a new and modern hotel commensurate with the growing travel, and capable of offering modern luxuries of every kind as are found in our greater tourist hotels elsewhere. Mr. Frank Miller, of the Glenwood Mission Inn, gained a concession a year or so ago, but as yet the hotel is not built. In the meantime, one of the most experienced hotel men of California, Mr. W. M. Sells, Jr., is making guests as comfortable as is possible in the old Sentinel Hotel. I have been his guest on several occasions and can speak truthfully of the homelikeness and comfort of the hotel and the accompanying bungalows. The table is excellent, and considering that he is handicapped by not having a modern hotel building, Mr. Sells deserves great credit

AMONG THE TREES AT FORESTA

for making his guests as comfortable as he does. For those who prefer the greater freedom of the tent and camp-out life, he has across the Valley, and near to the Yosemite Falls, Camp Lost Arrow, where, under the shade of a grove of magnificent black oaks, one may find delicious rest after his wanderings up and down the Valley or over the trails. Mr. Sells also manages Glacier Point Hotel.

On entering the Valley, almost under the shadow of Sentinel Rock, is Camp Ahwahnee, conducted by Mr. W. M. Sells, who for so many years catered to the desires of the Yosemite traveling public at Ahwahnee Station on the stage line from Raymond. Mr. Sell and his son, W. M., Jr., are both experienced hotel men, having devoted the larger part of their lives to the business, and the thousands of their guests who associate their names with that of the Yosemite is the best criterion of their success.

All the camps are lighted with electric lights, and the nightly camp-fires, where impromptu programs of song, recitation, speech or lecture are carried on, are most interesting events.

There are those, however, who go to the Valley, who prefer to camp out and provide their own board. For these, abundant provision is made, and Mr. Nelson L. Salter, who keeps the store and post-office, is well equipped with tents of every size, cots, beds, mattresses, bedding, cook-stoves, kitchen utensils and all the varied paraphernalia that goes with camp life. Here, for a small sum, one may rent for a week, a month, or the season. The stores afford opportunities for ready purchase; the huntsman and fisherman—*by going outside the confines of the Park*—may hunt to his heart's content, in the season; and thus with the most perfect freedom one may enjoy the delights of Yosemite, drink in its unequaled scenery and its health-giving air and water, and return home full of the new life that makes everything rose-colored and joy-giving.

ROAD THROUGH FORESTA

Where there are so many trails, as there are in the Yosemite Valley region, it necessarily follows that scores of visitors desire to ride. This necessitates a fine livery stable. Yosemite is exceptionally favored in this regard, one firm having had the stables for so many years that its scores of horses are brought up and perfectly accustomed to the trails. They understand them quite as well as the guides, and were they gifted with the power of speech no other guides would be necessary. The charges are very reasonable, the animals and guides perfectly reliable and the service prompt

and obliging. In addition, where parties or individuals wish to go out camping, everything necessary is provided, from tents and bedding to provisions and cooking outfit. There are so many scores of places noted for hunting and fishing within one to five days' ride of the Yosemite that it is one of the noted places of the Sierras from which to start out. I have personally known the management of the stables for fully twenty-five years, and therefore speak with full confidence and knowledge as to the treatment visitors receive.

The Road to California

By F. W. Greenough

In the land of California,
O'er the mountains by the sea,
Good true friends of mine are waiting
And I know they think of me,
For the sun is on the hill-tops
And the ocean breezes say,
"Come you back, you Eastern tourist,
Turn your foot-steps back this way.
Can't you hear those breezes calling,
Come you tourist far away."
To this glorious land of sunshine,
Full of dreams of Spanish days,
It is there my heart is yearning,
Ever there my fancy strays.
Oh that road to California,
Cross the mountains, plain and lea,
Over desert hill and valley,
To that land beside the sea.

When first I saw that country,
I beheld it as a dream,
An expanse of rarest beauty,
All the land was clothed in green.
The orange trees were laden
With a luscious load of gold,
Such a sight for Eastern wanderers.
Surely half has not been told,
Of this sunland o'er the Rockies,
Land of the olive, orange and wine,
Its lemons, palms and fig trees,
And its balmy sunny clime.
Oh that road to California
Made by men in forty-nine;
Oh take me back to California,
For my heart is always thine.

I'm weary spending money,
Buying coal and wood to last
Thru the winter, when the north wind
Greets us with its icy blast;
Buying heavy coats and ulsters,
Caps and mittens by the score,
When the snow and blizzard cometh
Piling snow flakes round my door;
Tho I'm covered o'er with comforts,
And I sleep in feather beds,
I'd rather be in California,
With the blue sky overhead.
Some may talk of joys of winter
In the land of ice and snow,
But for all they get of pleasure
They would leave it all I know
For the glory of the sunshine,
Those fragrant balmy days,
Those trips to beach and mountains,
O'er the glorious broad highways.

Oh take me somewhere o'er the Rockies,
Where the cactus on the plain
Is living out its lifetime
Without a drop of rain;
Where the arid land in sunshine
Stretches league and league away,
Till it ends in greenest valleys;
There the fairest city lays,
With its stately buildings rising
Proud and lofty to the sky,
It's the "City of the Angels,"
It is there I'd live and die.
Yes, that city far to westward
Is the place for you and me;
No other city like it,
In our land from sea to sea.
Oh the road to California,
O'er the mountains and the plain,
I can hear those zephyrs sighing,
"Come you tourist back again."

WAWONA *and* THE MARIPOSA GROVE *of* BIG TREES

INSEPARABLY connected with the Yosemite is the Mariposa and other groves of Big Trees—the *Sequoia Gigantea*—that, every since their discovery, have been one of the marvels of the world. The Merced and Tuolumne Groves are near to Foresta, but the grove most visited ever since the Yosemite became the Mecca of world-wide travel, has been the Mariposa Grove. Regular stages run from the Valley, during the summer season, and the ride is one of the experiences no visitor should ignore. It leads one past the Bridal Veil Falls and up to the rim on the south, and thence through varied

GEN. SHERMAN, GEN. SHERIDAN, GEN. GRANT, MARIPOSA GROVE

and wonderfully rugged and picturesque scenery that charms one every moment until Wawona is reached. This is one of the most famous hotels of the West. Conducted for years by the noted Washburn Brothers, all of them with wonderful records as drivers of the most distinguished of men and parties to the Yosemite for the past forty years. It is a liberal education to be admitted to conversation with one of them if he can be started telling his experiences and associations. The Wawona Hotel used to be the home of Thomas Hill, whose canvases of Yosemite will ever stand as imperishable mementos of his artistic genius. Surrounded on every hand by the incomparable and varied scenery of the High Sierras, located in its own park of beautiful trees, with fertile meadows through which a clear mountain stream constantly flows, one finds this a rare place for rest, or as a stopping-place from which to start on a score or more of delightful trips. The chief of these, of course, is to the Big Trees. Stages run daily. Well do I remember my impatience to see them. After a good dinner at the Wawona Hotel, I could not wait until morning, but taking my own team and a roll of bedding I drove out as the sun began to set. It was dark before I reached the grove, so tying my horses to the nearest trees, I unrolled my blankets and went to sleep on the road. As the first rays of the morning sun began to illumine the sky, I was up, and there, not twenty feet away, was the bole of one of the giants. How eagerly I ran to its side, lay down at its feet and gazed up its straight and soaring shaft to the branches above, to where it lost itself in the blue sky overhead. Then for hours I went from one to another, touching them, caressing them, talking to them, and listening in imagination as they told of their wonderful histories. How old are they? Experts differ. John Muir and David Starr Jordan say many, many thousands of years—indeed, that they are the oldest living objects known. Professor Jepson doubts their excessive age, and yet concedes that they are old enough to surpass any of the works of men that are regarded as ancient. They are found only in the High Sierras of California, and never below an altitude of about 3,500 feet, or above 8,000 feet. The tallest tree known is about 350 feet high, and the largest has a base circumference of over a hundred feet. Even the bark grows to forty inches in thickness. In these Sierran forests, where hundreds of thousands of trees may truthfully be designated kingly, these are indeed superb monarchs of monarchs. They lift their arms and piercing spires to the sun and the sky, and march in dignified, solemn and stately fashion from slope to slope, bench to bench, setting forth as only God's living trees can the supernal glory and majesty, serenity and sublimity of eternal things in mortal form. There is little or nothing to prevent one riding for scores of miles through these groves of trees, and under their widespread arboreal shelter. The openness of the Sierran forests is one of its chief charms, for one may ride or walk to innumerable specimens and, unhampered, study them in every possible aspect. Here are aisles and colonnades, perambulatories and walks around *patios*, or inner courts, sacred to the holiest of Nature's creation. Gardens, meadows, lakes, boulder-strewn masses are all happily hidden and sheltered in these dense forest recesses. Myriads of birds sing their sweetest songs here—the hermit thrush, the lark, the oriole, the mocking-bird and other feathered Tetratzini's—each pouring out the joy of his own soul at the mere delight of living in such paradises of leafy solitude.

John Muir says he never saw a Big Tree that had died a natural death. "Barring accidents, they seem to be immortal, being exempt from all the diseases that afflict and kill other trees. Unless destroyed by man, they live on indefinitely until burned, smashed by lightning, or cast down by storms, or by giving way of the ground on which they stand."

"So exquisitely harmonious and finely balanced are even the very mightiest of these monarchs of the woods in all their proportions and circumstances there never is anything overgrown or monstrous-looking about them. On coming in sight of them for the first time, you are likely to say, 'Oh, see what beautiful, noble-looking trees are towering there

among the firs and pines!' their grandeur being in the mean time in great part invisible, but to the living eye it will be manifested sooner or later, stealing slowly on the senses, like the grandeur of Niagara, or the lofty Yosemite domes. Their great size is hidden from the inexperienced observer as long as they are seen at a distance in one harmonious view. When, however, you approach them and walk round them, you begin to wonder at their colossal size and seek a measuring-rod. These giants bulge considerably at the base, but not more than is required for beauty and safety; and the only reason that this bulging seems in some cases excessive is that only a comparatively small section of the shaft is seen at once in near views. . . When you stand back far enough to see the massive columns from the swelling instep to the lofty summit, dissolving in a dome of verdure, you rejoice in the unrivaled display of combined grandeur and beauty. About a hundred feet or more of the trunk is usually branchless, but its massive simplicity is relieved by the bark furrows, which, instead of making an irregular network, run evenly parallel, like the fluting of an architectural column, and to some extent by tufts of slender sprays that wave lightly in the winds and cast flecks of shade, seeming to have been pinned on here and there for the sake of beauty."

But one should read all that this Wizard of the High Sierras, and equal master of pure and classic English, has written about the Kings of the Sierran forests. Every line is charming, bringing before the mind charming pictures of dainty beauty combined with serene majesty.

But far better than reading about them is to see them, and nowhere is more appropriate than from Wawona. As soon as automobiles are allowed to enter the Yosemite Valley by this old and famous road, I prophesy that Wawona will not only regain its old-time popularity, but, if its management keeps pace with its old standard under the new conditions, it will soon be doing a business that will far transcend its former greatness.

To the Merced River

By Mildred Bland

What is thy word, O child of the sea,
To the pilgrim who longs to wander with thee?
O linger a moment to take me along,
That I too may learn thy rapturous song!

And the river called chidingly sweet unto me,
"Come, lone one, and follow my way to the sea;
For life is not rest, but it flows swift and strong,
So follow me now, and learn my sweet song."

I love—how I love thee! O child of the sea,
So wild, and so witching; so loving, and free!
But what is thy secret, dear mystical stream,
That ever, for ever, thou mov'st in a dream?

In some unborn hour, dear child of the sea,
Some fair day to come, I'll follow with thee.
A year and a day I wait by the shore,
And then I shall follow thee forever more.

Photograph by Fred W. Twogood, Riverside.

ARCHED CORRIDORS AT SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO.

In a Mission Garden

By Olive G. Owen

Softly as sweet, sweet Dreams go down the Night,
The silv'ry bells recite the Angelus.
With heads bow'd low we listen to their chime;
Our Souls adrift in realms of the Sublime.

All Space and Time and Tide forgotten are;
Pale wraiths of Days long Past are hov'ring low;
Strange shadow-shapes crowd close; strange tongues we hear;
But Peace, and Faith, and—God! seem strangely near.

* * * *

The bells have ceased! Their music dies away
Into the Nothingness from whence it came;
And we, with voices hush'd and quiet mien,
Step softly o'er the tiling,—still adream!

A CALIFORNIA CONSERVATIONIST

By Harriet Williams Myers

THE man who proudly boasted that he had shot every woodpecker in sight, and who felt that by this act he was benefiting mankind by ridding the forests of a pest, was, in his ignorance, striking a blow at the forest itself and doing man a great injury.

Saving the red-breasted sapsucker, all the woodpeckers found in California are conservationists, and as such should be

Mr. WOODPECKER TAKING FOOD TO HIS BABIES

given protection at all times. Even this sap-sucker whom the Biological Survey tells us "injures trees by tapping holes in the bark and by stripping it off in patches, for which reason this sap-sucker may be considered more harmful than beneficial," is a winter visitant, only, in the vicinity of Los Angeles, and so rare at that, that I believe the harm he might do is more than off-set by his gorgeous plumage. Only once have I seen one of these birds, and then his brilliant red head and breast against the gray tree-trunk made him so beautiful that I felt that I should be willing to have him girdle a tree or two in my own yard if only I might have him about.

The little Gairdner, which is the Western representative of the Downy woodpecker of the East, and one of our smallest woodpeckers, is one of our best conservators. From early morning till dark, seven days in the week, they are searching out and destroying harmful insects which infest trees.

One June I visited Sycamore Grove, Los Angeles, for the purpose of watching and perhaps photographing, a pair of Gairdner woodpeckers who had selected a sycamore tree for their nesting site. The tree was one of the most grotesquely shaped ones which grow in the park named for them. A branch more than a foot in diameter grew at right angles to the tree, about ten feet from the ground. When it had grown straight out for six or seven feet it turned and grew downward, ending in a rounded stump about five feet from the ground. In this decayed stump, scarcely more than six feet from the ground, the birds with their strong bills had hollowed out a nest. The opening, scarcely two inches across, was placed at the top of the excavation and was an almost perfect circle.

The queer thing about the birds selecting this particular limb for a nest was that its horizontal part supported a swing which was in almost daily, and often hourly, use because of the popularity of this park for picnic parties.

At the time I first visited the birds there were young in the nest which the old ones were industriously feeding. They seemed not to mind my watching them, so, seated on a near-by bench, I noted their comings and goings.

The ropes to the swing seemed to be a favorite resting place for the birds as they came to the nest with food. Nearly always they rested on it, sometimes climbing up it for a foot or more, then hopping across the short intervening space to the branch and disappearing into its interior. Often the male rested a moment below the hole, his head bobbing from side to side; the female nearly always went right in without any preliminaries.

As the season advanced there were picnic parties almost daily at the park and all too often for the birds' convenience, they chose the tables nearest the nest-tree for their lunches. Old and young swung in the swing and while it was occupied the birds would not come to the tree. From near-by branches, their bills full of food, they gave their shrill alarm note, but feed the young they would not. It was rather surprising to see that they came to the tree even when a large number were watching them, if only watchers stood back a little way. They were really very friendly little fellows. Some one in every picnic party always found the hole and many were the youthful fingers that were stuck down it in an attempt to feel the young. It was most fortunate for the latter that they were safe down in their hollow. No one could touch them. The hoarse, purring noise that came from the tree told that there were several youngsters, but just how many we could not tell.

Sometimes, as they grew older, and an inquisitive finger was poked into the hole, it was seized by a strong bill, not in an angry way but rather a hungry way.

For the fourteen days that the young were in the nest after I found them, I made almost daily visits to their tree. On one of these occasions when a particularly large Sunday-school picnic was there, some of the children wished to feed the nestlings. Though I told them that the young birds could not feed themselves, nor would the old birds feed it to them, two of the girls dropped crumbs, and one, a good-sized piece of bread, in at the hole while the old birds were away. Soon the male came with food and disappeared into the tree. Shortly afterwards his head appeared in

the opening and in his bill he bore the piece of bread which the children had dropped in in an effort to lighten his task of feeding the growing babies. Though their intentions were of the best quite evidently they were not appreciated by Mr. Woodpecker. He was quite able to find juicy worms for his offspring, would they but go away and leave him in peace.

Because there were so many people about the nest tree so much of the time that I feared the young would not get the food they needed, and that in some way harm would come to them, I asked the superintendent to take the swing down until the birds had left the nest. This he gladly did, for he, with all of the other gardeners, as well as a number of Mexican workmen, had watched the progress of these interesting birds and knew how much they were disturbed. He must, too, have realized how much the woodpeckers were doing to rid the park of noxious insects and have felt that the more of these birds he could have nesting there the better.

At first the woodpeckers minded my camera, which was placed about six feet from their nest, but they soon became reconciled to it, and even went in and out while I stood beside it. The female was always more shy than her mate, but even she became accustomed to it and my best photograph was obtained of her.

When I had watched at the nest for about ten days, one of the young birds began to bob up in the nest so that we could catch glimpses of him. A few days later he was plainly visible as he peeked out. He looked like his parents with the exception that a red patch adorned the top of his head. The day before he left the nest he boldly stuck his head out of the hole and begged for food. I shall always regret that I missed being present at the time the young left the nest. To have seen the fluffy birds making their debut from their dark hole into an unknown world full of sunlight and leaves, would, indeed, have been a treat. I have noticed that young birds, instead of staying about the nest-tree, as one would naturally expect, usually wander away and are not seen again in their home tree. The little Gairdners proved no exception to this rule, for although I visited the park several times soon after they left, they were nowhere in sight.

A student of bird life often sees exhibitions of gallantry among the feathered folk which are quite human. Many acts of this kind I have observed. In the case of the little woodpeckers, twice I saw the male come to the tree with food for the young and before he had a chance to go into the hole the female lighted beside him with her bill full. Though the male was just about to go into the hole, he politely hopped away from the opening and to one side, waited until madam went in with her load, fed, and came out again. It was a pretty act and one not always done in a like circumstance by all birds. I have seen species that seemed to vie with each other in reaching the nest first, the male having none of this politeness which was manifested in the Gairdner woodpecker.

The old limb of the sycamore, succumbing to disease, has been taken down and the small woodpeckers have had to go elsewhere for their nesting-site. For the sake of the many trees in the park that still need their care, let us hope that these industrious and beneficial little birds will find a location near at hand; and let us hope, also, that wherever they go they will be welcome.

REST TIME

By Ralph Bacon

When the tired day has followed
Down the west the setting sun,
And in the sky that He has hollowed
God hangs his stars out, one by one.
The shadows, doubting lead their release,
Creep from their lairs beneath the walls,
And on the earth there comes a peace
That like a benediction falls.

SIGNIFICANCE of ART

By Ross Stoddard Harding

MOUNTAINS, rivers, forests, meadows and lakes are the scenery of the country, but the scenery of a city is its architecture. It may be contended that the scenery of a city is its parks, but parks are not in their nature strictly urban. They are spaces of the country left remaining or introduced into the city. They communicate a wholesome, restful and refreshing influence. But when we leave the parks and enter those surroundings without which there would be no city at all, what then is the scenery? Surely the architecture. Is it not apparent, then, that as far as possible and consistent with convenience, we should make the architecture of even our ordinary streets picturesque. This may be done by giving new attention and a new treatment to the roof-line of our regular store and office buildings, apartment-houses, etc., so that in a row of buildings ranging from three to six stories in height, the tops of these buildings, as seen from the street, will not, owing to their flatness, present the aspect of an irregular flight of steps, but, by giving a triangular or gable treatment to the tops of them, from the street the several roof-lines will, taken collectively, be such as to constitute a more harmonious outline. Compare the effect of a street such as the market in an American city frequently is—consisting of a row of old second-hand stores and tenement houses, built with the conventional flat-roof tops—with that of a row of similarly old and neglected buildings in a European city, where the tops of the buildings are given some form of a gable treatment.

As to this gable design, it may be either Gothic or some type of Renaissance. In the case of a large building with a long street frontage, a mansard roof, with ornate dormer windows, such as is now very prevalent on high-class hotels in cities of the Eastern United States, would be correspondingly advantageous.

If Los Angeles would apply these various types of gable and mansard treatments extensively to its down-town business buildings, it would become the first city in America to exhibit such originality and taste. Let us not be followers in a field where we still have an opportunity to be leaders.

As to public architecture, it is a common occurrence that the first buildings erected for civic uses are so lacking in enduring character that they do not measure up to the standards of the generation following the one that erected them, and, indeed, sometimes not even to those of the time when they were built. We need a greater civic consciousness! Judging from the 1910 census, Los Angeles is about half as large as Boston, and more than half as large as Baltimore, and, in all probability, by 1920 it will be larger than either. Is it not time for it to take active steps towards having as good art in our public buildings as they? If so we must not forget that Boston's Public Library is adorned with the mural paintings of Edwin Abbey, and that the walls of Baltimore's new Court-House have been beautified by the brush of Blashfield. If we must not aspire to these things yet, why is it? Is it because our citizens have less refined tastes? Or is it because the city of Los Angeles has not as great financial resources as either of these cities? We do not insist that such art should be obtained for our public buildings immediately, but we do say that when any new structures are designed, a place for such art should be properly included in the plan so that the paintings may be executed whenever convenient, and thus be gratifying to future generations.

Standing upon the threshold of an age not only replete with opportunity but laden with responsibility, it is vitally necessary that we make an introspective analysis of our present status and, with qualitative rather than quantitative considerations, contemplate our destiny. If there is anything which we prevailingly think we should most be proud of, it is that element in all of our institutions which we call *modernity*, in opposition to *antiquity*. A recent writer reveals the essential difference between modernity and antiquity, which is that whereas the prevailing characteristics of the ancients were comparative simplicity, directness and naturalness of institutions and genuineness of material productions, among us both our institutions and our material arts, our manufactures and our architecture are to a great extent pervaded by artificiality, substitution and sham. We have substitutions for butter and adulterations of maple-sugar and salt, and even the cream for our coffee, let alone the coffee itself. We have substitutes for leather and wood, made out of paper, and when we come to the more permanent material productions of civilization, exhibited in our architecture, the evil is no less evident. Artificial stone is substituted for real stone, and sometimes even a plastered creation is spoken of as a stone building.

Ferro says: "The quantity of machine-made objects is prodigious, but, as an off-set, quality fails," and in its place is "the wholesale vulgarity of the modern machine-made objects destined for popular use." He says further: "Cities quite new, especially those coming up during the last century in America, appear to an artist's eye oftenest like an antechamber of the Inferno. Architecture is become the mother of monstrosities. The dominant principle in ancient civilization was quality; in modern, quantity."

Another condition which cannot be overlooked is the preponderating position of commercial individualism, accompanied by an extravagant confidence in big statistics. Great annual building-permits, showing aggregate of costs, do not necessarily indicate very much to be proud of, unless the quality of material used, and taste shown in the designs, are taken into consideration.

We fully believe that, as a reaction against this mad materialism and superficiality, a new movement will make its appearance, the participants in which will not be ashamed to be familiar with the evolution of civilization or to feel a human interest in the joys and sorrows, the hopes and disappointments of their predecessors upon the centuries-long path of human strife and achievement.

We believe that Los Angeles, with its mild yet stimulating climate, and its intimate communication with all parts of the world through the completion of the Panama Canal, and the fervid tension of industry which will make its appearance here and which should seek and find alleviation in the more uplifting pursuits of humanity, is as ideal a place as can be found for the centralization and radiation of such a movement. But to make it possible, our feelings must be influenced by the environments which we create, and the environments are to be found in the nobler refinements both of art and of thought.

FINDING A WAY

By Jeanne L'Strange

IT is useless, we might as well give up all thoughts of marriage. You know daddy will never consent to any son-in-law who is not as deeply interested in the ancient history of America, particularly this part of it, as he is. He wants some one capable of helping him in his researches, and you simply will not try to do anything or even pay attention when he talks." The speaker was a pretty, dark-eyed girl whose clear olive skin showed a trace of Spanish blood. She was standing near a large mesquite tree, which kept her from being visible from the small house not far away.

"Well, but Gene, dear, do listen to reason and consider for a moment," exclaimed her companion. "I can make you a better living as an S. P. telegraph operator than I could grubbing around those old mud hills, hunting for relics and remains of a people who never lived there. Even if we found anything, what good would it do? We could not eat it or wear it."

"Fame," interrupted Gene.

"Yes, fame," he exclaimed disgustedly. "Which would also leave a vacancy in our interior."

"Perhaps you are right, Al," she answered slowly, "but you could never make daddy see it. One thing is sure," warming with her subject, "I won't marry that old mully-grub in the green goggles, who is always poking around with daddy. If I can't marry the man I want, at least I won't marry the man I don't want."

"Well I should say not," in a deep, horrified tone from the young man.

"Do you know," continued the girl, "I sometimes think daddy has studied and brooded over his hobby until it has almost turned his head, and that Captain Jim only makes matters worse. I wish it were you so interested in it all, instead of him."

"Glorious philosophy," responded Al, "and just like a woman. You say you are afraid your father's brain is addled, that Captain Jim, egging him on, only makes matters worse, and then you wish I would turn in and see how much harm I could do. I tell you, Gene, he is selfish—," but he got no further.

"Don't you dare say a word against my daddy," she exclaimed. "You know he was always good to me, long before I even knew you. We were very happy then until he became so absorbed in this subject. When he heard of the Los Angeles King-tablets from Teotihuacan, that are now on exhibition, he believed more than ever that his idea was right, so he wanted to come to this part of the country and find the traces of these people for himself. You know he has always contended, and wants to prove to the world, that America was at least one of the oldest inhabited countries in the world, and that the early people here were in communication by some means with the Egyptians. He has some grounds for his belief that the Toltecs, of early Mexican history, were of the same race as those who left the old map, taken from the temple at Dendera. A study of the Druids and their early literature has also encouraged this belief."

"Well, but Gene—"

She ignored his interruption and continued. "You know America was designated on that old map by the Iguan-Odon, or tooth-lizard."

"Heaven deliver us," exclaimed the young man. "You are as full of crocodiles, tooth-lizards, bulls and hawks as those old books your father is always devouring. Where, when and what, please tell me, was or is Dendera?"

"Well, as to my being 'full of' the animals referred to," answered the girl,

"I could scarcely do all daddy's secretarial work and not absorb some of it, for really it is very interesting. For your enlightenment I will tell you Dendera is an ancient, ruined city in upper Egypt, near the Nile; and, also, I am going to tell you for the last time, if you are not smart enough to find a way, by stratagem, if nothing else, to win daddy over, you don't really love me and are not sufficiently intelligent for a husband of mine."

"Well, I'll try," said Al.

"You know," the girl went on, "that unless something favorable happens we will leave here in a few weeks. If, in the meantime, you can succeed, come back; otherwise, don't ever ask me to meet you by this dear old mesquite again, or tell me that you love me. Now I am going to get daddy's lunch, goodbye," and she turned to leave him.

"Well, this is certainly Malaguetta peppers," he said, as if to himself.

She stopped and asked, "What did you say?" He repeated his remark. "Well, what on earth is that?" was her next query.

With a low bow of mock ceremony he answered, "For your enlightenment I will tell you it means Grains of Paradise, or, in other words, consolation. You see I am some smart myself."

"You absurd thing," laughed the girl. "Where did you get that?"

"From the encyclopedia," was his answer, "so I know it is correct," with another bow.

With the exclamation, "Gee, there's daddy," the girl left him and ran to meet her father and his friend.

They conversed almost entirely on the one subject. It was plainly to be seen that the old man's mind was warped, and that his companion, for reasons best known to himself, simply agreed with the old scientist in all things.

They had been through other parts of California, Arizona, New Mexico, and Mexico, where they had inspected the pyramids and old temples, which had only fired the old man's ambition to discover something new. As he knew the Toltecs had come from the North, he was in hope of finding earlier relics than have been found in Mexico or Central America, so had journeyed on up into the south-eastern part of California to examine along the row of small mountains, or mud hills, that surround what used to be Salton Sink—now Salton Sea. It was, up to a few years ago, a great depression in the desert, varying from sea-level, around the highest point, to sixty or seventy-five feet below sea-level. The sea had, at an ancient period, run in there through the Gulf of California, but volcanic action had thrown up a mountain which cut it off. This left the water to evaporate and leave great salt deposits, which were worked, until a great irrigation canal, taken out of the Colorado River, broke from its dam and covered all this land.

It was along the hills the old man was searching in hope that the volcano, which shut out the sea, might also have unearthed evidence of the prehistoric race known as Toltecs.

They were stopping at a little town, a green spot in the desert, called Indio, on the Southern Pacific Railroad, and but a few miles from the banks of the Salton Sea. The town is surrounded on the three sides by mud hills, devoid of vegetation, but which contain, as in mockery to the thirsty traveler, cool sparkling springs, so nice to look at, but so strong with alkali that even the mountain-canary—sometimes also called burro—will not drink it. The town and "ranches," of from one-fourth to one whole acre, are watered by the finest artesian water in the world. Here small gardens are raised even in the winter time.

Scattered over the desert are many mesquite trees, beautiful in spring-time, when they are full of fragrant blossoms of bluish white, in clusters, and very like the locust. These trees are another of Nature's delusions, for the traveler, seeing them in the distance, naturally thinks of grateful shade and rest from the burning sun and its reflection on the snow-like sand. But, though the tree and its spreading branches may have a diameter of thirty feet or more, there is no shade. It grows up a thick trunk for four feet, then sends out long branches, which fall to the earth, rise again for a few feet and drop again; so there is no chance to get beneath the thick drooping branches, even by crawling, for thorns

from one to three inches in length protrude from every available place.

There was one of them a short distance from the house occupied by the aged scientist and his daughter, and here she was in the habit of meeting her lover.

Later in the evening the young telegraph operator came to the little house. It was a hot night, and the group of three were sitting outside to catch the breeze. In spite of this, and a cool reception from the old gentleman and his friend, whom Gene had termed "old mully-grub," Al advanced and abruptly asked his host if he would be kind enough to go inside and show and explain to him some of the mysteries of the ancient Druids.

This struck a tender spot in the old man's heart. Gene looked in amazement, and wondered what would happen next. Going inside the scientist took down one book after another, showing how our present alphabet was formed, and later the putting of the letters together to form words.

Meekly the young man listened and looked, and never once gave any appearance of being bored. He asked to be shown the wonderful Dendera map, and marveled much at the idea of animals jumbled together, each in its proper geographical position, to represent different countries. It was evident he was trying to learn all he could.

When he had gone the scientist remarked that he had some hope that Al might amount to something yet.

Next evening the humble student was back, thirsty for more knowledge. Gene informed him "sotto voce" that he could not win out simply by appearing interested; that he would have to get busy and *do* something.

Without making any mention of love affairs, the young man came every evening for a week, and diligently pored over the ancient lore with a patience unheard of. On Saturday evening he did not find the old man and his friend at home, so he asked Gene to get him the book with the wonderful animal map. He proceeded laboriously to copy certain parts of it, for he was a very indifferent artist. When finished he had only time to fold the paper and put it in his pocket before the old man appeared. "What," he exclaimed, "studying it out alone? Really, you are becoming very studious; you may be of use to me yet."

"I am sure I should be very proud if I could," meekly answered the young disciple.

"Captain Jim and I found a place today at the foot of that hill," pointing to one of the small hills about a mile distant, whose outline could barely be discerned in the darkness, "where there are rocks, of a peculiar formation, sticking out of the ground at regular intervals, resembling part of an old wall. Of course it may be nothing but a relic of our comparatively modern ancestors, the Aztecs, but we are going to investigate it thoroughly Monday morning."

When Al left that evening he had a very hearty invitation to come over for Sunday dinner, but he refused, saying he had some important work which must be done next day. Gene looked disappointed, but if Al saw it he gave no sign.

From the house he went direct to the blacksmith shop. Here he borrowed a chisel and hammer, as well as a pick and shovel, so it was quite evident it was no telegraph instrument he was going to use in his important work on the morrow.

Early Sunday morning, armed with the borrowed tools, he set out for the hills which had been pointed out to him the night before. He was certain not to meet his old friend there today, as he was a devout Catholic and would be sure to attend church.

Al found the peculiar layers of rock referred to and went to work in the boiling sun, only stopping to eat some of his cold lunch, or take a drink from his water bottle.

He dug the earth away from the side of the rock for about twenty feet, so as to lay bare one perpendicular surface. Here he took his chisel and hammer and went to work. He constantly consulted a paper he had taken from his pocket, and spread out on the ground before him. Finally, after much hard work, he seemed satisfied, put back some of the earth, stamping it in firmly, gathered up his paper and tools, looking ruefully at his blistered hands, and making a wry face as he tried to straighten his tired back.

His work had been rather strenuous for a telegraph operator.

He walked slowly back to town, returned the tools, and betook himself to the abode of his lady-love. Round-eyed and excitedly he informed his host—who was astonished at his appearance—that in hope of serving him in his work, and knowing how hard it was for the old gentleman to wield pick and shovel, he had gone to the place of the mysterious rocks and started to excavate, but had not accomplished as much as he had hoped, as he was unaccustomed to such work, exhibiting his blistered hands in evidence, which nearly brought tears to Gene's eyes.

"When I had gotten down about eighteen or twenty feet," he continued, "I discovered what appeared to be an A cut in the rock." Thinking it but just to let his friend, who had searched and studied so long, make whatever actual discovery, if any, was made, he dug no farther. He had asked for, and obtained, leave of absence to be able to attend the final discovery on the next day.

Gene eyed him suspiciously, but said nothing. The old man, however, was so wrought up he did not notice her silence.

In the morning the four of them made their pilgrimage to the foot of the hills, and the men began digging away the dirt Al had filled in the day before. The old man examined the A, which was all that was visible for some distance, and remarked that it was one of the earliest Druid signs, but that its meaning would depend much on what other characters were used in conjunction with it. Slowly the dirt was removed until the whole surface of the rock was uncovered, and it was found to contain, in addition to the character A, a tooth-lizard, a bull, and the characters C-I-R-C-L-E.

The old man was wild with joy, and proceeded to interpret the signs. America, the tooth-lizard; Mexico, the bull; A having reference to Mountain parent or Mountain Deity, which is all in accordance with the Druid picture-writing; C-I-R-C-L-E, meaning the church, also Circe, the enchantress, were all symbols identical with those of the earliest Egyptians.

The aged man shook Al's hand and nearly wept for joy. Captain Jim, in the background, was not so elated, as he saw his chances for the bonnie Gene fade away. Gene was elated beyond expression.

With much work the rock was pried loose from its ancient resting place, loaded on a wagon and taken to the old man's cottage. He wrote a lengthy treatise on the subject and sent it to the Los Angeles papers, where it was published. Immediately came many wise men to investigate the find, and all pronounced it a fake. The old man was wrathy. He remarked, by way of consolation, that even Jesus could not make His own people believe Him, so why need *he* expect to be more favored. *He* knew, and that was sufficient for him. Some time, after he was dead, his work would be appreciated and his name would be written among the famous men of old.

During all this talk Al looked sheepishly away, and Gene did not try to meet his eyes. The old man attributed his silence to modesty, and admired him the more for it.

They were quietly married in the little desert town, and the old man never tires of telling, to any appreciative ears, of his marvelous son-in-law who helped in the wonderful discovery. He has given up all active work on account of his age. Having accomplished the desire of his heart, he is resting on his laurels.

Under *the* Study Lamp

By the Editor

Unless otherwise initialed, all Reviews in *Out West* are written by the Editor.

A book of unusual interest to those who enjoy knowing about the characters and personalities of the strong men who first wrestled with the problems of life in Nevada and California, is just issued by a special committee of the Salt Lake Commercial Club. For over half a century C. C. Goodwin, the veteran newspaper man, who used to work on the Virginia City newspapers, has been associating with these masterful empire-builders, moulders of public opinion, creators of great enterprises. Now in the calm and quiet of his old age he has got himself down and written a series of most graphic, powerful and attractive sketches of these men. All the great ones of the past are recalled, and the book is a most valuable contribution to the history of an epoch the like of which the West may never see again. *As I Remember Them*, by C. C. Goodwin, 360 pages, $2.00 net, to be had from the author, or the secretary, Commercial Club, Salt Lake City, Utah.

An invalid, bed-ridden child, full of whimsical fancies of fairies and all kinds of hidden-world creatures, living on Telegraph Hill, San Francisco, born of a Greek fisherman father and a rude Polish mother, scarcely suggests material for a story. Yet it has made a rather unique one. A doctor's boy finds the child, she is ultimately relieved of her illness and sent out into the world of joy and happiness. *The Whimsey Girl*, by Charlotte Canty, 180 pages, 75 cents net, Dodd, Mead & Company, New York.

Dainty and attractive in appearance as a book, the story itself is of a dainty and attractive young lady who invited herself to the home of a very formal batchelor cousin. In spite of his determination to snub her she finally wins and weds him. The story is full of a quiet humor that is as irresistable as the lady herself. *Lady Laughter*, by Ralph Henry Barbour, with illustrations in color by Goyle Hoskins, 176 pages, $1.50 net, J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

Three fascinating nature studies or reveries, full of the breath of God's-great-out-of-doors is *Woodland Idyls*, by W. S. Blatchley, $1.50 net, The Nature Publishing Company, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Do you want to think in a larger, bigger, better way than you have ever done before? Do you want your life to be enlarged and improved? Then read that wonderful work of wit, wisdom, philosophy, life and prophecy, entitled *Crowds*, by Gerald Stanley Lee, $1.35 net, 561 pages, Doubleday, Page & Company, Garden City, New York.

Ten stories of unhappy married life, showing "what fools we mortals be," and how easy it is to quarrel and make trouble, are gathered together under the title, *The Shears of Delilah*, by Virginia Terhune Van de Water, 315 pages, $1.25 net, G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

A strong, powerful primitive story, showing how the devil gets possession of a man if he allows him free access for a time. An arresting story told in a most convincing way by a practised hand. *The Devil's Garden*, by W. B. Maxwell, 444 pages, $1.50 net, The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Indiana.

What men call their "honour" is a variable factor in human life. If one wishes to read a strongly marked story of English life, with a forceful dominant Squire and his family as the characters, he cannot do better than secure *The Honour of the Clintons*, by Archibald Marshall, 375 pages, $1.35 net, Dodd, Mead & Company, New York.

TWO IMPORTANT BOOKS ON SAN FRANCISCO

San Francisco is indeed "The City of Destiny"—the warder of two continents, as Bret Harte called it. Few cities, even of ancient days, have had a more thrilling history in their thousand years of existence than it has had in its brief career. Three books recently have come to the editor's desk, all of which are worthy of far more extended notice than it is possible to give. First, in size and importance of aim, is John P. Young's *San Francisco*—the most ambitious book yet attempted on San Francisco, by far. Beginning with "the Spanish Hunt for a Short Cut to the Indies," he tells in six interesting chapters the story of Spanish occupancy. Chapter five is headed, "The Impractical Character of the Missionaries," and is devoted to a criticism of the *padres* for their failure to encourage the commercial development of the harbor. This shows a complete lack of understanding of the *padres'* purpose in life. Their one sole business was the saving of the souls of the Indians. They had nothing to do with commerce or development of trade. They were men of one work, and *they stuck to it.* They were not responsible for the Spanish policy of exclusion of foreigners, even had they themselves carried it out. They were merely servants. Policies were not originated by them. The historian, to criticise justly, must "put himself in the other man's place." This Mr. Young has here signally failed to do.

He slips into vulgar error also when he asserts the extent of the mission libraries. They had far more books than is generally believed, but they were, in the main, avowedly religious books. San Juan Capistrano, when I first knew it, had a library of over a hundred books, for I photographed them. That the *padres* did not believe in the promiscuous use of books is undoubtedly true, but in this, as in most matters, they were controlled by their superiors and their policy laid down for them.

But these are minor faults. When Mr. Young comes to American occupancy he is on sure ground. He knows and understands his men. He describes movements with sympathetic, swift, sure and discriminating pen, and he overturns some of the accepted notions respecting the "simple life" of the early Californians of Mexican days with commendable vigor.

Interesting and illuminative chapters are those on "Labor Problem before American Occupation," and "Spanish Land Grant System," and we are given a vivid picture of the "Early Troubles of the Californians."

When it comes to the Fremont episode, Mr. Young leans to the idea that the Pathfinder came with the express purpose of provoking the Californians to acts of hostility so that he would have justification for seizing the country, though he believes this was not the purpose of the government at Washington.

The real "swing" of the book begins in the eighteenth chapter with the discovery of gold. We see the pioneers in their flimsily-constructed city, grappling with high prices for material and artisans; we see them troubled over land titles, and adopting the "hopeful and *manyana*" spirit of the climate and country, and finally see the real beginnings of a big city.

A good and useful chapter is that on "Climate," and those that lead up and explain the Vigilance Committee episode. Here Mr. Young has done good service in emphasizing the responsibilities of communities to preserve order before evil becomes too rampant. He well places the blame for the need of Vigilance Committees where it belongs: "Instead of decency and respectability asserting itself, it quickly submitted to the introduction of the worst vices of Eastern municipal politicians."

The exaggeration from which San Franicsco has suffered, her disposition to create idols—shapes of clay—the peculiar social conditions, early-day diversions, pugilism, duels, and the operations of the filibusters are all interestingly sketched, together with the beginnings of the "boarding-house habit," which has extended to the present time. We are vividly shown the beginnings of the development of trade, and her attitude toward journalism, literature and education. As an example of Mr. Young's virile literary style, let me quote this passage on the *News Letter*, the first of the so-called "gutter weeklies:" "Its proprietor early developed the faculty of getting into trouble by using too much freedom in dilating upon the short-comings of his fellow citizens, who sometimes took a short cut towards reparation by means of physical violence."

The decade of 1861-71 is described as a "Period of Expectancy and Growth," and the twelve years to 1883, "The Speculative Period," and many philisophical side-lights are thrown upon events of these times, clearly showing Mr. Young to possess the historian's critical and analytical mind in a high degree. The second volume necessarily deals with the later phenomenal history and development of the city.

Taking the work as a whole, it is a masterly production. It is well done. Its tone is calm and judicial; its estimates of men and measures reasonable and fair. The two volumes are handsomely gotten up, in type, paper, printing and binding, and they stand not only as a memorial to the great city whose doings they chronicle, but to the extended industry, philosophic analysis and verbal felicities of the writer. *San Francisco, a History of the Pacific Coast Metropolis*, by John P. Young, editor of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, 2 vols., large quarto, fully illustrated, 969 pages, sold only by subscription, S. J. Clarke Publishing Co., San Francisco.

Perhaps no California layman has made so thorough and exhaustive a study of certain phases of its history as Zoeth S. Eldredge, of San Francisco. Recently he has issued two well-illustrated, well-printed and pleasing volumes entitled, *The Beginnings of San Francisco*, that I can especially commend. This undoubtedly has been a labor of love. It bears the ear-marks of devotion, long study, arduous research and conscientious thought. However much anyone may differ from Mr. Eldredge he cannot but appreciate his earnest desire to find, and consistent fidelity in presenting, the truth as it appears to him. The book is in seventeen chapters, and after presenting the general

history of the State, so far as it is necessary to understand the specific history of San Francisco, begins by commending to us the work of its chief founder, Juan Bautista de Anza. In the Introduction he says of him: "Few are the citizens of San Francisco who have even heard the name. Yet he (Anza) was a gallant soldier, and he executed with courage, energy, and fidelity the difficult task entrusted to him by his king, of bringing across deserts and over high Sierras the settlers for a city, whose destiny neither king nor captain could imagine. In making my countrymen acquainted with this accomplished soldier and gentleman, I feel that I am doing them a service."

True! Every Californian should at least know the names and heroic deeds of the men who laid the foundations of his State, and few stories are more richly romantic.

After discussing the question as to who actually discovered the Bay of San Francisco, and awarding Sergeant Ortega that honor, the author gives us a careful resumé of Ayala's explorations, and then four chapters devoted to Anza's trips and foundation of the city. Chapter VII deals with the colonization epoch under the Spaniards, and severely censures the mission system. Mr. Eldredge charges that "the missions became wealthy and were indisposed to relinquish the power (over the Indians) they had acquired." This is his personal opinion. I differ from it. The question is one of motive, which no one on earth can settle. I believe the padres honestly and sincerely believed that the time was not yet ripe for the secularization of the missions; and as to the wealth of the latter, the padres either held this wealth for the benefit of their wards or they were thieves, liars, and perjured scoundrels, for each one had taken a solemn oath binding him to personal poverty for life. Though I am not a Catholic, I cannot believe (and there is no evidence that I have ever seen) that these early-day padres were men of this dishonorable type.

The same question of motives enters into the criticism which charges that the mission system hindered colonization. Of course it did. The padres were working for a purely spiritual end, as they saw it. It was nothing to them that the country did not develop, as compared with the keeping the Indians free from the contamination of the vices of the ordinary settler. From their standpoint the action of the padres was unquestioned. A material philosopher of the American type can hardly be expected to view a purely spiritual good, as would such a man, for instance, as Henry D. Thoreau, or Emerson. I have had to refer to this same wrong angle of criticism in Mr. Young's masterly book. The padres' idea can be stated in the words of that greatest of idealists, Jesus of Nazareth: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the wohle world and lose his own soul." The soul of one Indian was worth more to Serra, Crespi, Palou and Magin Catalá than all the wealth of the Indies. Let them be judged, then, from their own standpoint.

Date Growing is a rapidly increasing industry in California and Arizona. Reliable and full information about it is valuable to those who contemplate the business. Such information is provided in a book just issued by one who has pretty thoroughly studied it, Paul B. Popenoe. Cultivation, fertilization, irrigation, pollination, artificial ripening, picking, packing, disease and pests, are all comprehensively treated, and there is a carefully compiled description of ninety of the most important varieties of dates in the United States included. *Date Growing in the Old and New Worlds*, by Paul B. Popenoe, 316 pages, 40 illustrations, $2.00 net, postage 20 cents. West India Gardens, Altadena, Calif., or The Editor of *Out West*, 546 S. Los Angeles St., Los Angeles.

The legend of the Holy Grail has always been fascinating, and in Wagner's "Parsifal," music and dramatic art have united to embody it for man's edification. Now comes C. W. Rolleston and presents to us with sixteen illustrations in color by Willy Pagany, an artistic treatment of the saga, original in conception and execution. While the general outline as used by Wagner is followed, the author has not hesitated to shape the story to his own mind. The result is an exquisite volume, unique in every sense of the word, admirably adapted as a gift book to the lovers of Wagner's immortal work. *Parsifal*, by C. W. Rolleston, edition de luxe, $6.00 net, Thos. Y. Crowell Co., New York.

Charles Francis Saunders has a quaint and quiet humor all his own, with a taking power of description that charms and delights. In his wanderings to and fro in California he has lived much out of doors and now presents us a fascinating book, *Under the Sky in California*. There are nine big divisions to the book—The Deserts, Mountains, Spring Days in a Carriage, The Franciscan Missions, Winter on the Isle of Summer, Tourist Towns, Residence in the Land of Sunshine, Concerning the Climate and Camp Cookery for the Non-Professional Camper—and each is divided into chapters and well treated. The book is a grateful addition to the wealth of literature that California is creating about herself, and makes an excellent gift-book to one who is coming here. *Under the Sky in California*, by Charles Francis Saunders, 300 pages, 34 illustrations, $2.00 net, McBride, Nast & Co., New York.

One of California's well-beloved sons is Ernest Peixotto, and though the exigencies of life took him from us to New York, he still possesses our love and we his. With delicate pencil and felicitous phrase everything he loves is set forth with a dainty charm that wins its way into the secret recesses of everybody's heart. His latest artistic and literary gift is a story of the Spanish Main, and visits to Panama, Peru and Bolivia, with the return to Panama and San Francisco. Sketches and drawings illuminate the text, which is full of interest. *Pacific Shores From Panama*, by Ernest Peixotto, 285 pages, illustrated by the author, $2.50 net, Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York.

A FAMOUS FARM VALLEY—*The* SALT RIVER VALLEY, ARIZ.

Writen for "Out West" by Harry Welch, Secretary Phoenix Board of Trade

Harry Welch,

IF you will take a map of the Southwestern part of the United States, and place your finger on the coast line at a point halfway between Los Angeles and San Diego, then move your finger due east, you will quickly be over the place where is situated Phoenix, in the southern part of Arizona. Phoenix is the Capital City of Arizona, the biggest and the busiest city in the State, and a city with an absolutely established guaranteed backing which is equal to the resource of any city in the country.

Quarter million-acre tracts of fine soil are not lying loose in all parts of the world, and when you add to this the best irrigation system in existence, a splendid climate, a lovely situation, good markets and the many other splendid advantages that are flowing over in the Salt River Valley, can you wonder that everyone goes around with a smile, that there is a sprightly upstanding note in every figure, that everyone includes in his greeting "fine business," "great work," "bully stuff?" Say, is it *all* there? Really it *is*, and the best thing you can do for yourself is to get over and see it.

It is only a night's ride from Los Angeles. Dine at one of your splendid clubs and at seven next morning you can take the auto bus from the depot at Phoenix to the big seven-story, fireproof hotel and breakfast on fresh strawberries and cream—of course grown in the Valley. Then take a motor and spin out to the Country Club, nine miles over a "bitulithic" pavement—beautiful homes on all sides, roses, flowers, palms. Sounds odd, you say; oh well, come and see, and if it is not as we say, we will apologize and pay for your breakfast. That's fair, is it not? And say, if there is anything else that is not fair in Phoenix, let us hear about it; we want to know it and remedy it.

We have a place for you here in the Salt River Valley; the sort of place which means "home," a place of roses, vines, and fig trees. It is for you, and may be had for little more than the asking, supplemented by earnest effort and the stepping out.

The United States Department of Agriculture, in one of its latest reports, shows Arizona to be leading in percentage of crop yields. This is due to the rapid strides agriculture is making in the Salt River Valley irrigation project. The vindication of irrigation is shown in the figures. Arizona's crops are 114 per cent., leading the United States today.

The success of the farmers in planting Egyptian long staple cotton is attracting a great deal of attention from the outside. Great numbers of persons are coming into the Valley to pick cotton, or to rent ten or twenty acres on the favorable terms being offered. The crop will average a bale and a quarter per acre, and at the high price of Egyptian long stable cotton this means a great profit for the grower.

Dairying is extending all over the Valley. Where grows alfalfa, feeds the dairy-cow. There is no better return from the great areas of alfalfa than through the dairy cow. The mild winter weather, a sort of Eastern spring, means that no barns are required for shelter, and the feed is green the year round. Barns for storage are unnecessary, and so it goes on. The cow is a milker the full twelve months. Prices for butterfat are high, and the calves are an extra revenue to swell bank deposits. A good cow nets a profit of $70 to $75, and we have a record of 126 cows averaging $77.40 for milk alone, yearly.

The woman on the farm here has bright sunny days most of the year. A few cloudy days, but every day some sunshine. Great

Headgate and Canals.

weather for children; out of doors all the time, bare-legged and smiling back at the sunlight. The farm-crafts for women all are profitable—chickens, turkeys, and small fruits. Rural free delivery, the parcel post, smooth, almost level roads and low-cost automobiles have helped to make the lot of the woman on the farm a pleasant one. Everything tending to further improve society is encouraged. Clubs, meeting-houses, sessions of reading, and literary circles are well established.

No better schools exist in the whole country. Arizona has well earned the good reputation it now has for its educational institutions. From the kindergarten to the State University the course of instruction is directed to fitting the individual to best fill important duties of life. School-houses and equipment are of the best and most approved pattern.

There is no end of the variety of crops raised with profit. Alfalfa covers 82,000 acres; barley more than 15,000; sugar-beets, 3,000, and so on, including cantaloupes, orchard fruits, sorghums, sugar-cane, wheat, garden vegetables, melons, oats, cotton, altogether more than 190,000 planted acres. The farm revenue yearly reaches about $7,500,000, to which must be added $700,000 from cattle and $800,000 from dairy.

There also is $500,000 yearly derived from sheep, poultry, and hogs. While large figures are difficult to comprehend sometimes, it is interesting to know that the average production per acre is more than $50.

Here, then, is a land where the small farm is at its best. The ten or twenty acres farmed by the owner is the great factor in the success of irrigation projects. In this Valley, set under the smiling sun, where fields are green the year round, where trees and all things never quit growing, and where the climate makes for health, this is the place you have promised yourself so long. The land is worked easily, the surface makes irrigation easy, and with everything else to help and encourage, labor is light.

Officials carefully have estimated the returns which can be made and which have been made, and they will astonish you. We will outline what some men, who actually "farm," have done. One cleared more than $3,000 on his forty acres. Another made $619.60 by water-melons from three acres. With forty head of milch cows, another's income amounts to from $250 to $350 monthly. In all lines it is the same.

There is a chance here to get a start. A chance which you can not afford to overlook. You have been promising yourself a long time to get a place of your own. You are tired of farming under uncertain conditions. You are tired of seeing all your efforts wasted on account of unfavorable weather. All your troubles can be avoided, and you can get a start right, and go right ahead. Think it over. Look squarely at the matter, and make up your mind now. It requires only a little effort and you will never look back. You can not afford to wait any longer. Smiling green fields are ready to greet you; the sun is shining for you, dark clouds will not depress you; come to the Salt River Valley where welcome waits.

Along a Canal, near Phoenix, Ariz.

Water Users' Building, Phoenix, Ariz.

PHOENIX--FACTS *and* FIGURES

By Harry Welch

SUMMARY

Population

1910	Official Census	11,134
1911	Estimated from Official Sources	15,000
1912	" " " "	18,400
1913	" " " "	20,000
1914	" " " "	23,600

Building Permits

1908	$ 294,905
1909	559,850
1911	914,661
1913	1,577,284

Postal Business

1902	Approximately	$ 30,000.00
1911	Actual	80,530.36
1912	"	89,428.70
1913	"	105,825.84

Bank Resources
June, 1910

Phoenix Banks	$5,228,427.42
Other Banks in Salt River Valley	690,815.17
	$5,919,342.59

October, 1913

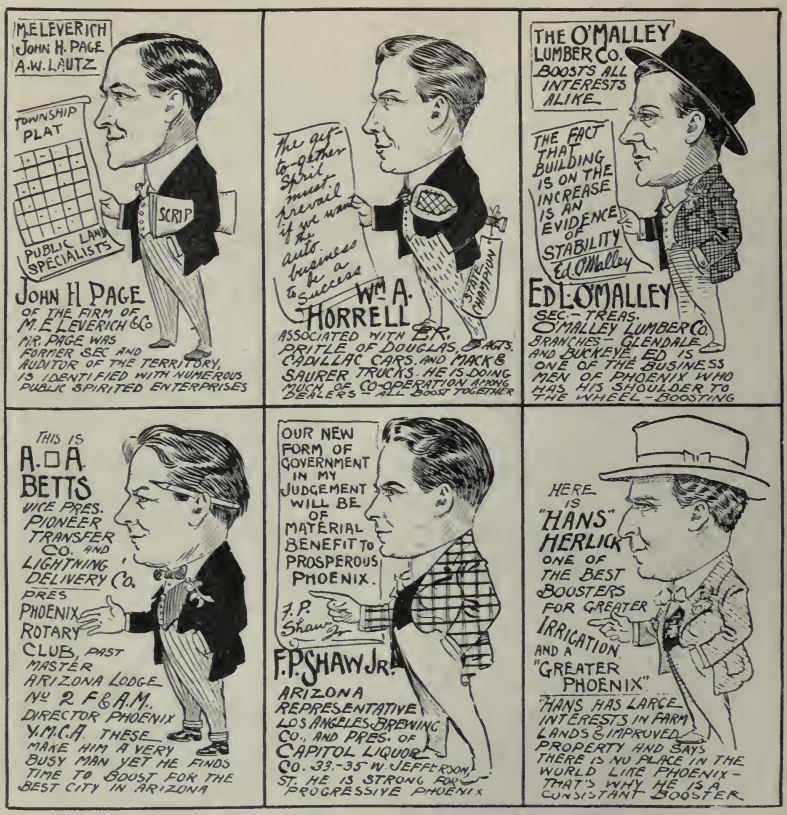
Phoenix Banks	$8,305,235.87
Other Banks in Salt River Valley	1,220,615.89
	$9,525,851.76

The busy business man is concerned with facts and figures. Here are a few indicating the progress of the place. They will remain in the mind. They are evidence of the prosperity that prevails in the Capital of Arizona, the chief commercial city of the State, which IS Phoenix.

Washington Street at night, Phoenix, Ariz.

Now, at once, let it be understood that Phoenix is a modern, up-to-the-minute community, full of advanced ideas, quick to adopt all plans for betterment and wide awake to its importance as the chief city of the State—a State destined to become a leader among the states of the Union. The city has splendid public buildings; magnificent schools, ranking the best and finest in the country; clubs, hotels, paved streets; an electric lighting system that is a revelation to the visitor; big stores; smart

Y. M. C. A., Phoenix, Ariz.



The water is fine in Phoenix. Come on in and Boost with us.

shops beautifully fitted and having prompt and quality service. It is a city that is already well supplied with all modern requirements.

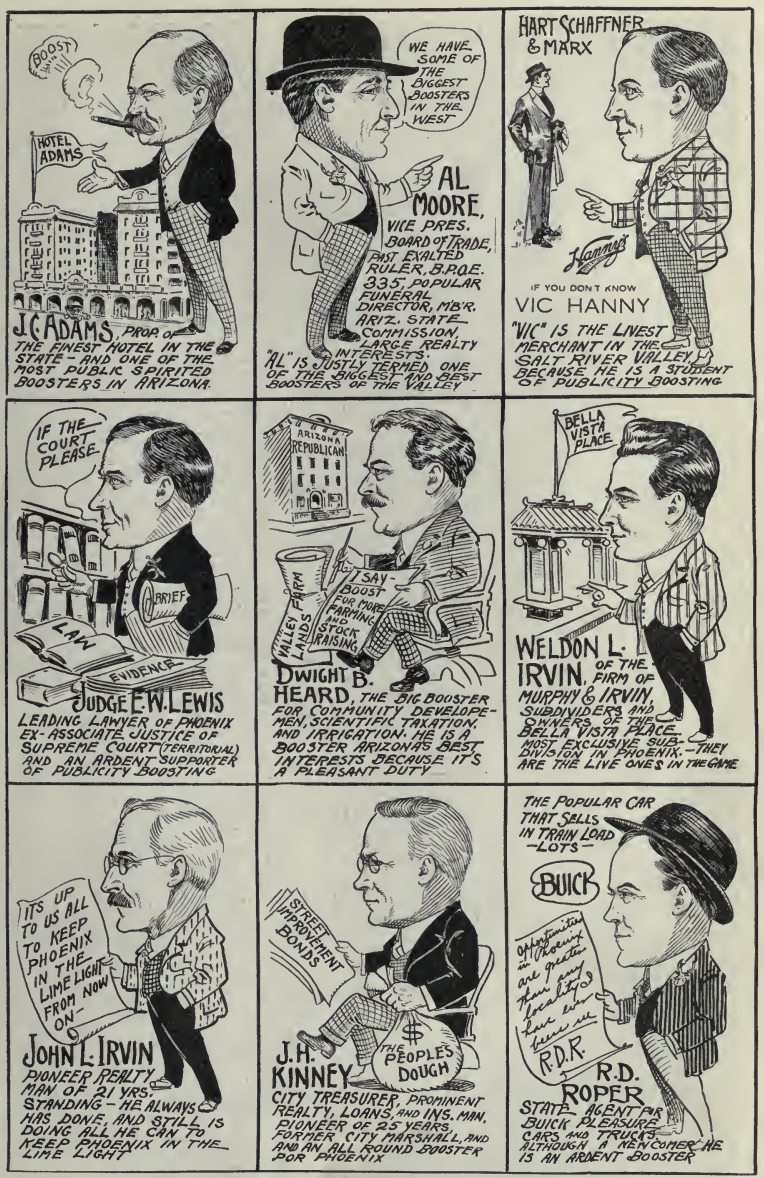
It is no place for the idler or the person looking for a soft job. Anyone entering into a business undertaking must be prepared to "outfit" his establishment so that it will rank with the best, otherwise it were well to not enter the field.

With a charter form of government for the city just ready to go into effect, and with the election of a Board of Commissioners and a mayor of standing, all of which is assured, the city is bound to maintain its present prestige.

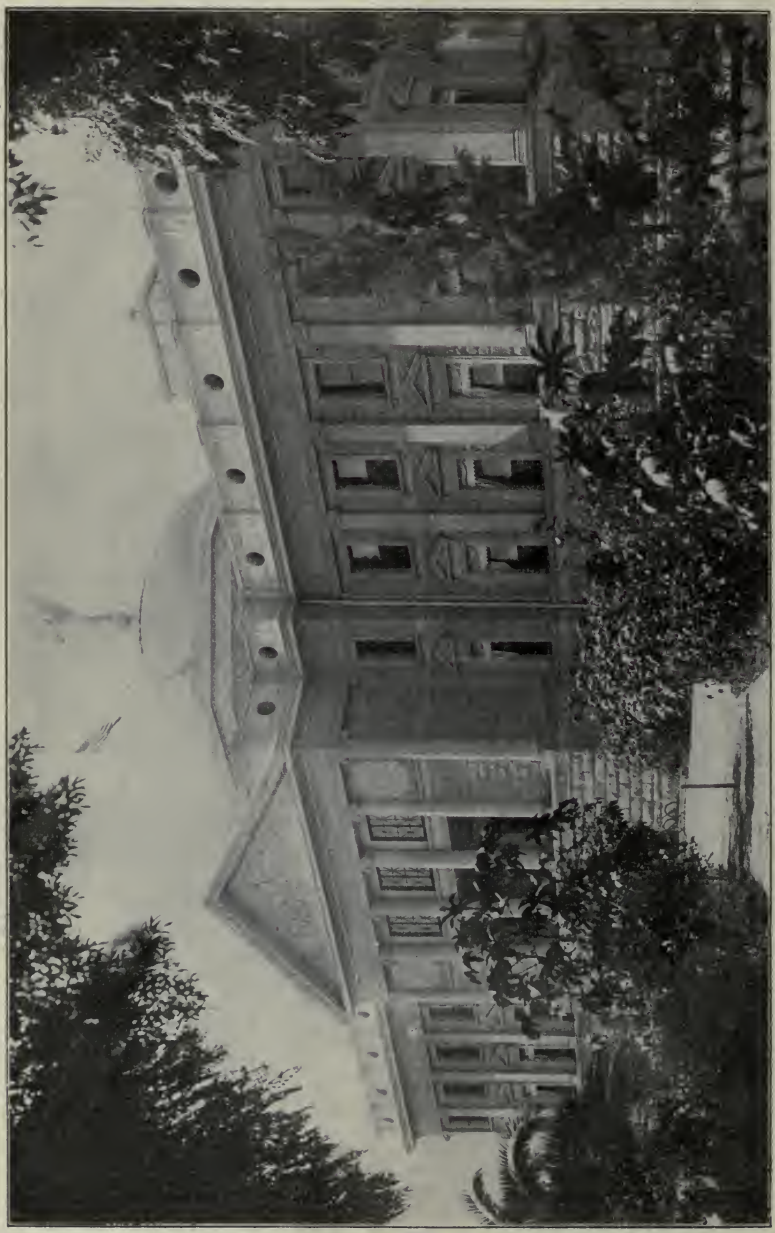
There is an activity to its social life that attracts the favorable notice of all visitors. For the individual wishing to find a place for a home, to the thousands of those prosperous people in the East who each winter are looking for a mild climate in which to spend the hard and cruel months, it offers a delightful haven. A place where there is an open road for the auto

Board of Trade, Phoenix, Ariz.

all winter, where there is everything that makes life worth living, in the out-of-doors; when other sections are "snow-bound," here are roses nodding in the sunshine. Glorious golden



Cartonist's impressions of some of Phoenix prominent boosters.



State Capitol Building, Phoenix, Ariz.

More Phoenix live wires, who boost their home city.

fruit is ready to be picked and eaten. Palms rustling in the soft breezes of December and February. Cool, clear nights, with countless thousands of stars twinkling, and a brilliant white-light moon makes a second daylight.

Drives in all directions. Out over the desert after passing through the great cultivated reaches of the Valley. The desert which in Arizona is a garden. Where thousands of poppies in their season carpet the earth and in turn make place for other blooms in masses of color which make a paradise of the plain. Surrounding the great valley is a chain of rich-tinted, many-colored hills.

If you would golf, tennis, ride, hunt, or follow any other out-door, life-prolonging exercise, here you can enjoy it to the full, and do it at a time when in other places the weather prevents.

There are many country clubs. There is the Ingleside Club and the Phoenix Country Club, both nine miles from the city. The splendid San Marcos Hotel is at Chandler, a ride of twenty-five miles over good roads. The restful Castle Hot Springs Hotel is forty miles by rail, and then twenty-five by motor over a splendid road. Here are wonderful hot baths and delightful entertainment is afforded. A lovely spot secluded and sheltered; a gem of a place in a glorious setting. There are also the Caliente Hot Springs, where the waters have medicinal properties that must be experienced to be fully appreciated. These springs are one hundred miles from Phoenix and reached by automobile.

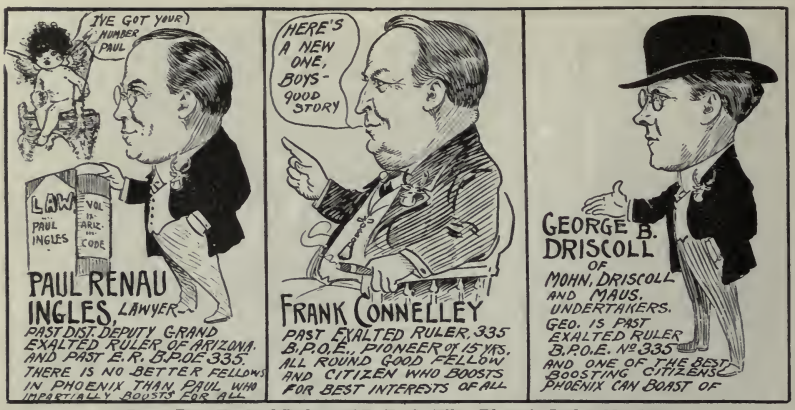
The ride to the Roosevelt Dam, eighty miles over good roads, through wonderful scenery, with which only the Grand Canyon can be compared. The finest scenic road in the world is the dictum of one of the world's most famous novelists. Enough! Come and see the place for yourself.

FACTS AND FIGURES ABOUT THE ROOSEVELT DAM, SALT RIVER VALLEY, ARIZONA

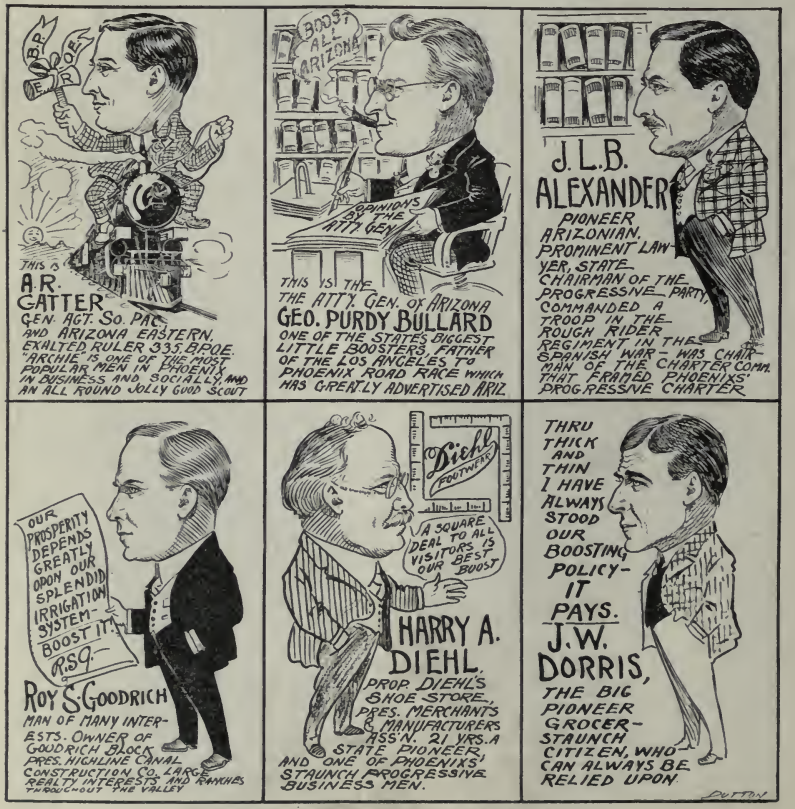
The following figures showing the dimensions of the great Roosevelt Dam are of special interest at this time:

The Roosevelt Dam, the main work of the Salt River Project, is built in a narrow canyon in the shadow of "Four Peaks," a mountain seventy-five miles away from Phoenix. The dam itself is build of sandstone and cement. It rises 284 feet above its foundation, which is sunk 30 feet into solid rock. At the base it is 168 feet through. It tapers to a thickness of 20 feet at the top, where, with two spillways, each 200 feet long, it has a total length of 1080 feet. The great artificial lake created by this dam will hold water enough to cover 1,284,000 acres one foot deep, and assures a permanent supply to the 240,000 acres included in the project. The lake is 25 square miles in area, and the drainage basin for the lake extends over 6,260 square miles. The altitude of the water shed varies from 1,950 feet to 11,500 feet above sea level. This insures a plentiful supply of rainfall and snow to keep the lake full at all times. The land to be irrigated has an elevation of from 1,000 to 1,300 feet—ideal for health and for growing crops.

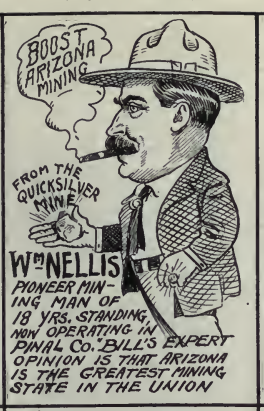
The big dam at Roosevelt checks and stores the waters of the Salt River and Tonto Creek, and in proper quantities allows it to return through the sluice gates to the bed of the river, where it flows on, taking up in its course the waters of the Verde River and then heading for the diversion dam at Granite Reef. Here the flow of the three united streams is turned into great canals on the north and south banks of the river. The Granite Reef Dam is one of

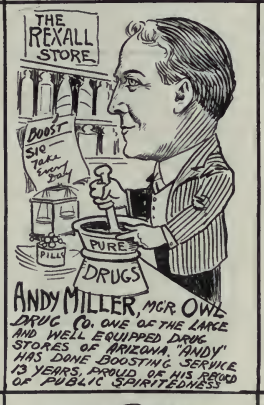


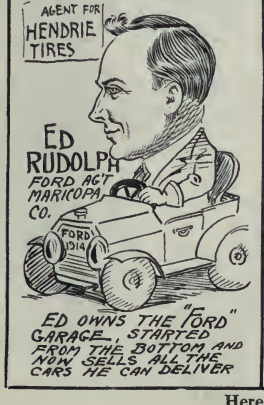
Some Past Exalted Rulers of B. P. O. Elks, Phoenix Lodge No. 335.



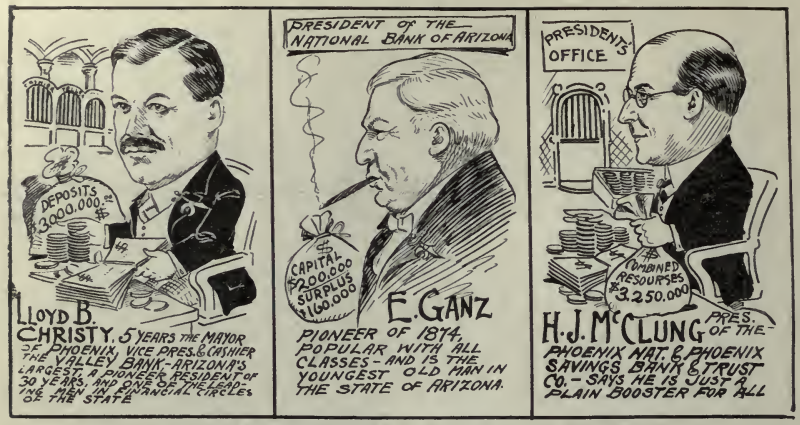
Phoenix boosters who are making history in Arizona.





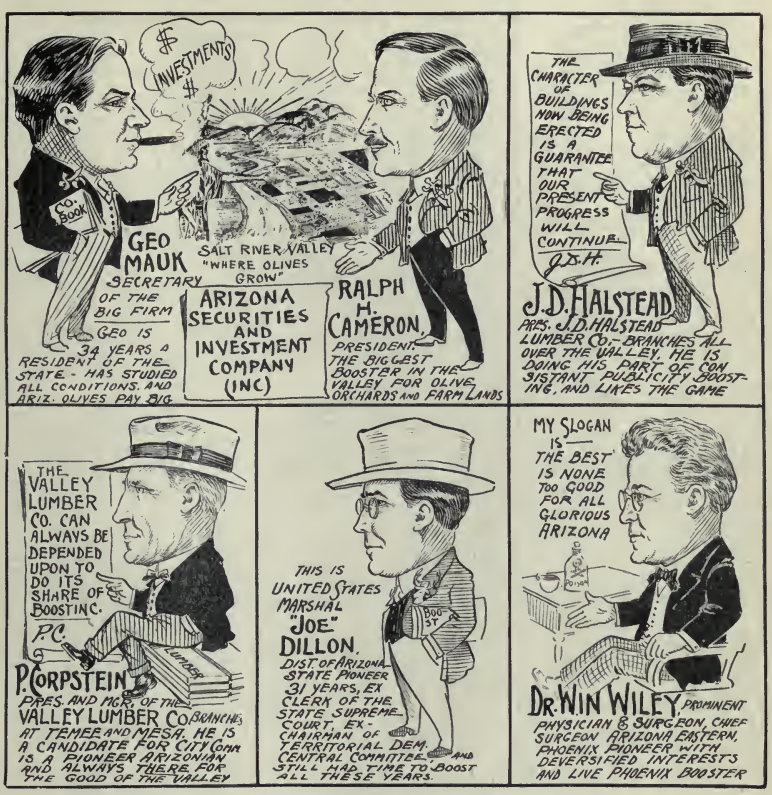


Here is a full page of Phoenix live wires.



Phoenix Boosters, representing the Financial Center of the State.

From Jim Cashion to Hal Bennett, they boost all Arizona.

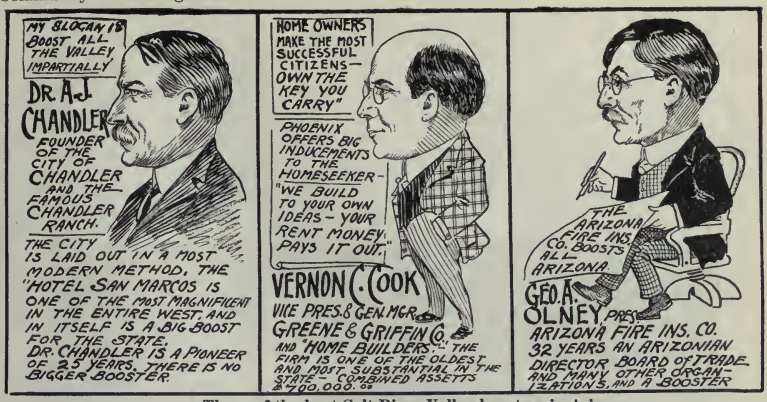


They are some Phoenix boosters—this bunch.

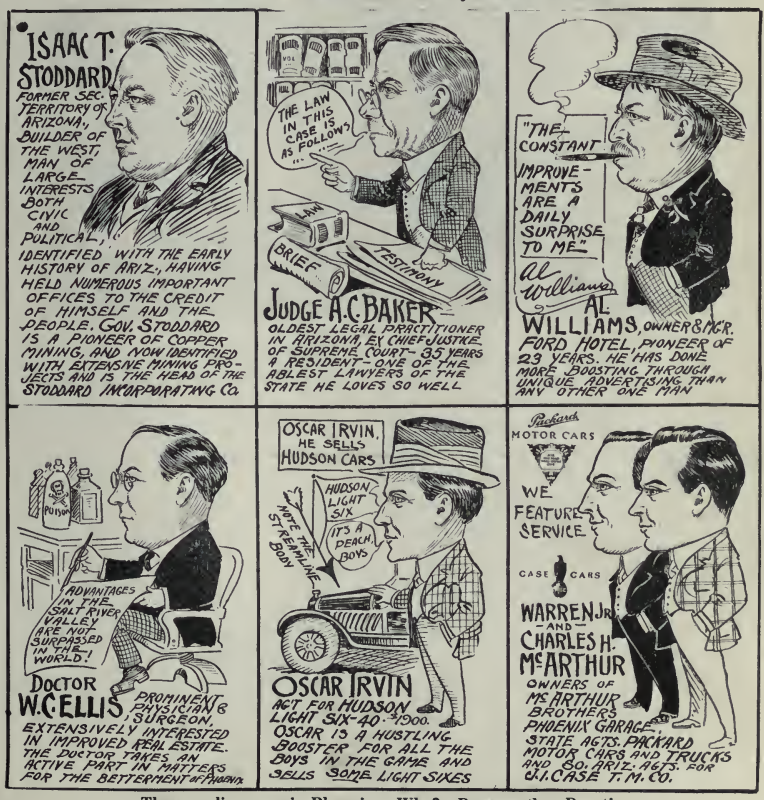
Residence, Phoenix, Ariz.

Woman'c Club, Phoenix, Ariz.

Here are some of the best Boosters Phoenix can boast of.



Three of the best Salt River Valley boosters in Arizona.



They are live ones in Phoenix. Why? Because they Boost!

the largest weir dams in existence. It is 38 feet from base to crest, and 1,100 feet long.

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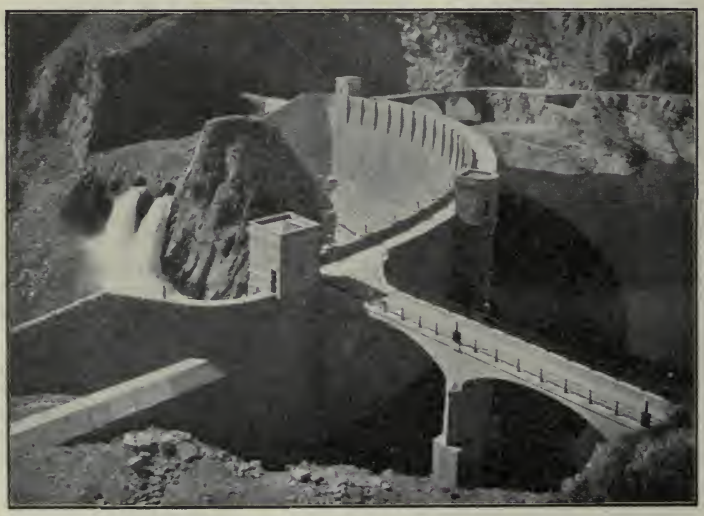
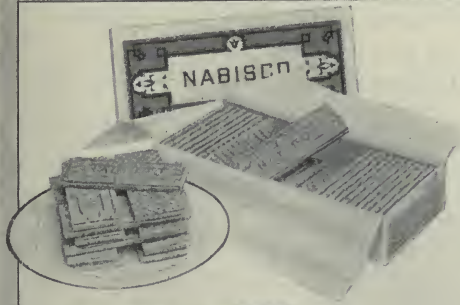
The power possibilities of the project are great. A total of 27,000 horse power will be generated by the system when complete. The power from the project is used for lighting and traction purposes in and around Phoenix, and in the Valley, and will be for sale to mines and factories in the vicinity. A contract for the sale of 10,000 horse power to large mining concerns has been made. The mines pay $400,000 a year for the 10,000 horse power. When all the works are complete it is certain the power will pay a dividend to the farmers as well as sustaining the maintenance charges. Power is generated by the water both on leaving the Roosevelt Dam and in its course down the river and in the Valley canals.



Roosevelt Dam, near Phoenix, Ariz.



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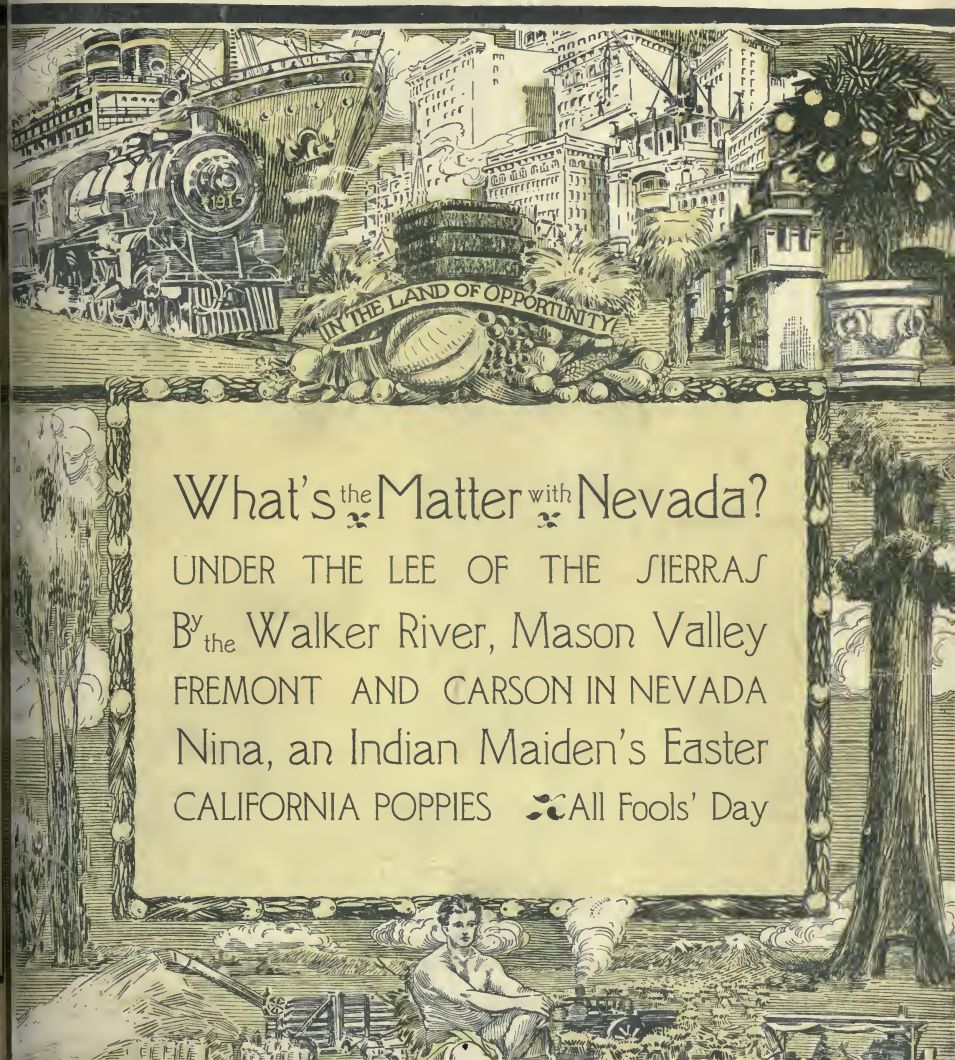

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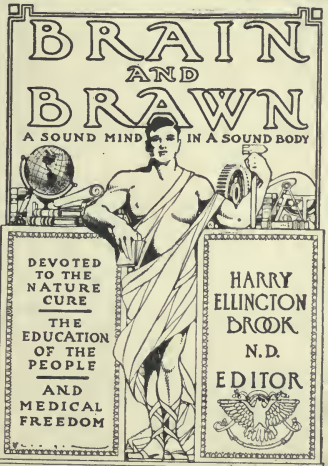

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New Series, Vol. 7 **April 1914** **Number 4**

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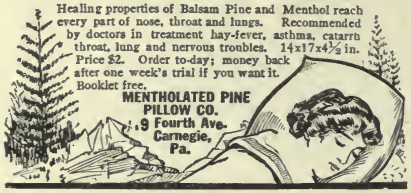

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In Blossom Time.

INA COOLBRITH.

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TO BE OUT IN THE SUN AND SING—
TO SING AND SHOUT IN THE FIELDS ABOUT,
IN THE BALM AND THE BLOSSOMING!

SING LOUD, O BIRD IN THE TREE;
O BIRD, SING LOUD IN THE SKY,
AND HONEY-BEES, BLACKEN THE CLOVER BEDS—
THERE IS NONE OF YOU AS GLAD AS I.

THE LEAVES LAUGH LOW IN THE WIND,
LAUGH LOW, WITH THE WIND AT PLAY;
AND THE ODOROUS CALL OF THE FLOWERS ALL
ENTICES MY SOUL AWAY!

FOR O BUT THE WORLD IS FAIR, IS FAIR—
AND O BUT THE WORLD IS SWEET!
I WILL OUT IN THE GOLD OF THE BLOSSOMING MOULD,
AND SIT AT THE MASTER'S FEET.

AND THE LOVE MY HEART WOULD SPEAK,
I WILL FOLD IN THE LILY'S RIM,
THAT TH' LIPS OF THE BLOSSOM, MORE PURE AND MEEK,
MAY OFFER IT UP TO HIM.

THEN SING IN THE HEDGEROW GREEN, O THRUSH,
O SKYLARK, SING IN THE BLUE;
SING LOUD, SING CLEAR, THAT THE KING MAY HEAR,
AND MY SOUL SHALL SING WITH YOU!

"SONGS FROM THE GOLDEN GATE."

THE BRIDGE ACROSS THE TRUCKEE RIVER AND THE RIVERSIDE HOTEL IN EARLY DAYS

OUT WEST

APRIL 1914

What's the Matter with Nevada?

By George Wharton James

(Publishers are at liberty to reproduce this article in whole or in part.)

SEVERAL years ago the whole country was electrified by a well-known journalist asking and answering the question: "What's the matter with Kansas?"

I would that William Allen White's lightning-shod pen might ask and answer the same question about Nevada. For years the Sagebrush State has suffered the sneers, the censure, the obloquy, the contempt of many, some of whom at least had intelligence enough "previously to awaken their senses that they might the better judge."

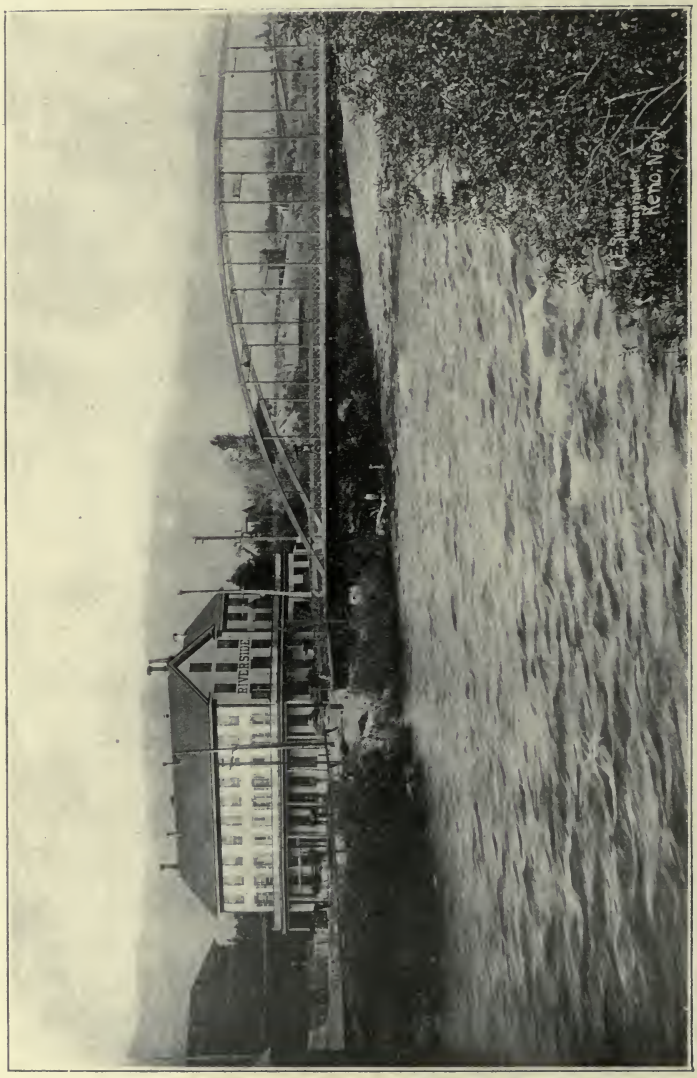
Its entrance into the Union attacked as a purely political scheme; accused of using its suddenly-revealed wealth for corrupting legislatures and judges, even to the highest; its leaders denounced as debauchers of the public press; its chief industry—mining—declared to be a grafting, gambling, swindling game, deliberately devised for the purpose of separating the unwary from their money; its claims of agricultural resources denounced as insane figments, for its alkali soil (so its detractors said) could produce nothing but sagebrush; its rivers declared to be frauds and pretenses, all of them—save one—emptying into vast sinks from which they disappeared through mysterious passages to the interior of the earth, or were evaporated by the intense heat of the sun; her steady population mainly of the baser sort, with a large percentage of gamblers and rowdies, attracted by the easy money to be made from the "suckers" allured by her wild-cat mining schemes; her every city, town and mining camp a rendezvous for the gambling and demimonde elements; a State born of fraud and lies, cradled in pollution and corruption, nurtured by graft and swindling, the shunned of good men and women, the paradise of the corruptionist, the gambler, the pimp, the abandoned and the degraded, a menace to the progress of civilization, the despair of the church, the anguish of the angels and the anathema of God,—what good could possibly come out of Nevada?

Then, in late years, it has been held up by the press of the country as bidding for the worst elements of the "prize ring," and as passing especial laws for the encouragement of gambling and of those whose vagrant and unholy passions led them to seek the easiest release from matrimonial bonds that they chose to regard as shackles and fetters.

Nevada has been held up to the world as the mecca of the Wild West's wily, wilful, woe-producing, worldly, weak, wretched and wicked wanderers. A common expression has come into vogue in other states: "If you can't do it at home, go to Nevada."

Even the humorists have had their little flings and have sent forth such tender ebullitions as the following:

Nevada, 'tis of thee,
Sweet state of liberty,
Of thee I sing.
State where our fathers flee:
State that sets mothers free—
Marriage, because of thee,
Hath lost its sting.



THE BRIDGE ACROSS THE TRUCKEE RIVER AND THE RIVERSIDE HOTEL IN 1895.

THE BRIDGE ACROSS THE TRUCKEE RIVER TODAY.

My state that holds the key
That sets the shackled free,
I love thy name.
I love thy lawyers' ways,
Thy dazzling divorcees,
The briefness of her stays—
Their little game.

Reno, it is of thee,
Daughter of liberty,
To thee we flee.
Long may thy streets resound
With freedom's joyful sound.
Scatter thy light around
From sea to sea.

Some editors of Eastern papers went so far in their denunciation of the Sage Brush State as to declare that the federal government ought to annul its charter as a state and turn it again under federal control as a territory. "Strip it," they cried, "of the state power it has so shamefully abused and that it neither appreciates or knows how properly to use. Let it stand ashamed and humiliated in well-merited disgrace before the world. If it will not curb its own vile lawlessness let the nation do it and no longer bear the burden of such a rotten and corrupt influence."

To mention Reno, or Nevada, was to call forth a laugh, a sneer, a blush, or an oath, just as the personality of the hearer regarded the State. At the Johnson-Jeffries prize-fight correspondents of world-wide fame excelled each other in the graphic power with which they described the awful cesspool they called the city of Reno. According to these veracious (!!) chroniclers, nothing in Dante's *Inferno* equalled it in the horror of its hellish occupations. Even a comparatively recent issue of one of the great New York illustrated weeklies that claims to give authentic and accurate accounts of those places its news columns are called upon to describe, devoted nineteen-twentieths of its "true" description to a few vile haunts in Reno that thousands of its citizens do not know to exist, and that a stranger must studiously hunt for or he can never find.

The Divorce Colonies, with their vile debauchment of the morals of the young and innocent, and open insults to the fair and good of Nevada's cities have been described in *extenso*, and as if Nevada gloried in them. The result is that thousands of good, sincere, moral and estimable people—not the prigs and Pecksniffs of the nation, but the real "salt of the earth"—have been hypnotised into the belief that Nevada is a modern and revised version of Sodom and Gomorrah, and they have hoped in their inner and secret hearts that, for the good of the race, the God who once rained down fire from heaven upon those accursed cities of the plain to their total destruction, might see fit in His just anger to visit some equal work of His wrath upon this vile, perverse, corrupt and wicked State.

This, briefly stated, is the mental attitude of a large portion of the population of the United States towards Nevada. For years she has allowed these attacks to continue until they generally are believed to be true.

It is now time to call a halt to this long-continued campaign of misrepresentation, slander, vilification and abuse. I, the writer, am not a Nevadan. I reside in the city of Pasadena, and my office is in that city of such virtuous repute, such impeccable pulchritude that Willard Huntington Wright, the sage and prophet of *The Smart Set* took ten or more pages of his monthly to describe it as "Los Angeles, the Chemically Pure."

I state this fact that my readers may not deem me pleading the cause of my own, like a lawyer defending his own father, mother, son or daughter. On the contrary, it is well known that Californians have rather urged on than retarded this wholesale abuse of their sister State.

Hear, then, the words of the careful student, observer and recorder. While I claim for Nevada in her past and present no greater manhood for its men or womanliness for its women than can be claimed for other states; while I make no pretense of denying that it has faults, many and grievous, of which it has seriously and often repented, I do most positively and emphatically declare that on practically all of the counts upon which it has been condemned upon

VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA.

ex parte testimony it is certainly and surely *Not Guilty*.

When the discoveries of the Comstock lode dazzled the world with its richness, the hordes of the earth's gold and silver lustful flocked to its mountain slopes. Naturally among these were men of all character and of no character. Is it any reflection upon the good men and women of the new country that they did not immediately and forever rid themselves of these evil elements and allow only the pure and immaculate to remain? Might they not, with appropriateness and force point the questioning finger to the great metropolises of today that have their armies of public and private prosecutors, of police officers and women, of sheriffs, constables, justices of the peace, courts and all the machinery of the law, backed up by the moral sentiment of scores of churches, schools, colleges, clubs, improvement associations and the like, and with laws that empower them to act, and enquire why the gambling element, the grafters, the thugs, the burglars, the gamblers, the bunco men, the tenderloin element, the cadets, the *macquerean*, the white slavers, the purveyors of hellish drinks and of noxious drugs are still allowed to operate so openly, freely and boldly under their municipal, state and national banners.

No! It is manifestly unjust and unfair to condemn in Nevada, especially in its earlier days, when there had been little or no time to crystallize the moral sentiment of the people—who were mainly strangers to each other suddenly clustered together—into respect for moral law and the purest order—I say it is unfair to condemn in Nevada what the purists allow and acknowledge they cannot successfully cope with in the century-old cities of the East, the South, the Middle West and the North.

As to stock gambling in the mines, there is little difficulty in answering the charges made. First, however, let me

RENO, NEVADA, IN 1870.

ask the question, Who were the stock gamblers? Were they Nevadans, or were they New Yorkers, citizens of the states of Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Massachussets, or California, etc.? Let it never be forgotten that Nevada was a new country, that its population was made up from other states, that it had no population of its own that had been nurtured and developed on its own soil and that fostered stock-gambling, but outsiders who came into the country already perverted and demoralized; and that they came in such large numbers as to stamp their methods and ideals, low, selfish and base as they were, upon the earlier society of the new State. Too often has a state or section been condemned for sins foisted upon it by others. It should ever be remembered that while the great moral State of Massachusetts produced Wendell Phillips, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Lowell and Whittier, and other white-robed and pure-flamed spirits that sought the overthrow of slavery, it cannot be forgotten, in honor to the South, that it was Massachusetts-owned vessels that engaged chiefly in the slave trade and tempted the South to its moral undoing.

In this stock-gambling question one may well recall the great words of Him who spake as never man spoke when he said, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone." On this subject Nevada has the right to stand and cry with Joaquin Miller:

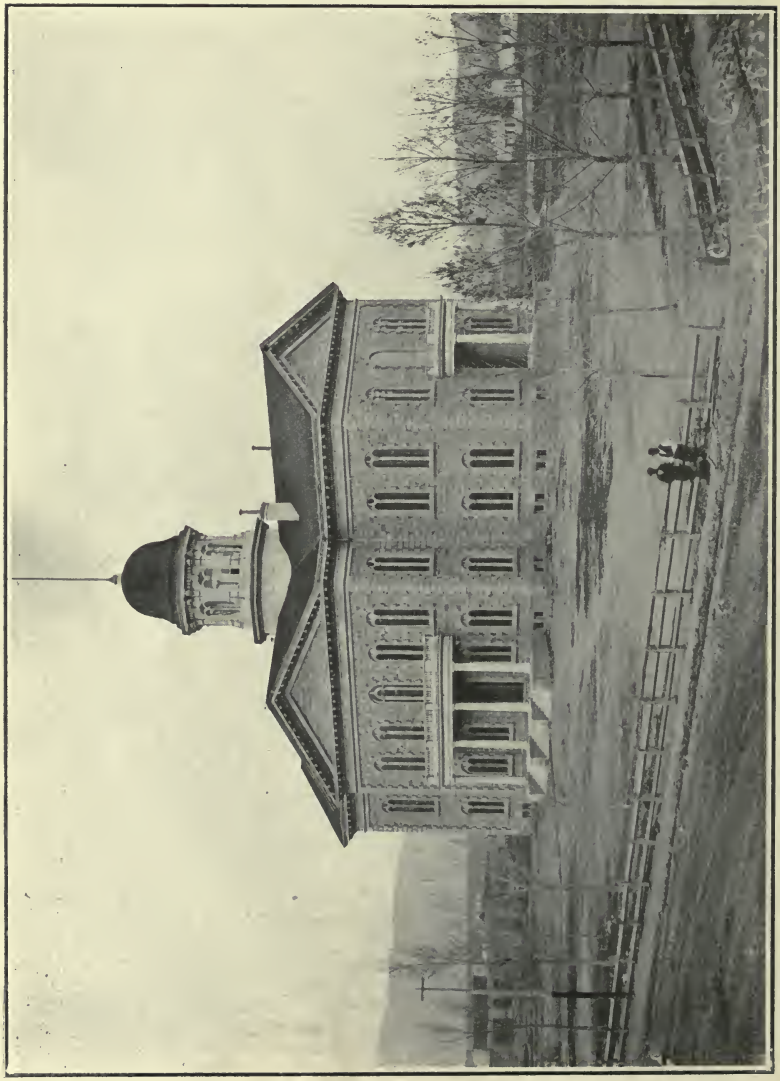
Who now shall accuse and arraign us,
What man shall condemn and disown,
Since Christ has said only the stainless
Shall cast at his fellows a stone.

As to the prize-fights, practically the same argument and statement of facts obtain. The laws of most of our states were lax upon this subject until "promoters" tried to "pull off" these brutal combats within their boundaries. Most of them sought to prevent them, and Nevada has done its best in this regard, and it must be remembered that if the fight had been arranged to be "pulled off" solely under the patronage and for the benefit of Nevada citizenship its principals would not have taken in enough gate-money to repay them for their expenses of training. It was the citizens of other and *highly moral* states —in their own estimation—that made such fights possible, and sent their hordes of rowdies and toughs to witness them.

There now remain but two serious charges against Nevada to be considered; these are gambling and making the gaining of divorces easy.

In considering Nevada's apparent reluctance to suppress gambling, all the facts should be duly considered by the ingenuous and honest-minded. It must be recalled that in the very nature of their work miners are possessed largely with the spirit that inclines towards gambling. The uncertainty, the allurements, the rosy possibilities ever present in dealing with unknown ore bodies are great inducements to highly imaginative and speculative natures. During its early history as a state this was its chief element of population. Risking so much in their daily avocation it was human nature to find them ready and willing to risk much in their pleasures. The professional gamblers, scenting in these people their prey, as vultures do carrion, necessarily flocked into the State where this spirit was so rife.

Still another factor has been at work to crowd gamblers into Nevada. Remembering what I have already said about the spirit of gambling being rife in the hearts of the miners of Nevada, that fact alone will serve to explain why the Sage Brush State seemed to be slow in battling with and overcoming gambling. Hence it being one of the last states in the Union to disallow gambling, it naturally became the resort of gamblers driven out from other states. As fast as it was out-lawed in one state its followers rushed to another where it was still tolerated. As gamblers were detected in Los Angeles, Chicago and other cities all over the Union, doing their illegal business behind curtained windows and barred doors, were arrested, imprisoned and their paraphanalia destroyed, they fled to a milder clime as soon as they were released. The result was Nevada soon had far more than her share of such parasites. As soon as this condition confronted her she arose and to my mind it is a marvelous triumph of



THE STATE CAPITOL, CARSON CITY, NEVADA.

conscience and moral influence that in so comparatively short a time Nevada has controlled enough votes to render gambling illegal, to ostracise followers of it as a profession and to close every open gambling resort in the State. The law against gambling is as rigidly enforced in Nevada today as it is in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia or New York.

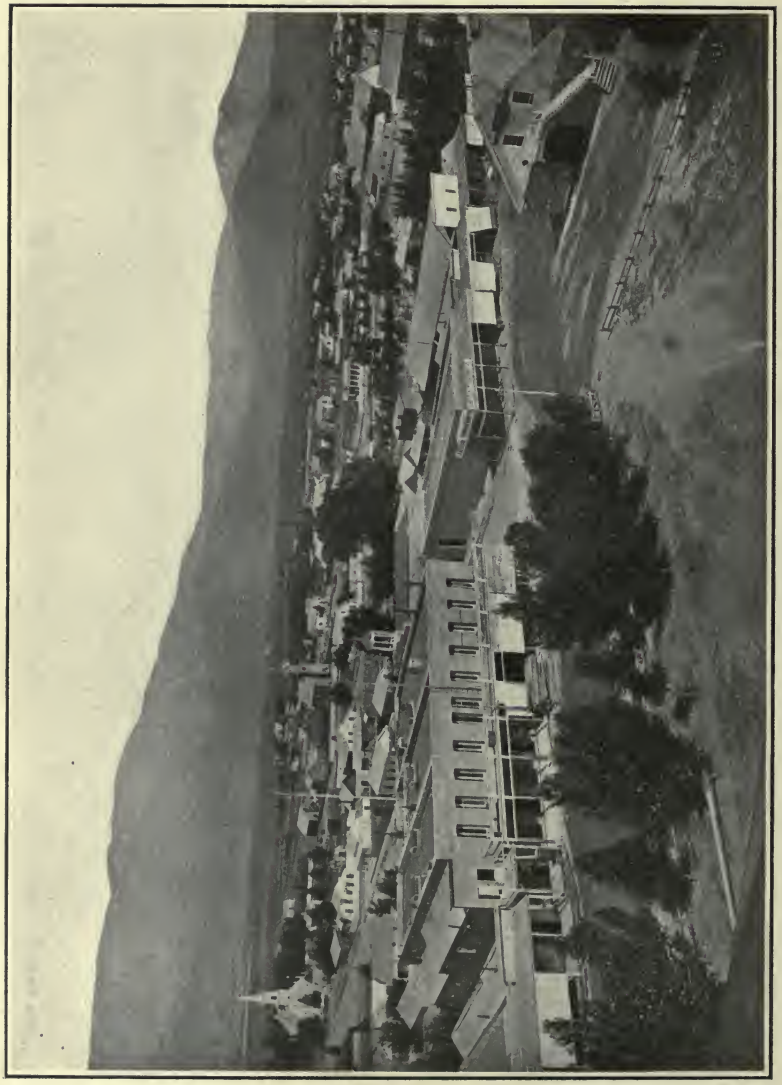
Now we come to the last charge. Nevada as a state, and Reno especially as a city, have been charged with making a bid for, planning for, and passing laws for, the easy obtaining of divorce, and then openly soliciting the patronage of those people who were unable to secure easy divorce in their own states. What are the facts in the case? The Nevada divorce laws were framed while it was still a territory. Her own population practically had nothing to do with them. They were practically the same as the laws of the other territories. The territory also had a law granting citizenship and the right to vote after six month's residence. When the territory became a state neither of these laws were changed, but no one seemed either to know or care anything about the matter for many years. Other states had equally easy divorce laws, and equally short periods for establishing residence, but suddenly a clever lawyer, seeking a divorce for his client in a case in the East that had been continuously exploited in the newspapers for many weeks, found that he could establish residence and secure a divorce in Nevada. The nation at large took great interest in this case, for it profoundly sympathized with the wronged wife and was glad to learn there was a possibility of a speedy divorce.

When the case appeared in the Nevada courts, everything being in conformity with the law, the decree was granted. The very publicity the case had received, and the sympathy so generously bestowed upon the wronged wife led to the spreading of the news broadcast. The whole world read of the decree the next morning at the breakfast table.

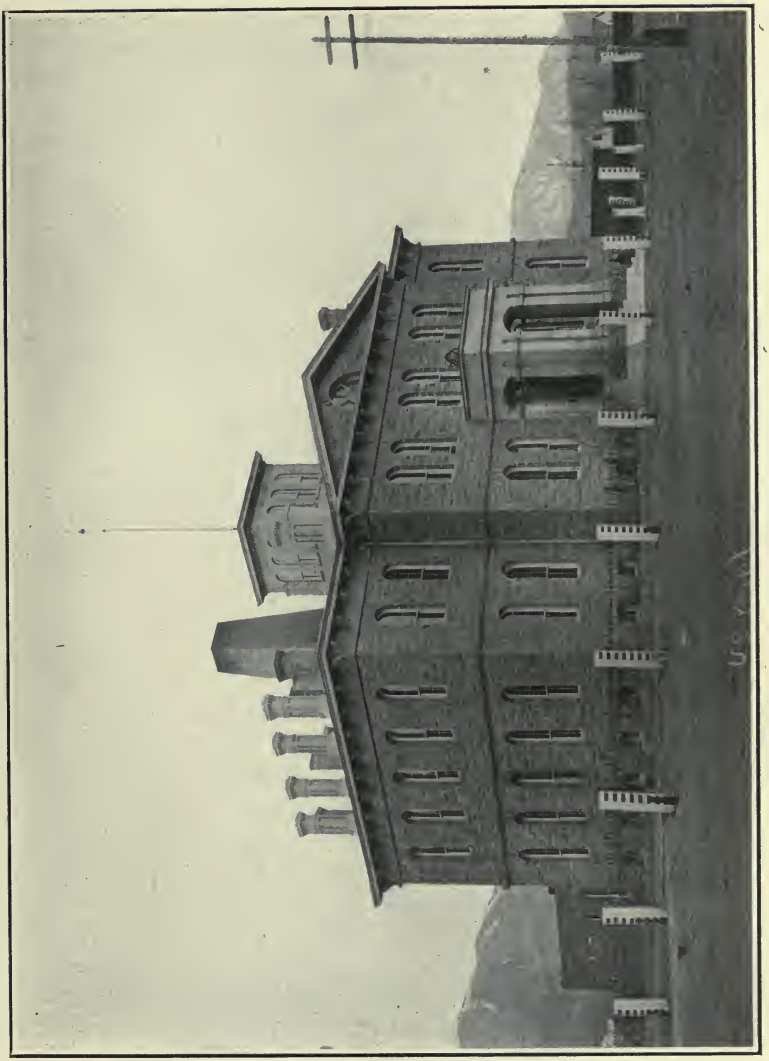
Here was the opportunity many a lawyer was looking for. Not all of them were shysters, doing a nefarious business, for many no doubt had legitimate cases which called for legal action and whose principals were deserving of sympathy and consideration. But, unfortunately, there was a large gathering of the other class—the sharks, the parasites, the evil panderers to the vices of men and women. They flocked to Reno. They advertised that they made a specialty of quick and easy divorce. Clients in large number came to them. They won their cases.

With its genius for advertising the abnormal, the untoward, the vile, suggestive and nasty, the yellow journals at once heralded this as "news" throughout the country, urged on by the craftiness of the disreputable lawyers who saw in these decisions a great field for their unholy activities. On the other hand, as is generally the case, the decent element of the population were unaware of the activity of the enemy, and it was not until the "divorce colony" was an actual fact, flaunting its dirty linen in the face of the world, not merely hanging it on the line when it had passed through the laundry, but lifting it up in its disgusting nastiness, that the fathers and mothers, the decent men and women, the thoughtful and representative citizens of the State, and especially of Reno —where the divorcees flocked—fully recognized the evil that had befallen them.

To their honor and credit let it be said that they became active at once. They interviewed state officials, lawyers and judges, and besought them to find some remedy. There seemed to be none but the repeal of the law of the old territorial days. But this required time, and in the meantime the cohorts of evil, reaping a rich financial harvest from this unsavory, illsmelling, rank and offensive field, increased in number and influence. Naturally they fought against any change. The saloon and tenderloin element, the gamblers, the baser citizenship generally united with them and made a decided and vigorous resistance against any change in the law. They went so far even as to elect a representative to the State Legislature, who openly averred during a session of that body that Reno men and women desired no change in the law. This bold and defiant challenge at once aroused the decent men and women of the city of Reno. They held a mass meeting, indignantly and



CARSON CITY, NEVADA, 1869.



U. S. MINT, CARSON CITY, NEVADA.

forcefully repudiated the "representative" who had so vilely slandered and *mis*-represented them, and went in a body, over four hundred strong, stormed the halls of legislature, stated their position in favor of civic and state decency and morals with unequivocal clearness, and demanded the passage of an act repealing the law that had been so perverted from its original intent.

Such was the force of their moral influence that all opposition was swept away, the law was passed, and the securing of easy divorces in Reno, and Nevada generally, was rendered a thing of the past.

Thus Nevada has purified and justified itself. No longer can the illmated *from other states* flaunt their domestic infelicities or marital unfaithfulnesses before the unwilling eyes of the pure men, women, youths, maidens and children of Nevada. They must stay at home. They must hereafter cease from making Reno the wash-house of the nation, and cleanse their soiled linen in the wash-tubs provided by their own respective states.

In what I have written above I would not have it thought I deem all cases, where men and women sought divorces in Nevada, of this disreputable class. I am well aware there are many estimable men and women who, through some unfortunate circumstance, have felt compelled to seek for divorce. To such as these my remarks do not apply.

Hence I claim there is, in these particulars, *nothing the matter with Nevada*, and while all I have written has to deal with the purification of evils that existed, mainly through the faults of outsiders, I purpose in the following issues of *Out West* to give the facts in regard to the western Nevada of today; its climate, its scenic attractions, its healthfulness, its superior public schools, strong young university, its churches, its literary and artistic clubs for men and women, its libraries, its theatres, its agricultural and horticultural possibilities, and its general desirability as a place of permanent residence for the most refined, cultured and exacting that the American nation possesses.

Ave Atqua Vale

By Henry Meade Bland

Someday when the sun goes down,
And great red banners stream above the Gate.
And mists of silver rim the mountain crown.
And winds sea-tempered stir the leaves, cr wait
Ensnared among the roses whispering elate
As twilight comes arrayed in starry gown—
Some day I know,
When thus the sun is low,
Under the gold acacias, plumed as in royal fete,
My rest shall come as to a king in state·
And as the deep red darkens into night
And crickets croon and moths are swift in flight,
With one hand resting thus upon my brow.
And gazing thus across the hills into the sea afar,
On past the whitened sail and stately shining prow,
Then shall I see the Sign and go to seek my Star.

UNDER *The* LEE *of* THE SIERRAS---WESTERN NEVADA

By the Editor

IT is a land of purple shadows, of mirages, of towering mountain peaks, of dead lakes, and of wide stretches of sagebrush. Yet it is a land of glory, of color, of beds of snow that send down torrents of living water to nourish the thirsty land below, of lakes where delicious trout love to bask in the deeps, of magnificent forests, of fertile acres where fields of alfalfa and waving barley, wheat, oats and corn smile up to the over-arching blue that smiles down upon this favored land three hundred days out of the year, of ranges where fattest and healthiest cattle and sheep roam, feeding upon the juicy grass and tender white sage, of paradise for honey-bees who gather more and better honey here than even in the classic land of Mt. Hymethus, of mines that make men rich by the value of their precious metals. Above all it is a land of health, where floods of vivifying sunshine pour over plain and forest, slope and ravine, mountain and valley, where the purest air of God's desert and mountain laboratories is manufactured in such quantities as city men know nothing of, of such scenic glory and allurement as delight all the senses of man and give him to feel that here indeed is a renewed paradise.

Yes, it is a land of contrasts, a land of surprises, a land of startling variations, is this land under the lee of the Sierras, and therefore a pleasing and delightful land for awake men and women, who love to find a world that responds to all the moods of their inmost souls. It is a land where one may automobile over picturesque roads surrounded by wonderful scenery, yet it is a land where more men and women, young men and maidens, even children, ride horseback than perhaps any other land of earth. It is a land of progress and endeavor, a land of growth and opportunity, a land where the young may plant their lives and win for themselves and their families a large and satisfying competency, while they bask in the most invigorating sunshine, breathe the purest air and build up the most perfect and rugged health.

For many a sufferer has come from other lands—the prairie lands of the Middle West, the grain-fruitful steppes of the Dakotas, the "stern and rock-bound coast" of New England, and the cities, large and small, that house up its inhabitants between high walls that prevent the breezes of God and His sunshine from gaining free access to their serious injury and detriment. And here, in this open land, they have ceased to suffer, have rapidly gained health, strength, vigor and a new conception of life.

Though none of its cities are large and famous, they have cherished histories, for men and women with high ideals have lived and still live in them; have laid their foundations deep and strong and are assured of their ultimate high and noble destiny. Some of these cities are on the world's great highways, both of earth and steel. The travelers from Orient to Occident, and Occident to Orient, pass through them, as do also the travelers from Pacific to Atlantic and Atlantic to Pacific. Many of these pass by with scarce a thought, but this era of ignoring and contemptuous, careless indifference is at an end. The world will notice, now, as it passes, and of its citizens many will stop and look around, study and enquire. They will go on, some, perhaps, never to return, but some also will return. They will come to make this sagebrush land their permanent home. Such are awaited, such are needed, such are expected.

Look, then, at the map, and gain a preliminary idea through a cursory survey of this rising, this coming land, this

MASON, NEVADA—UNDER THE LEE OF THE SIERRAS. WESTERN SIDE OF THE WALKER RIVER

DISTANT VIEW OF THE MASON VALLEY SMELTER, CAPACITY 2,000 TONS DAILY, THOMPSON, NEVADA.

land of sunshine and snow-clad mountains, of health and activity, of destiny and golden opportunity. It is actually "under the lee of the Sierras." For years men have deemed the Sierras as the sole possession of California. The Golden State has leaped before them when the Sierras were mentioned. But this is neither geographically or scenically correct. The Sierras partially belong to Nevada territory, and scenically they form the western horizon line of the Nevadan's daily vision. Never is that superb line of heaven-aspiring summits hid from his eyes. He sees them in the early morning, when the golden and glowing lances of the Day King smite with sudden death the cohorts of the Night; he sees them as the Fiery Chariot of the Sun ascends to the meridian and descends towards the Sea of the West. And it is bathed in sunset glory, with all the resplendent magnificence of kingly lavishness, that he sees the snow-fields of the Sierran summits receive the daily farewell of the light-giving Power.

Riding over the Sierran passes from California, the train stops at Reno, one of the old towns of the Truckee River of the early pioneer days. A recruiting, resting, halting station for those bound for the Land of the Sundown Sea, few thought of it at first as a desirable place for permanent residence. But as the years have gone on, a few, with clearer vision, have observed its advantages. They have become enamoured of its sun-sparkling Sierras, its flashing, foaming, cheery river, its broad and fertile Truckee meadows, its bright and peerless sky, its pure and invigorating atmosphere, its freedom from severe winters and enervating summers. They have built up their homes here, paved scores of miles of wide and commodious streets, attracted an efficient band of merchants who have erected palatial stores and filled them with the varied products of the chief marts of the world. They have demanded the finest of hotels, theatres, churches and schools. They have caused the erection and founding of one of the strongest universities of the West, with a staff of devoted professors who have originality and power. Their high and grammar schools are new, modern and equipped regardless of expense, with everything that up-to-date pedagogical science dictates. They have built churches, club-houses and theatres that would be the pride of any city, and they are all conducted by alert, wide-awake and competent leaders. Being on the main line of railway between East and West, and having first-class hotels for the entertainment of the most exacting prima donna or tenor, Reno secures for her entertainment the cream of all traveling operas, plays, comedies, concert and vaudeville companies. She has daily newspapers of the first-class and keeps abreast of all state, national and world affairs.

Thirty-one miles away, in Eagle Val-

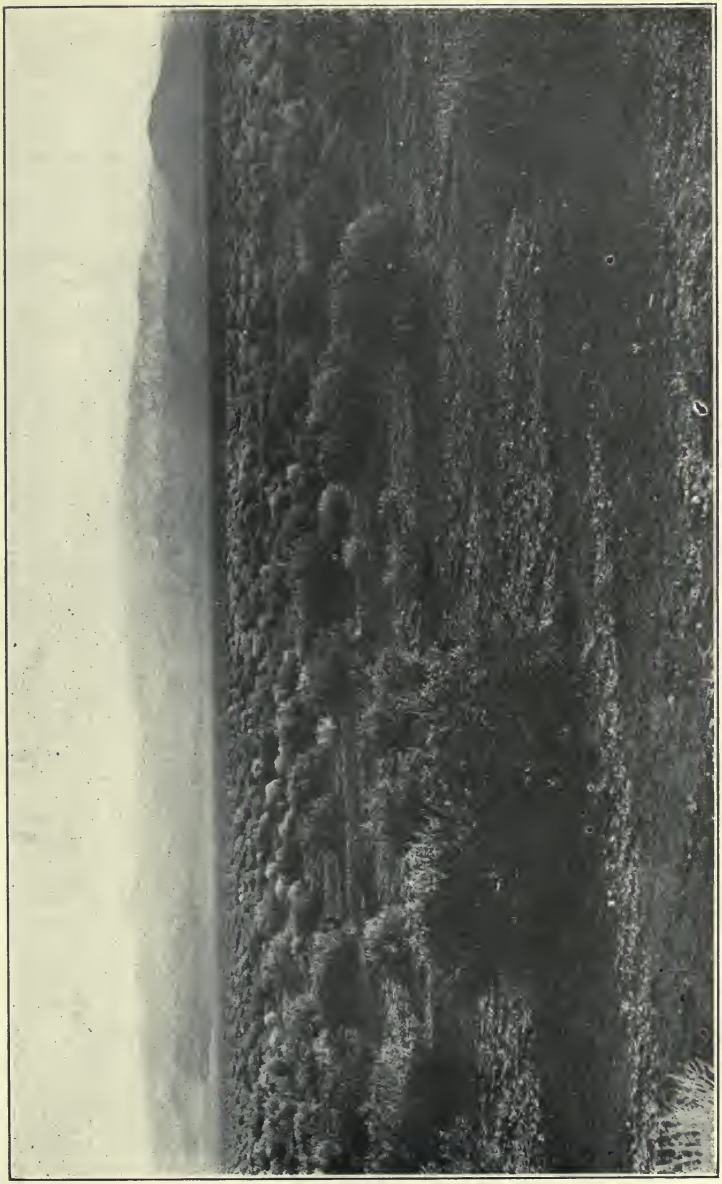
GENERAL VIEW OF NEVADA-DOUGLAS COPPER COMPANY, LUDWIG, NEVADA.

ley, lies Carson City, the capital of the State. Here are tree-lined streets, with all the climatic, scenic and health-giving advantages possessed in common with Reno and other western Nevada cities. Here is the great quarry at the State prison, made world-famous by the monster foot-prints that scientists have argued over and discussed to and fro ever since they were first found. Here, also, resides Dot-so-la-lee, a Washoe Indian, one of the finest, if not *the* finest basket-maker in the known world.

Nearby, perched high on the shoulders of bleak Mt. Davidson is Virginia City, the home of the fabulously rich "Comstock lode" that made scores of men multi-millionaires, that supplied the silver and gold necessary to conduct the business of the nation during the perilous times of the Civil War, and that enabled the masters of finance of San Francisco to build up that great city of the Golden Gate. Here Mackay, Fair, Hood, O'Brien, Sharon, D. O. Mills and other financial giants fought their battles and won their victories. Here Mark Twain and Dande Quille, and Sam Gillis and Charley Goodwin and other literary giants began their career, and here Adolf Sutro, the builder of the tunnel that bears his name, started his fight on the mining and banking magnates that ultimately gave him his fortune and enabled him to change the history of San Francisco. A historic city, indeed, is Virginia City, and one that students of the great West must understand more fully than they now do, ere they can write the history of the United States.

In a beautiful valley beyond—named after the redoubtable Carson—are several towns, all basking in the most fertile and rich meadows, yet under the lee of the Sierras. A wide and gracious valley is this through which the Carson flows in vivifying power. Prosperous ranches and orchards have taken the place of the desert Carson found in 1844, and Minden, Genoa, Sheridan and Gardnerville are the towns that thrive in this 30,000-acre patch of plenty.

Nearby are the equally fertile Smith and Mason valleys, having a cultivable area of over 200,000 acres, only 75,000 of which are now utilized. "Cary Act" projects are under way, however, which will soon be in operation, when these valleys will more than quadruple their population. Mason, the central city of Mason Valley, I found to be the most alert, pushing and go-ahead city in proportion to its size in the State. It has grown rapidly and with its present spirit will soon be a power in Nevada affairs, and especially in its agricultural development. Other cities are Yerington, Wabusha, Ludwig and Thompson, the two latter being respectively at the mine and smelter ends of the Nevada Copper Belt Railway, which runs throughout the two valleys, affording them ready and immediate transit for all their produce. This region is also a noted copper mining zone, a dozen or more of low-grade copper properities being run to



SAGE BRUSH LAND TO BE RECLAIMED BY "CARY ACT" PROJECT, IN MASON VALLEY, NEVADA, "UNDER THE LEE OF THE SIERRAS."

their full capacity and employing many hundreds of men.

In another article in these pages this section is fully described.

Further south under the lee of the Sierras lie Tonopah, Goldfield, Las Vegas and other famous mining camps, all of which have a great future awaiting them as well as an exciting and money-making past, while going east from Reno one finds Sparks, the railway town of the State, an active, bustling, business community where the Southern Pacific shops are located. A few miles beyond, one comes to Fernley and Hazen, the gateways to the great seven-million-dollar irrigation project of the U. S. Reclamation Service. The waters from the Carson and Truckee rivers are diverted by this great system into the fertile valley around Fallon, the county-seat of Churchill County, and here the giant Lahontan Dam is now being erected. It is one of the wonder dams of the world. In a later issue I shall fully describe this great work, the valley it is to reclaim and the town of Fallon, which has already put on metropolitan airs as the desert around it has been reclaimed into profitable ranches.

Still further east, but not too far away to be under the lee of the Sierras is Humbolt Valley, through which the waters of the stream named after the great German scientist and traveler flow. Here are Lovelock and Winnemucca, the latter destined to be the metropolis of interior Nevada, and already growing with great rapidity. Here thirty years ago I passed through strange and varied experiences, some of which I may later recount, not the least of which was the rapid advancement towards a rugged and robust health, which before had been denied to me. One may in time become indifferent to the place of his birth, the scenes of his childhood may die out of memory, but as a rule the place where a sickly man gained the health that enabled him to go out and battle in the world of vigorous men, shoulder to shoulder with the most rugged and combative of them, is the place that he never forgets. And that is why I am now anxious that all the influence *Out West* has with its readers should be exercised in giving to them a true, real and vivid knowledge of the land "under the lee of the Sierras."

The Poinsettia

By Cora A. McDermoth

Bold as the glance of amorous eyes,
Richer in depth than Tyrean dyes,
Thy beauty shimmers, in starlike rays;
Giving the sun back blaze for blaze.
Bright as the dart of a red bird's wing—
Poised, as ready for flight you swing,
Cardinal flower of the Christmas tide—
Flinging your royal banners wide.
Into the ears of the dying year,
Whispering words of joyous cheer.
On that night of nights, so long ago,
When angels carolled, and kine bent low.
The heavens opened to mortal ken—
The message winging, blest to men.
That radiant star burst through the azure blue,
The little stars of its train fell through.
And every year, when the Yule log glows,
They bloom again in the Christmas rose.

BY THE WALKER RIVER IN SUNNY MASON VALLEY

By George Wharton James

NEVADA rivers have ever been regarded as strange and mysterious by those who were not fully familiar with them. Ever since Humbolt described the river that now bears his name as emptying into a great sink from which there was no outlet, and Frémont later described the Carson River as doing the same thing, the lay mind has wondered what mysterious agency created and sustained rivers that had no outlet.

But of their activity and usefulness along their whole passage from their sources in the mountains to their "sinks," the fertile fields that lined their banks gave most effective and satisfactory testimony. Ranking as the very highest of Nevada rivers in its usefulness, and in the rich fertility of the land through which it passes is the Walker River. It has its rise in the snow-clad summits of the Sierra Nevadas, that glorious range of mountains that contains the Yosemite Valley, the Hetch Hetchy, the groves of giant Sequoias, and other scenic features that have made it forever famous throughout the world. The river has two forks, the east fork having its source in the Sierras above Bridgeport Valley, and the west fork in the Sweetwater range. The two branches of the river unite near Mason, in Mason Valley, and then flow sluggishly in a northerly direction towards Wabusha, and then turning south empty into Walker Lake. The river has a fall of 1500 feet in the sixty miles of its flow, and as it passes through several picturesque canyons and gorges affords the charm of scenic attraction in addition to its nourishing power in the valleys.

The two principal valleys through which the Walker passes are Smith Valley and its more extensive and important connection, Mason Valley. This latter valley is about forty miles long and from three to ten miles wide. The plain through which the stream meanders in picturesque beauty is fertile in the extreme. Thousands of acres on each side of the river are abundantly watered, and the rich green of the alfalfa and potato fields, the great herds of cattle, horses and flocks of sheep, the immense stacks of hay, the overflowing barns all bear tribute to the success which has crowned the efforts of the ranchers and stock-raisers. Beauty becomes more beautiful and attractive when it is combined with undeniable evidences of prosperity, and these are present on every hand.

Sloping up towards the mountains on either side are the sagebrush hills, thousands of acres of which are as yet awaiting the water distributing canals which will soon convert them into fertile farms, giving homes to hundreds, nay thousands of happy, contented, healthy and prosperous people.

The lower ranges of these mountains are somewhat barren of verdure, but being rich in minerals they have a beauty of color unknown to those who see only tree-clad and grassy ranges. Towering above these are the lofty summits of the snow-clad peaks, many of which rise into the pure blue of the Nevada sky to 9,000, 10,000 and higher still in elevation above sea-level. Chief among these peaks and ranges are Mt. Grant, the Walker range, and the Pine Nut Range, while rising in the western horizon are the glorious Sierras,

A line of battle-tents in everlasting snow.

Over all is a cloudless, cobalt or azurite sky, so rich and clear, so beautiful and inspiring as those born to the murky atmosphere of the East never know save on those rare days of June that poets sing about. Joaquin Miller said of this incomparable country:

FEEDING BEEF CATTLE IN MASON VALLEY, NEVADA, F. O. STICKNEY'S RANCH.

A sky so fair
Is bending above, so cloudless, blue,
That you gaze and you gaze, and you dream, and you
See God and the portals of heaven there.

Situated in the most beautiful portion of this ever-charming valley, on the western side of the Walker River, on a slope that affords the most perfect drainage and freedom from any possibility of floods, is the picturesque, thriving and prosperous town of Mason. Its elevation is 4,200 feet above sea-level, its outlook extended and ideal, its climatic conditions as near perfect as human beings can ever expect to find, and the commercial and agricultural advantages most alluring and inviting. The mountains that encircle it on the west not only shelter it from unpleasant and cold winds, but the breezes that come over their snowy summits in summer temper the warmth and always give one deliciously cool nights for perfect sleeping and healthful recuperation.

To four classes of people Mason makes an especial appeal. These are the following:

1. The wealthy home-seeker who desires an ideal climate, beautiful surroundings, plenty of opportunities for out-of-door sports and recreation, and close proximity to those scenic glories and beauties that draw the wealthy, refined and cultured.

2. The health-seeker, whose physical condition demands an ideal climate for his upbuilding, and yet where he can bring his family with assurance that all the requirements of the highest civilized life are met.

3. The farmer seeking to improve his condition, own his ranch, develop it according to his own ideas, bring up his family close to all advantages (schools, churches, clubs, etc.), and at the same time have the reasonable assurance that, with care and industry, he may amass a competency in a far shorter space of time than would be possible in a less favored locality.

4. The large investor in mines, land projects under the "Cary Act," colonizers and ranchers who desire to breed or feed cattle, etc., on a large scale.

These, in the main, are the classes to whom Mason makes especial appeal, but of course there are thousands who would find this a desirable place of location, who are not perhaps exactly entitled to rank in any one of these classes. To enlarge upon Mason's advantages the reader should note that Yerington, the county-seat, is but four miles away. Light and power are supplied by the Truckee River Power Company at reasonable rates—lower even than such noted California cities as Redlands, Riverside, Los Angeles and San Diego. The water system is of established purity and excellence, and abundant in quality. The town is well laid out, and the first impression the stranger receives as he steps from the railway cars

is that the solid modern brick buildings, and the fine roads that he can see in every direction, indicate a city whose foundations are well laid and whose continued prosperity is assured.

The Hotel Mason, the largest in the city, is of brick, well built, comfortable, commodious, well appointed, electric lighted, steam-heated and thoroughly equipped and modern in every way. There are stores, lumber-yard, garages, livery-stables, bank, school and a church that would be the pride and delight of many towns a century old in New England and the Middle West. On the occasion of my last visit (March, 1914) the new school-house was approaching completion. It is a most handsome brick structure, erected to provide for the growing needs of the town for some time to come, and established in a most ideal location.

A number of tasty, pleasing and home-like bungalows, cottages and other residences have been built up, and there is a general air of neatness, prosperity and care that speaks well for the growing community.

Mason Theatre is used for concerts and public attractions, with the regular presentation of the latest moving-pictures; a Woman's Club, with a large membership that is ever aggressive in all civic improvement and intellectual betterment; an active commercial club that numbers all the energetic citizens among its members; and a first-class general hospital add to the elements which make the city a most desirable one in which to live.

While the ethics of the medical profession forbid advertising, it cannot object to an outsider's candid judgment upon the hospital's equipment and management. Having received a medical training and knowing most of the principal hospitals of the civilized world I must confess to a feeling of great surprise when I found this fine structure, with its modern equipment for all ordinary hospital cases, and every kind of surgical case, with physicians and surgeons of exceptional ability and training.

To residents of every class, who consider their own healthful comfort and that of their families, the question of climate is of great importance. This town and valley are especially favored of God in this essential. While there is a little winter, the temperature seldom reaches lower than 20° Fahr. It is a land of almost eternal sunshine. Snow falls but little, and in the valley is almost immediately melted. Mason and the surrounding country is so situated, however, and the soil is of such a character that mud is almost unknown, except on the lower levels, and both rain and melted snow drain off and leave the streets and roads dry and in good condition in a remarkably short space of time.

Transportation facilities for entering and leaving Mason are excellent. The Southern Pacific line from San Francisco to the great mining camps of Tonopah and Goldfield passes through the north end of the Valley at Wabusha. Here change of cars is made to the Nevada Copper Belt Railway. This passes through Mason—through the very heart of the city—where it has a beautiful and commodious depot structure, its general offices, shop and roundhouse, etc. Then continuing down the Valley, it passes through the picturesque and romantic Wilson Canyon, through Hudson, a distributing point for the revified and historic mining-camp of Aurora, on to the Nevada Douglas mines at Ludwig, thus completing its forty miles of standard gauge, thoroughly equipped, modern railway.

A glance at its record of business since it has been in operation demonstrates the activities of Mason, Hudson, Ludwig and the other towns and adjacent country that it serves. For the convenience of passenger traffic, trains ply back and forth three times daily to connect with the S. P. trains at Wabusha. For the hauling of ores from the various mines it is equipped with an abundant supply of 100,000-pound steel ore cars of most approved modern type.

Unlike most railways—large or small—the Nevada Copper Belt is owned and operated by men who have a personal interest in the immediate and thorough development of all the resources of Mason Valley and the contiguous territory. They are the owners of the Nevada-Douglas group of mines and indeed the town of Ludwig is entirely built up by

LYON COUNTY COURT HOUSE, YERINGTON, MASON VALLEY, NEVADA.

their activities. The superintendent and traffic manager of the railway personally takes an interest in the welfare of all settlers, endeavors to point out new and better markets for their produce, and thus in promoting added business for his road, adds to the profits and general well-being of the country.

In its outside resources Mason is most advantageously located. These resources, broadly speaking, may be divided into three great classes, viz., mining, stock-raising and agriculture. Each is important enough to demand separate and reasonably full explanation.

1. *Mining.*—The whole of the mountain ranges that surround Mason and Smith Valleys are demonstrated to be full of mineral wealth, in such quantity and of such richness as to pay a handsome profit over all working expenses. While no one can tell what treasures of precious metals the hidden interior of the earth may contain, and there is always the possibility of making "strikes" that will rival the extraordinary and world-famous discoveries of the Comstock, and, in later days, of Tonopah, Goldfield, Rawhide and other Nevada camps, the development work actually done in several of the Mason mines has exposed such ore bodies as mean millions, positively and certainly to their owners. This is neither hearsay nor conjecture. Personally I have investigated and studied these mines. I write of my own knowledge. Furthermore the importance of the copper mines alone, of this district, compelled the U. S. Geological survey to send one of its leading copper experts, Professor F. L. Ransome, who, after extended scientific study, issued, in 1909, a monograph dealing with the copper deposits and mines. One group of these mines lies on the east slope of Singatse Ridge (the range of mountains behind Mason), about halfway from the valley to the crest. "Together they constitute," says Mr. Ransome, "a chain two miles in length, the mines from north to south being the Bluestone, Mason Valley, Malachite, McConnell, Western Nevada, Empire Nevada, Montand, Yerington and many others. At the western foot of Singatse Ridge are the Nevada-Douglas and Ludwig mines, now under one ownership, the Nevada-Douglas Company having bought the Ludwig in 1907 for about $500,000. Both these are old mines, and have intermittently produced considerable ore."

Let us now visit these mines in turn, beginning in reverse order—the Nevada-Douglas group first.

The Nevada Copper Belt railway takes one to the very offices of the company and the various shafts and tunnels of the mines. In all there are thirty-two mining claims, covering seven hundred acres in extent all deeded by United States patents. As early as 1862 the Ludwig mine produced high-grade carbonate ores close to the surface, which were so rich that it paid to haul them by wagons over the mountains to Virginia City, and also to far-away railway shipping points, thence to Pacific ports, whence they were sent in vessels to Swansea, Wales, for reduction.

I did not visit the Western Nevada mine nor the McConnell and Malachite mines. They are all three, however, quite close to the town of Mason, all within one or two miles, and contain similar character and grade of ore. Other properties are those of the Blue Jay Copper Co., the Kennedy Consolidated Copper Co., and the Pine Grove Gold Mining Co.

I visited the Mason Valley mine, which is not more than a mile from Mason, in the company of the assistant superintendent, and found here another mine of vast proportions, with hundreds of thousands of tons of ore in sight. Tunnels at four or five different levels have been run into the ore bodies, which are sloped out, allowed to drop through chutes to the lower levels, where they are automatically loaded on steel cars, trains of which, drawn by electric engines, are brought out to the surface, where the ore is dumped into buckets, which are conveyed by gravity, on aerial cables, direct to the loading bins on the railway track at Mason, whence they are taken by railway to the smelter at Thompson.

Active development was begun by the present owners about six years ago, and now about eight miles of tunnels and other workings have been made.

The Bluestone mine is owned by that veteran mining operator, Capt. J. R. DeLamar, of New York. For years no man in the West has enjoyed a more favorable reputation than De Lamar. Owner of the famous De Lamar mines in Idaho, the Golden Gate mine at Mercer, Utah, the rich silver mine, the DeLamar, in Nevada, the Bully Hill, Shasta County, California, which produced gold, silver and copper; and the Nipissing Mine, Ontario, Canada. He is also one of the principal owners of the International Nickel Company's mines of Subury, Canada, and is largely interested in the Donie mines of Porcupine, Canada. Some years ago he purchased the Bluestone, which is located about one and one-half to two miles from Mason. Careful sampling and estimating revealed fully from 1,500,000 to 2,000,000 tons of ore in actual sight, with an average value of two and one-half to three per cent copper.

Within the last six months the Miami Copper Company has bonded the property of the Empire Nevada Mining & Smelting Company, extending for some miles below Mason, and is boring to discover the size and quality of the ore bodies. While nothing official has yet been published, the fact that the whole country is underlaid with copper ore of paying grade is well known, and that it will doubtless not be long before active mining operations on a large scale will be begun by this company.

The Minnesota Nevada Copper Mines Company is owner of twenty mining claims, or about 375 acres all in one group. This property has the largest known high-grade iron deposit in the State of Nevada.

With the Copper Belt Railway close at hand, and the smelter only a few miles away, it can well be seen how advantageously these low-grade mining propositions can be carried on in and near Mason. The effect of these operations can also be conceived upon the growing town.

The smelter itself was designed by Mr. Jules Labarth, who not only superintended its construction, but is now its superintendent as well as of the Mason Valley mines. It is owned by the Mason Valley Mines Company, and is at the north end of the valley at the town of Thompson, fourteen miles from the town of Mason. It not only smelts the ores from its own mines, but does a custom business for all the mines of the valley and adjacent region. It also receives ores for reduction from as far south as Goldfield, and north from the Mt. Shasta region, California. Its daily capacity is 2,000 tons, and it is equipped

with all the latest and most scientific electric and mechanical appliances. Absolutely no labor is done by hand. Everything is controlled by electric or other machinery.

There are two furnaces, with a length of thirty and thirty-five feet, and four feet wide. Vast electric motors supply the air blast, the electricity being supplied by the Truckee River Electric Company. When the steel cars of the Copper Belt Railway are run upon the sidings of the smelter, the ore is dumped into ore bunkers at the sample mill, which has a crushing capacity of 150 tons per hour. This mill is equipped with samplers, which take from the discharging ores, with mechanical impartiality, a certain proportion of all that pass through them. The main mass of the crushed ores are conveyed by bands mechanically into the "charge" bins. Here the charges for the furnace are weighed, and automatically discharged into steel cars, trains of which are drawn by electric motors to the furnace and there automatically emptied. A charge is ten tons. As fast as this ore melts, the slag, or melted rock, rises to the surface and runs off into steel pots, each with a capacity of twenty tons. When full these are drawn out by an electric engine and poured out onto the dump pile. The copper "matte," or molten metal, is tapped into ladles and thence poured into the converters, and there "converted" into practically pure copper. This is then poured by electrically-controlled "filters" into moulds, which automatically dump the solidified blocks of copper, 350 pounds each in weight, into cold water for cooling. They are then weighed and shipped to the refineries.

From this brief outline it will be seen that Mason Valley already has an established and solid mining industry, employing many hundreds of men and increasing each year. The advantage of these camps as ready markets for much of what is grown in the valley is apparent, also to the business interests of the Mason merchants.

II. *Stock-Raising.*—Mason Valley is peculiarly adapted for all kinds of stock and poultry raising. During the summer months the mountain ranges are alive with cattle, horses and sheep, for the snows of winter, providing an abundance of moisture insure permanent pasturage and water supply. When the fall snows come these herds must be removed to suitable locations where enclosed pasture or feed may be secured at reasonable prices, and where weather conditions are favorable. Both these *desiderata* are close at hand in Mason Valley. In not more than one, two, or three days cattle, horses, or sheep may easily be driven from the mountains, and either pasturage or stacked alfalfa secured. The kindly climate has already been refered to. It is literally true that stock can winter out of doors without suffering or injury. The result is, the beef and mutton are always of that fine flavor and juicy tenderness that come from animals that have been well fed and well cared for.

The fact that Miller & Lux, the shrewdest and largest cattle operators in the West, and possibly in the world, have a ranch of many thousands of acres (common report has it that it is upwards of eighty thousand), and that the Humphrey-Moffat Company, another firm of large stock operators, have a feeding ranch, are proofs of the wonderful adaptability of the climate of this valley for stock feeding purposes.

Hogs thrive equally well, indeed hog-raising is one of the great industries of Mason Valley. While last year many carloads of hogs were shipped away, there is a great home-demand for hog meat to supply the mines; and as the work in these mines develops, it can well be seen that the demands for all kinds of home-grown meats will increase.

When ready for market, the Copper Belt and Southern Pacific railways have their shipping stations within a few hours, so neither time nor weight are lost in long, tedious and exhaustive drives. The cattle, sheep and hogs, proceeding immediately to market arrive in the primest of condition and command the highest prices.

Almost every ranch in the valley has its large or small herd of dairy cattle. This supplies all the milk, etc., for domestic purposes, and all surplus cream can readily be disposed of at the creamery, established in the center of the

THE NEW SCHOOL HOUSE, MASON, NEVADA.

valley and close to the city of Mason. The milch stock is largely composed of Holsteins and Durhams. The local consumption of butter is large and at excellent prices, yet the California markets could readily absorb ten or twenty times the amount of butter Mason Valley now ships. Hence, there is really a large opening for much more extensive dairying operations than are now carried on.

Under such conditions it can be seen that dairy farming is ideal. With an abundance of alfalfa, clover, timothy, barley, wheat and other grains, pure mountain water and a perfect winter and summer climate, a well-conducted creamery that is eager to purchase, at good prices, all the cream that the valley can produce, the dairyman's bank account is sure to grow rapidly.

Turkeys and poultry also thrive wonderfully, and without the diverse annoyances and risks encountered elsewhere. In 1912 there were shipped from Mason Valley alone during the Thanksgiving and Christmas season, over twenty tons of dressed turkeys, and the amount of shipments increase with each year.

As yet, however, none of the Mason Valley settlers have been professional poultry-raisers. All acknowledge that the climatic and feeding conditions are perfect, and ere long some one with the necessary equipment will go into the business on a large scale. Egg production in such a climate as this can be made a continuous, all-the-year-round performance, and as everything the poultry need for food is raised in abundance on the spot the expenses of production are reduced to the minimum.

The close proximity of the mines, and the vast number of men employed there, make a perpetual demand for eggs and dressed poultry. The supply is nothing like equal to the demand and hundreds of cars of both poultry and eggs are annually shipped into Western Nevada from Kansas, Nebraska, Utah and California, *at the highest prices paid anywhere in the Union*, which local growers should supply. This defect in local production will rapidly be remedied, however, as soon as a few enterprising poultry-raisers come in from the outside and grasp the situation. Such as these will be gladly welcomed.

Honey.—Another Mason Valley product that has already gained more than local fame is honey. The long and delightful summer season, the vast alfalfa fields, the hilly slopes covered with millions of honey-producing plants, the perfect purity of the atmosphere, the close proximity of the towering Sierras, all conduce to the manufacture of a honey of rare color, quality, flavor and general richness that attracts attention and commands the highest prices. The great railway systems have discovered this fact and all the honey that can be purchased for shipment is immediately seized and sent to be served on the dining-car systems of Eastern, Southern and Western railways.

III. *Agriculture.* — For over forty

years Mason Valley has been noted for its stock-raising. Well watered by the largest river in Nevada, the Walker, the growth of alfalfa and natural grasses rendered it an ideal stock-raising country. But the newer generation takes cognizance of climatic conditions also, and they work for the production of the largest, best-paying crops on the smallest possible area. Here they found a number of large ranches, varying in size from five hundred to several thousands of acres in extent, in a most ideal climate, capable of producing from five to fifteen times their past returns. Many thousands of acres, therefore, have been divided and sold in smaller parcels. The valley contains fully 150,000 acres of tillable land, only 45,000 acres of which are now under cultivation. There is water enough in the Walker River to irrigate every acre of this, as soon as the winter surplus of waters is stored in the canyons. Natural reservoir sites have been found and projects are now on foot for the building of dams, storing of waters and construction of complete irrigation systems that will bring all the available lands of the valley under cultivation by irrigation.

The chief of these projects is known as the Walker River Canal & Power Company's "Cary Act" project. The "Cary Act" was passed by Congress a few years ago and allows the State to contract with private capital for the putting of water upon government land. The State practically supervises the companies who engage to do this work, and thus stand between the capitalist and the poor rancher.

This Walker River Power Company's project proposes to impound the flood waters of the East Fork of Walker River in a reservoir with a capacity of 63,030 acre-feet, and thus supply abundant water to forty-five thousand acres of land on the south and east portion of Mason Valley. This is what is known as "bench land," and is made up of the disintegrated material washed down from the mountains close by. There is no better land for general agricultural purposes in the world. Miles of it is as level as a table, but with a slight slope that insures perfect drainage. This project will soon be under way, and the land

WILSON'S CANYON ON LINE OF NEVADA COPPER BELT, NEAR MASON, NEVADA.

will undoubtedly be ready for settlement within a few months.

Other projects are in various stages of development, so there is little doubt that ere long many thousands of these fertile acres will be open to settlement, in large or small tracts, under the most generous and advantageous terms.

The potatoes raised throughout the valley are already making Mason famous. The high altitude and the cool nights, are peculiarly adapted to potato culture, and there seems to be in the soil those elements that conduce to a delicious flavor, fine shape, large size, and that mealy quality that is the distinguishing characteristic of the finest potatoes of the world.

The average crop of potatoes in Mason Valley is ten tons to the acre, while the average throughout the State is about six tons, or two hundred bushels. A few specialists grow as high as nineteen tons (633 1-3 bushels) to the acre. The price of potatoes, of course, varies with the market, ranging from $17 to $35 and even $40 per ton. Personally, I can speak of their high quality. They are not surpassed in the world. With such

home demand, and close proximity to California markets, it is confidently expected that the acreage now set out to potatoes in Mason Valley will be increased ten-fold within the next five years.

All the cereals grow well in Mason Valley, especially wheat, barley, oats and rye, and the acreage of these is rapidly increasing.

Fruit.—As yet fruit culture has not received the careful and thorough attention it demands. Owing to the delightful weather in the early portion of the year the buds are induced to come out, and then, unfortunately a late frost in April or May too often kills them. The State Experimental Farm has demonstrated, however, that artificial heating, as is practiced in Colorado, California and elsewhere, will successfully combat the frost, and thus make fruit-growing on a large scale practical.

Sugar Beets.—Sugar beet growing in Nevada has already long passed the experimental stage. More land and more farmers are needed, however, to grow the enormous crop needed for a profitable run of the beet sugar factories. This is destined to be another great source of profit to Mason Valley farmers in the near furture.

Sport and Pleasure Resorts.—There remains now but one subject to present. That is the subject of recreation. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy in Mason as well as elsewhere. The sportsman finds the land a veritable treasure-house of delight. On the sloughs of the Antelope Valley Land & Stock Company, at the north end of the valley, mallard, teal, widgeon, canvasbacks, spoonbills and redheads are found in immense quantities. The same can be said of Walker Lake, 35 miles away. The poorest kind of a shot can go and get the limit.

The fisherman finds in the Walker River, Walker Lake, and in the hundreds of glacial lakes in the Sierras, every kind of fish. In the river trout and cat abound. Walker Lake abounds in black bass, and it is no uncommon thing to find one with a catch, with fish varying in weight from one to ten pounds. The close proximity of Lake Tahoe, Silver and Twin Lakes, and a hundred others in the High Sierras, only thirty-five miles or so away, give the fisherman his choice of some of the most famous fishing grounds in the world, where silver trout, Lock Leven, Mackinaw and Lake Tahoe trout are caught by the hundreds of thousands, and are bred at the hatcheries both by the Federal and State governments.

In addition, the Sierras give to the hunter, in the season, an inexhaustible field. Deer, antelope, bear, quail and grouse abound. A large number of Chinese pheasants have been planted in Mason Valley, and these, while protected, are increasing with wonderful rapidity. The restrictions will soon be removed, and thus an additional bird offered to the sportsman. Quail also abound in Mason Valley.

In Smith Valley, within easy reach of Mason, is a well-known and popular resort known as Hines Hot Springs. A number of medicinal hot springs bubble out from the mountain-side, and from time immemorial the Indians have proven their value for healthful purposes. A large swimming tank has been constructed and scores enjoy the pleasure of swimming in its warm, stimulating and health-giving waters.

From the standpoint of scenic recreation, the close proximity of Mason to Lake Tahoe gives it access within a few hours by automobile or rail to the most famous lake, forest and mountain resort of the western world. It is a minature Switzerland. The lake is one of the wonders of the world, both in its altitude, purity, color and abundance of fish. Twenty different hotels, resorts and camps line its shores, varying in luxuriance and simplicity in accordance with the complex needs of the nearly hundred thousand persons who now visit it annually. This resort is deemed so important a factor to the home-seekers in Western Nevada that it will form the subject of a later and fuller illustrated description in the pages of *Out West.*

Mason is fortunate in being the home of the Mason Valley Improvement Club. Without invidious distinction this club seeks the welfare of the whole valley, as well as of its own town. It was through its activities I was privileged to see the country so thoroughly, and I desire to

extend my thanks to its officers and members for their helpful courtesy. I am assured that should any of my readers desire further knowledge of this Sunshine Valley on the Walker River, a line addressed to the president, Owen H. Bott, or the secretary, B. C. Miller, Mason, Nevada, will at once bring the desired information.

Daybreak

Until the day-break, and the shadows flee away.—Canticles, 4:6.

By Elizabeth Burns Stansfield

After the winter rain,
Spring! and the violet blue;
After the night of pain
Morn breaks anew.
After the storm-tossed sea
And the twisted bark,
Glimmer, for you and me,
God's stars through the dark.

After the fruitless quest,
Longing for home in the heart;
After the foe, close-pressed,
The victor's part.
After the weary feet,
With their sin and stain,
Rest! and oh, but it's sweet
To begin again.

After the toilsome climb,
Height! and the visioning hour;
After the mud and slime,
The perfect flower.
After the somber tomb,
Peace and a faith new-born;
After the evening gloom,
The Easter morn!

The CLIMATE *of* WESTERN NEVADA

By H. S. Cole
Section Director, Weather Bureau

IT would be difficult to find a climate more pleasant and healthful than that of Western Nevada.

The air at a few thousand feet above the surface of the earth is always pure, and is never subject to the extreme changes of temperature that are experienced at the surface. There is a general eastward movement of the air at this elevation in the temperate zones. A large portion of the surface is left behind on the costal plain because of friction and counter currents, and a stream of pure, mild air from higher levels is constantly being poured over the great barrier, the Sierras, into Western Nevada.

As the moist surface air from the Pacific moves up the western slope the moisture is precipitated in the form of rain in summer, in the form of snow in winter. As this air moves down the eastern slope it is warmed, and this warming process necessarily dries the air, another factor which causes the sunny skies and bracing air of Western Nevada.

It has been known by physicians for many years that light air is stimulating. The pressure of the air in Western Nevada, according to Weather Bureau records, is about five-sixths as great as at sea-level, making it a very healthful place for persons needing slight stimulation, but not a good place for persons affected with heart disease.

Under most favorable conditions only about seventy-five per cent of the heat from the sun can reach sea-level with the sun directly overhead. Any cloud, invisible moisture, dust or smoke will decrease this amount a great deal. The amount of heat radiated from the earth is affected in a similar manner by any impurities in the air. The difference in air-pressure shows that nearly one-sixth of the air is below the level of Western Nevada, and will not be effective in reducing the amount of heat received from the sun or the amount radiated from the earth. Also the clear skies and the pure, dry air will facilitate insolation and radiation. For these reasons we have the warm days, so favorable to health and to vegetable growth, and the cool bracing nights, winter and summer. When the sun disappears the temperature drops quickly to ten or twelve degrees below freezing in midwinter, to from forty-seven to fifty-nine degrees in midsummer. There may be a cold spell in winter, lasting a few days, and a warm spell in summer, lasting a week or more; but the temperature rarely goes below zero in winter, and the hot days in summer are not depressing because of the light, dry air and the cool, refreshing night that follows. The coldest temperature recorded at Reno in the past 26 years was 19 degrees below zero, in January, 1890, and the old settlers still talk about that winter. The highest recorded during the same period was 100 degrees, on three different dates. On two of these dates the temperature dropped to 58 degrees the following night, and on the other date it went down to 61 degrees the following night. Night temperatures above 60 degrees rarely occur.

Snow can be seen in the higher portions of the mountains at nearly all times. This snow melting in the sunshine aids in cooling the air, and in contrast with the dark mountains and the blue sky adds a beauty and freshness to the landscape that should not be overlooked.

The following table of temperatures for seven stations in Western Nevada will give a more definite idea of climatic conditions than can be obtained from description. The shortest record used in the table is at Columbia, and covers a period of eight years. The others are for much longer periods.

There is rain enough in the valleys of

TEMPERATURE AND FROST

Stations	Mean Maximum, July	Mean Minimum, July	Mean Maximum, Jan.	Mean Minimum, Jan.	Hgst. on Rec'd	Lwst. on Rec'd	Average Date Last Killing Frost, Spring	Average Date First Killing Frost, Autumn	Length Growing Season, Days
Carson City	84	51	44	21	100	–22	May 20	Sept. 21	122
Columbia	89	56	43	22	108	–6	May 29	Sept. 26	121
Fallon	90	55	41	19	104	–15	May 13	Sept. 27	133
Fernley	91	57	48	20	109	–28	June 3	Oct. 1	119
Gardnerville	87	47	46	20	109	–17	June 21	Sept. 14	83
Hawthorne	90	59	44	22	102	–19	May 6	Oct. 13	160
Reno	87	52	42	21	100	–19	May 15	Oct. 3	141

Western Nevada so that by careful conservation of all the moisture that falls, a good crop can be raised every second year, by dry farming, and occasionally a crop can be raised every year. But, fortunately, the farmers do not have to depend on dry farming. A dry farm in the most favorable climate is not nearly as productive as a farm under irrigation, and irrigation is carried on according to most improved methods and under most favorable conditions in Western Nevada.

In winter there is heavy precipitation as the moisture-laden air moves up the western slope of the Sierras, and a great deal of snow is blown over to the eastern slope before it falls out of the air or finds a lodging place. This snow is piled up in deep drifts just east of the divide, where it melts slowly during the next summer. Snow surveyors for the Weather Bureau found a drift, this season, at an elevation of 9,000 feet, in which they put down a snow sampler 260 inches and could not reach the bottom of the drift. The water content of the measurement was 191.9 inches. If properly conserved, nearly every foot of this water could be used for water power several times, then it could be used for irrigation. Only about half of the water available is used at present, which means that about twice as much land may be brought under cultivation as is at present. The greater portion of this water will be put to good use in the next few years by alert investors.

If the unfavorable things concerning the climate were omitted, the article might be misleading.

During March, April and May there are a large number of windy days and frequent dust storms. A large cloud forms over the valley, cutting off the sunshine and making the air cold and disagreeable.

There is usually enough mild weather and bright sunshine in March or April to bring out fruit blossoms in the latter part of April. There is usually a killing frost in May that kills the fruit, unless some precaution is taken to prevent it. There is scarcely ever a season so severe that the fruit can not be saved by use of heaters and smudging, and if saved it is the very best fruit in the market. It is not the insipid kind, such as grows in a climate where they have little or no freezing weather in winter and where they have hot, moist summers. The freezing temperatures of winter and the clear skies and hot sun of midsummer and fall fill it with sugar and give it a crisp grain and an excellent flavor. The only question is, will the fruit pay for the care and expenditure necessary to get it past the late spring frosts. This has not been fully worked out yet, but several have been experimenting with heaters, under the direction of the University of Nevada, and all think it will pay nearly every season, some say that it has paid every season since experiments began, which was in 1911. Besides, it will be noticed in the table that there is a long growing season; that is, the time from last killing frost in spring to the first killing frost in autumn. Late planting and late varieties will avoid the late frost and still have plenty of time for maturing.

In summing up the advantages of the climate of Western Nevada, it is thought it may well be stated as follows:

They have pure air, because it is from higher levels; dry, bracing air, because

the moisture has been precipitated in coming over the high Sierras just west of Nevada; light stimulating air, because of elevation; great range of temperature, because of light, dry, pure air; no severe extremes of temperature to injure health or interfere with comfort (as shown in the table); enough cold weather in winter to tone up the system, kill germs and insects and to aid in producing good fruit; hot days in summer to produce vegetable growth and sweeten fruit and berries, and dry air to prevent their mildew or decay; an abundance of snow stored in the mountains, affording pure, cool water for domestic use, and an abundance of water for power and irrigation; beautiful streams winding down among the hills, dashing over the rocks and reflecting the bluest of skies in every pool.

To a California Poppy.

By Nellie Hawks

Whence came you?—this the thought that held me chained
When first I met your glorious, up-turned faces;
For in your color, form and habits I found traces
Of other lands than this, and felt constrained
To doubt the wisdom of your naming,
For lands afar, I knew, were claiming
Quite another floral signature for you.
A California Poppy,—Is it true!

Each soul its own conception has, and thought;
And I would ask: Might not the winds have brought
Your seeds upon their wings, and dropped them where
They found the soil among all soils most rare,
And grew a thing in California sun and air
That has become a part of Gold State fame;
But you are beautiful! no matter whence you came!

World known—the symbol-flower of this famed State,
That borders league on league of pearly sea;
Or came the ancient ones of thy proud history
Embedded firm and deep in sun-dried clod
On wheels, and hubs, and laden wagon-bed
From habitations old whence men by gold-lure led
Set out in search for wealth, trusting their God,
Following the trail by compass and by star
From lands that lie afar! Thousands of miles afar!

In childhood days—a long, long time ago—
I knew you as the "Cowslip;" loved you so!
In that sweet time, grown to a past that's dim,
You have grown from that to this, I think, ad interim.
I know mistaken quite, possibly I might be,
But somewhere, I think you ARE of that same family.

FREMONT *and* CARSON in NEVADA

By George Wharton James

WHO the first white man was to gaze upon the territory that is now Nevada is not positively known. Possibly some of the Spaniards may have climbed over the Sierran barrier, although nothing definite is known of any such discovery. It is more than likely that some of that vast pioneer army, whose humble profession always keeps them in advance of civilization—the trappers—were the first to come into Nevada.

But undoubtedly the first scientific and recorded account was that given by John C. Frémont, the Pathfinder. It was a very different matter to cross the Great Basin and the uncharted Sierras in his day from what it is in ours. He faced unknown dangers and struggled with increasing hardships, enduring most fatiguing toil. In this day of Pullman cars, a ride across the mountains to the travel-blasé is regarded as eventless, almost monotonous. *Then*, every day had its new perils, its new experiences of adventure, its new record of struggle with hard-hearted Nature,—for she can be as stern and relentless as the most cruel step-mother, as well as the benign, sweet, rest-giving All-Mother all men at some time or other find her to be.

Fortunately for us, Frémont left a full story of his experiences in the Nevada country, complete in detail, and as fresh and vivid as if but written yesterday. This account, with illuminating Introduction, and explanatory notes by James U. Smith, from whose pioneer father Smith Valley is named, was republished in the *Second Biennial Report of the Nevada Historical Society*, from which, with the kind permission of the secretary, Professor Jeanne Elizabeth Wier, the following extracts are made:

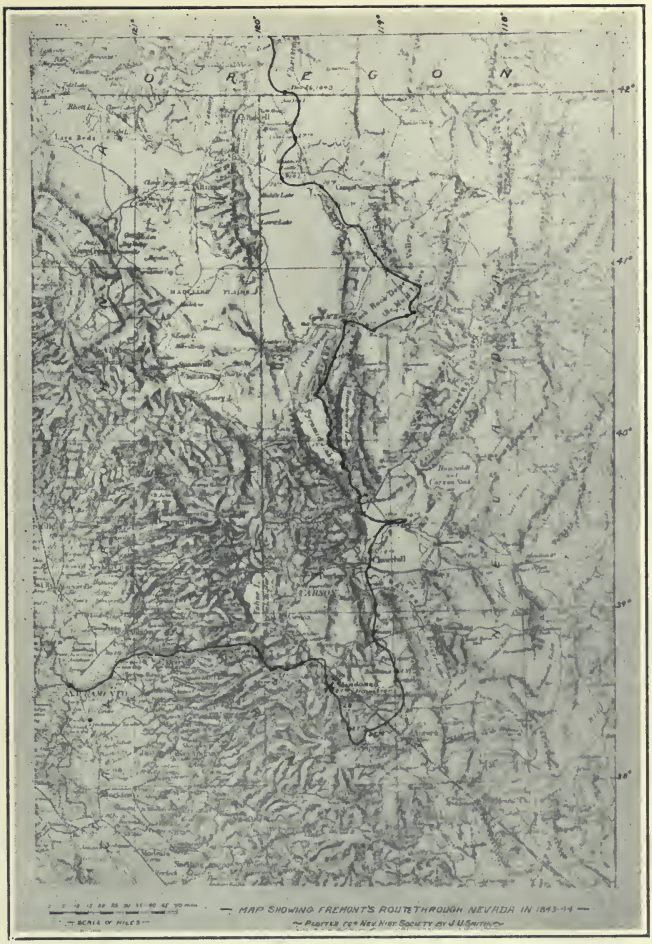
Frémont had already made his first exploration of the Rocky Mountains and South Pass in the summer of 1842. It was in this expedition that, standing on the highest peak of the Rockies, he looked down into the vast area beyond, known as the Great Basin, comprising with its mountain ranges the whole western portion of the continent of North America. This he determined to explore, and it was on this second expedition that Lakes Pyramid and Tahoe, the Truckee River, etc., were discovered.

Later, Frémont made his third western journey, that in which he came into conflict with the Mexican officials of California, became governor of California, and was finally placed under arrest by General Kearny, and taken back to Washington to be tried for mutiny. The results of that unfortunate Kearny conflict are well known.

At the official close of the dispute he made his fourth expedition and finally his fifth, all of which are fully treated in Smucker's and Bigelow's *Life of Frémont*.

To return now to the second expedition. In the words of Mr. Smith:

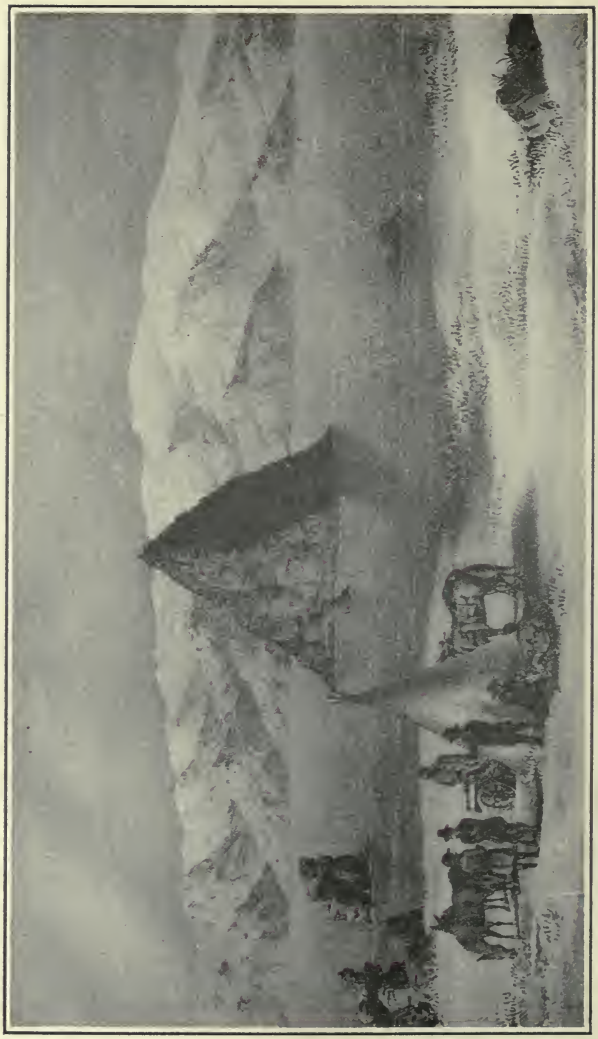
> The object of the expedition was purely for the purpose of exploring and otherwise getting scientific information about the great territory between the Missouri frontier and the Pacific Ocean. Emigrants were making their way westward to the new Oregon Territory, and hunters and trappers had been visiting portions of that region. Farther north the fur companies had their posts and did a regular business with the trappers and Indians. But little was known about the regions further south, and especially the great territory between the Rocky and Sierra Nevada Mountain chains, and that little was freely adulterated with fiction.
>
> Great Salt Lake was supposed to be a very strange and wonderful lake, the islands of which were covered with woods and flowers, through which roamed all kinds of game, and whose waters were sucked down in a great and awe-inspiring whirlpool into an underground passage under the mountains and valleys to the distant sea. Another myth, or rather pair of myths, in which geographers placed sufficient faith to give a place on the maps of the time, was the great Buenaventura River, and that semi-tropical Mary's Lake, the waters from which found their way through the Sierra Nevadas to San Francisco Bay. Mary's Lake was supposed to be a body of water such as a traveler dreams about, whose clear waters were bordered by meadows ever green, a place on whose shores he could pitch his tent and cast aside all thought or care of the morrow. Frémont counted on this lake as a place where he could recuperate and make ready for a final dash eastward across the unknown country to the Rocky Mountains and thence home to the Mississippi



MAP SHOWING FREMONT'S EXPLORATIONS THROUGH NEVADA TO CALIFORNIA IN 1843

River. Contrast these anticipations with the hardships and fears he encountered while groping his way through the Black Rock Desert, north of Pyramid Lake.

But Frémont was a good leader followed by courageous men, and disappointments did not make weaklings of either him or his men. His party, on leaving Missouri, consisted of thirty-nine men—Creoles, Canadian-Frenchmen, Americans, a German or two, a free negro and two Indians. Charles Preuss was Frémont's assistant in topography, and it is likely that he made his sketches, several of which were published in the original report. Another member of the party, and one who joined it in the Rocky Mountains and is of special interest to us, was Christopher Carson, commonly known as "Kit" Carson. Frémont speaks of him in very friendly and flattering terms. At the time of the meeting with Carson, he says: "I had here the satisfaction to meet our good buffalo hunter of 1842, Christopher Carson, whose services I considered myself fortunate to secure again." On another occasion, when Carson had success-



FREMONT CAMPING BY PYRAMID LAKE AT THE TIME OF ITS DISCOVERY IN 1843

fully performed a responsible errand, he says: "Reaching St. Vrain's Fort . . . we found . . . my true and reliable friend, Kit Carson."

Frémont left Kansas City, Mo., May 29, 1843.

His general route was along the old "Oregon Trail," then the new "Oregon Trail," but at many places his route was different. He followed up the Kansas River instead of the Platte. But he crossed the Rocky Mountains over the South Pass, which is that of the Union Pacific Railroad, and was common to the

Oregon Trail and the emigrant road to California. During nearly the whole journey to Oregon Frémont divided his party. One part he placed in charge of Fitzpatrick. This consisted of the carts with the bulk of the supplies and about half of the men. The other part consisted of a mounted party with packhorses and the howitzer. Fremont, of course, took charge of the latter party, for, traveling light as it did, he was able to make detours covering country he wished to explore, always, however, using the other train as a base of supplies. The course of the other party was generally along the emigrant road to Oregon.

After crossing the Rocky Mountains, Frémont went south with his party to explore Great Salt Lake. Thence he returned north again to the emigrant road, which then followed in a general way the Snake or Lewis River to the Columbia, with the exception of the great bend in northeastern Oregon which was traversed by a shorter route. Along the bank of the Columbia the road followed to the Mission Station at the Dalles, or great narrows of the river. At this point many of the emigrants transferred their baggage to barges and floated with the current to their destination on the Willamette River. Others continued by land down the river. Frémont's division reached the Dalles November 4th. Fitzpatrick's train did not come in until the 21st. The latter left his carts at the mouth of the Walla Walla River according to Frémont's orders; and, after making pack-saddles, transferred what was left of his baggage to the backs of his mules for the trip down to the Dalles. In the meantime Frémont, with Preuss and two of the other men, had gone down to Fort Vancouver in canoes. This was the headquarters of the Hudson Bay Company for the West. Here supplies for the return journey were obtained.

Having transported these supplies up to the Dalles in barges propelled by Indians, he was ready to take up the final preparation for the homeward journey. It is best to let him describe these preparations in his own words. He says:

"The camp was now occupied in making the necessary preparations for our homeward journey, which, though homeward, contemplated a new route, and a great circuit to the south and southeast, and the exploration of the Great Basin between the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada.

"Three principal objects were indicated, by report, or by maps, as being on this route, the character or existence of which I wished to ascertain, and which I assumed as landmarks, or leading points, on the projected line of return. The first of these points was the Tlamath Lake, on the table-land between the head of Fall River (this is now called by its French name, the Des Chutes River), which comes to the Columbia, and the Sacramento, which goes to the Bay of San Francisco, and from which lake a river of the same name makes its way westwardly direct to the ocean.

"This lake and river are often called Klamet, but I have chosen to write the name according to the Indian pronunciation. The position of this lake, on the line of inland communication between Oregon and California; its proximity to the demarcation boundary of latitude 42 deg.; its imputed double character of lake, or meadow, according to the season of the year; and the hostile and warlike character attributed to the Indians about it;—all make it a desirable object to visit and examine. From this lake our course was intended to be about southeast, to a reported lake called Mary's, at some days' journey in the Great Basin; and thence, still on southeast, to the reputed Buenaventura River, which has a place in so many maps, and countenanced the belief of the existence of a great river flowing from the Rocky Mountains to the Bay of San Francisco. From the Buenaventura the next point was intended to be in that section of the Rocky Mountains which includes the heads of Arkansas River, and of the opposite waters of the California Gulf; and thence down the Arkansas to Bent's Fort, and home.

"This was our projected line of return—a great part of it absolutely new to geographical, botanical, and geological science—and the subject of reports in relation to lakes, rivers, deserts, and savages, hardly above the condition of mere wild animals, which inflamed desire to know what this *terra incognita* really contained. It was a serious enterprise, at the commencement of winter, to undertake the traverse of such a region, and with a party consisting only of twenty-five persons, and they of many nations—American, French, German, Canadian, Indian, and colored—and most of them young, several being under twenty-one years of age.

"All knew that a strange country was to be explored, and dangers and hardships to be encountered; but no one blenched at the prospect. On the contrary, courage and confidence animated the whole party. Cheerfulness, readiness, subordination, prompt obedience, characterized all; nor did any extremity or peril and privation, to which we were afterward exposed, ever belie, or derogate from, the fine spirit of this brave and generous commencement.

"The course of the narrative will show at what point, and for what reasons, we were prevented from the complete execution of this plan, after having made considerable progress upon it, and how we were forced by desert plains and mountain ranges, and deep snows, far to the south and near to the Pacific Ocean, and along the western base of the Sierra Nevada; where, indeed, a new and ample field of exploration opened itself before us."

From these quotations it is evident that Fremont had no idea of entering California at this time. He was simply driven to it by circumstances over which he had no control.

Leaving the Dalles, Fremont followed up the Des Chutes River to its headwaters in southeastern Oregon, thence he crossed over the divide to the waters of the Klamath, which he followed southward to what is known as Klamath Marsh. This he called "Tlamath Lake."

Now started the hunt for Mary's Lake

and the San Buenaventura River. The party came down through southeastern Oregon into Nevada, where they camped on the night of December 26, in Coleman Valley, on what is called Twelve-Mile Creek, and about eleven miles from the present California line. It may be noted here that at that time the parallel between Nevada and California on the south and Oregon on the north, was the southern boundary of the territory of the United States. Fremont was, therefore, about to cross into Mexican territory.

He then progressed southward through what are now Washoe, Humboldt, Churchill and Lyon counties, and over the California line into Mono County, back again into Douglas, and thence over the mountains south of Lake Tahoe, but did not find Mary's Lake, nor the places upon which he relied to recruit his animals and give rest to his party. He did, however, find Pyramid Lake. This being the body of water into which the Truckee River flows, and the Truckee being the only outlet to Lake Tahoe, it is well that this portion of the account be given in full. Fremont and Carson were on ahead. The day was January 10, 1843. Fremont writes:

Leaving a signal for the party to encamp, we continued our way up the hollow, intending to see what lay beyond the mountain. The hollow was several miles long, forming a good pass (some maps designate this pass as Frémont Pass, others as San Emidio Canyon), the snow deepened to about a foot as we neared the summit. Beyond, a defile between the mountains descended rapidly about two thousand feet; and, filling up all the lower space, was a sheet of green water, some twenty miles broad (Pyramid Lake). It broke upon our eyes like the ocean. The neighboring peaks rose high above us. One peak, on the eastern side of the lake, rises nearly forty-four hundred feet above the lake, and on the side (toward which Frémont was looking) one peak rises 4,925 feet above the lake; and we ascended one of them to obtain a better view.

The waves were curling in the breeze, and their dark-green color showed it to be a body of deep water. For a long time we sat enjoying the view, for we had become fatigued with mountains, and the free expanse of moving waves was very grateful. It was set like a gem in the mountains, which, from our position, seemed to inclose it almost entirely. At the western end it communicated with the line of basins we had left a few days since; and on the opposite side it swept a ridge of snowy mountains, the foot of the great Sierra. Its position at first inclined us to believe it Mary's Lake, but the rugged mountains were so entirely discordant with descriptions of its low rushy shores and open country, that we concluded it some unknown body of water, which it afterwards proved to be.

On January 13th we followed again a broad Indian trail along the shore of the lake to the southward. For a short space we had room enough in the bottom; but, after traveling a short distance, the water swept the foot of the precipitous mountains, the peaks of which are about 3,000 feet above the lake. The trail wound around the base of these precipices, against which the water dashed below, by a way nearly impracticable for the howitzer. During a greater part of the morning the lake was nearly hid by a snowstorm, and the waves broke on the narrow beach in a long line of foaming surf, five or six feet high. The day was unpleasantly cold, the wind driving the snow sharp against our faces; and, having advanced only about twelve miles, we encamped in a bottom formed by a ravine, covered with good grass, which was fresh and green.

We did not get the howitzer into camp, but were obliged to leave it on the rocks until morning. The next morning the snow was rapidly melting under a warm sun. Part of the morning was occupied in bringing up the gun; and, making only nine miles, we encamped on the shore, opposite a very remarkable rock in the lake, which had attracted our attention for many miles. It rose, according to our estimate, 600 feet above the water, and, from the point we viewed it, presented a pretty exact outline of the great pyramid of Cheops. Like other rocks along the shore, it seemed to be incrusted with calcareous cement. This striking feature suggested a name for the lake, and I called it Pyramid Lake; and though it may be deemed by some a fanciful resemblance, I can undertake to say that the future traveler will find much more striking resemblance between this rock and the pyramids of Egypt than there is between them and the object from which they take their name. . . .

The elevation of this lake above the sea is 4,890 feet, being nearly 700 feet higher than the Great Salt Lake, from which it lies nearly west, and distant about eight degrees of longitude. The position and elevation of this lake make it an object of geographical interest. It is the nearest lake to the western rim, as the Great Salt Lake is to the eastern rim of the Great Basin which lies between the base of the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada—and the extent and character of which, its whole circumference and contents, it is so desirable to know.

The Indians then directed him to a river of which he says:

Groves of large cottonwood, which we could see at the mouth, indicated that it was a stream of considerable size, and, at all events, we had the pleasure to know that now we were in a country where human beings could live. Reaching the groves, we found the inlet of a large fresh-water stream (the Truckee River), and all at once were satisfied that it was neither

Mary's River nor the waters of the Sacramento, but that we had discovered a large interior lake, which the Indians informed us had no outlet. It is about 35 miles long, and, by the mark of the water-line along the shore, the spring level is about 12 feet above its present waters.

In the meantime, such a salmon-trout feast as is seldom seen was going on in our camp, and every variety of manner in which fish could be prepared—boiled, fried and roasted in the ashes—was put into requisition; and every few minutes an Indian would be seen running off to spear a fresh one. Whether these Indians had seen whites before, we could not be certain; but they were evidently in communication with others who had, as one of them had some brass buttons, and we noticed several other articles of civilized manufacture. We could obtain from them but little information about the country. They made on the ground a drawing of the river, which they represented as issuing from another lake in the mountains three or four days distant, in a direction a little west of south; beyond which, they drew a mountain; and further still, two rivers; on one of which they told us that people like ourselves traveled.

Here was the first description given to whites of Lake Tahoe, but Frémont, after following the Truckee down about to where Wadsworth is now located, left it, turned south, discovered the river named after Kit Carson, passed by the Humboldt and Carson Sinks, and then, seeing the serious condition of his pack-animals, etc., decided to abandon his eastern course and to cross the Sierra Nevada into the valley of the Sacramento wherever a practicable pass could be found. This was ultimately accomplished, and on the way Lake Tahoe was discovered as will be fully described in a later number of *Out West*.

The First Poppies

By Margaret Troili Campbell

Blossoming poppies, you speak unto me
Of a perfection that may be achieved
Now, in the world—in the midst of it all
Still have you chosen and used of your own.
Nations have thundered, and cities have moiled,
Men to their labors have given all their living,
Yet, out of silence and power and of joy,
You have your gorgeous first blossoming won.

Shall we not guard them, the flowers of our thoughts,
Claim from the universe all that is ours,
Plant us a garden of silence and peace,
Tend there the perfect unfolding of spirit,
Till we at length bring our blossoms to God!

Rebellion

By Alice Harriman

Over vale and over hill, El Camino travels,
While I push the casement back; and my knitting ravels
For I've dropped a stitch or two as my fancy wanders
Far from where the padre sits as he reads and ponders.

Why should I be forced to stay close within the cloister,
While the lads are free to stray—free to rove and royster?
Hot the sun and hot the hell that Fray Serra preaches—
Hot the kiss when, in the dark, o'er the wall Juan reaches.

Hot the sun and hot the road—oh, to be out yonder!
Hot the hell the padre threats, if I chance to wander.
What knows he, in sack-cloth gray, of the joy he misses?
I'd risk sun and heat and hell, for Juan's fiery kisses!

To the Queen Anne's Lace

By Florence Slack Crawford

A perfect bloom,— a hundred perfect blooms
Within one perfect bloom.
'Tis this I see upon thy face,
Oh Queen Anne's Lace,
Upon thy dainty face!

All unsung among the wild art thou,
Among the weeds and wild;
But God's great Truth is on thy face,
Oh Queen Anne's Lace,
Is written on thy face!

Learned men and great have sought to know
How One is All, and All is One;
Yet, sheltered 'mid the grass was thy fair face,
Oh Queen Anne's Lace,
Was hid thy dainty face!

Not one whit less than All is All;
And he who seeks the Whole,
Dare not o'erlook the weed,—nor thy dear face,
Oh Queen Anne's Lace,
Nor pass thy dainty face!

The ELEPHANT BUTTE DAM

Zenith *of* Centuries *of* Irrigation

By R. E. Bassett

TO the man who is interested in irrigation, there is an intense fascination in the story of the development of irrigation in the Rio Grande Valley of New Mexico, from the first crude ditches of the Pueblo, or village Indians, through the early struggles of the pioneers with their community ditches, up to the great Elephant Butte Dam and its broad canals, representing the highest development of the modern science of irrigation.

THE SITE OF THE ELEPHANT BUTTE DAM, ON THE RIO GRANDE, 81 MILES N. OF LAS CRUCES, N. M.

When Coronado, most daring and most successful of the Spanish Conquistadores, marched north from Sonora into what is now New Mexico in the search of the fabled seven cities of Cibbola, stories of whose untold wealth of gold had captured his fancy, he found the Indians along the Rio Grande diverting the waters of the river through crude ditches to irrigate their lands. The story of Coronado's wonderful march and his discoveries is not for this brief bulletin, but we know beyond question that irrigation as found by him was practiced in the Rio Grande Valley long before Columbus discovered America, while there is ample basis for the theory of many writers and scientists that irrigation along the Rio Grande antedated irrigation in the Valley of the Nile. The Rio Grande Valley of New Mexico, therefore, has full justification in claiming title as the "Cradle of Irrigation" in America, and there is a splendid justice in the selection of a portion of this Valley as the site for the greatest irrigation

project ever undertaken by the United States Reclamation Service—the Elephant Butte Project.

One day an engineer of the Government, a man with an inquisitive mind, entered the Valley and wandered up the river. He studied the records of the stream flow, and examined all places for irrigation works. It was really all a matter of a dam site, and when he found what he wanted, as he figured it out, he went back to Washington and reported. Surveyors were sent into the Valley. Diamond drills punched holes in the river-bed, and canals were projected; then a board of engineers went over the plans, approved them and sent them to Washington, where they were accepted. There were a number of problems to be solved, however, and an International question to be settled; but all matters were satisfactorily adjusted, and at the session of the National Irrigation Congress held in El Paso, Texas, in 1904, the Elephant Butte Project, as contemplated by the United States Reclamation Service, was placed before the people.

The first preliminary construction work was commenced in 1908 and continued into 1909, when complications arose which necessitated suspending work temporarily. Advantage was taken of the time, however, to complete details of the project, and to build the railroad from Butte Junction to Elephant Butte, New Mexico, a distance of twelve miles. Actual work on the dam was resumed in February, 1911, and it has since been in regular course of construction. It is now 50 per cent complete, and most of the main preliminary work, which takes up so much time, has been accomplished, and the work will now go forward rapidly. The dam will be sufficiently complete to hold a storage of water in the early spring of 1915.

The cost of the project is to be in the neighborhood of $8,000,000.

The length of the big dam, which will be the principal feature of the undertaking, will be 1200 feet, top measure.

It will be 18 feet wide at the top.

Its maximum height will be 300 feet.

There will be 500,000 cubic yards of masonry in it.

It will have 12 water gates.

It will create a reservoir 45 miles long.

It will impound 2,642,290 acre-feet of water—an acre-foot being enough water to flood one acre of ground one foot deep.

It will irrigate a total of 180,000 acres.

The reservoir will have 200 miles of shore line, and an average depth of 66 feet, and an average width of one and three-fourths ($1\frac{3}{4}$) miles.

Its surface area will be $62\frac{1}{2}$ square miles.

The earth embankment at the original spillway site has a length of 1860 feet, and a height of 42 feet.

In building this dam it was necessary for the Government to construct $19\frac{1}{2}$ miles of roadway, 21 miles of telephone line, 7 miles of light and power line, and 23 miles of railroad.

The artificial lake which will be formed by this dam will be the largest of its kind in the world.

The source of water supply is the water-shed of the Rio Grande River, which takes its rise in central Colorado and flows southward through the middle of New Mexico. The Rio Grande is formed by numerous streams which flow into it from the high mountains of Colorado and New Mexico; and the reservoir at the big dam, as it will be when finished, will be of sufficient size to store all the rain-fall of two years on this vast water-shed.

The head of the Elephant Butte Project is to be a reservoir formed by the dam site in a narrow gorge of the river, 81 miles north of Las Cruces, New Mexico. The annual flow of the Rio Grande at this point is 800,000 acre-feet. The lands comprised in this project will require for their perfect irritagion only 600,000 acre-feet per annum. After figuring in every possible source of expenditure, waste and depreciation, there will be left in the reservoir for emergency, after it has once been filled, not less than 1,400,000 acre-feet—or more than enough to irrigate the entire acreage during two years of total drought. This latter statement will, perhaps, give the most adequate idea of the immensity of the dam and the wonderful storage capacity of water for irrigation which it will provide.

The project includes several units. One of these, the Leasburg Diversion

Dam, 46 miles south of the main reservoir, has been completed and water is now being diverted into canals, irrigating at present in the neighborhood of 22,000 acres. Above the Leasburg Dam about 5,000 acres, in the Rincon Valley, are being watered by community canals; and in the neighborhood of 30,000 acres are now being irrigated in the Mesilla Valley from community canals: making a total of approximately 60,000 acres now in cultivation in the Palomas, Rincon and Mesilla valleys of New Mexico under the project.

With water in the big Elephant Butte reservoir the farmers in these valleys of New Mexico will have a permanent and certain water supply, which will in every way change farming from "chance" to "certainty," and will make the farmer master of his land. No droughts can cause loss for he will be his own weather factory. No floods will occur, for he will control the flood-gates.

The fertility of the soil of these valleys when irrigated is well known. It is rich and deep and contains a silt, similar in character to that of the Nile delta, which has been brought down by the Rio Grande for many centuries.

The success of the irrigation farmer in this section has been proved over and over again, only never before has he approached his task so scientifically and with such double assurance of success. It will be seen from the following examples that some very fine yields are being obtained, and, while these examples may not be the average, they are illustrations of what can be done, and are suggestions of the greater things which may be expected when the dam has a storage of water. It is reasonably safe to say that a ten-acre farm in these valleys will yield an independent income; if turned to fruit culture and intensively cultivated, it will produce a moderate fortune.

It is not claimed that the valleys will produce fabulous crops without labor. No claim of the miraculous is made. Here, as elsewhere, the soil will not yield its best returns without proper work and proper cultivation. The claim is made, however, that with proper cultivation, this land will produce results equal, if not superior, to any to be had from the richest irrigation districts in the world.

At the present time alfalfa is probably the leading crop in this section. This yields from four to five cuttings per year of from one to two and one-half tons to the cutting; and sells for from $9.00 to $16.00 per ton, according to the season.

The experience of Mrs. T. A. Ferlet, living near Anthony, in the lower Mesilla Valley, is a notable example of what a city woman not accustomed to farming has been able to accomplish in this section by applying practical and intelligent farming methods. Mrs. Ferlet has a 96-acre farm, of which 70 acres are in alfalfa. By using up-to-date machinery, sweep and side-delivery rakes, power press, etc., Mrs. Ferlet obtains five cuttings of alfalfa per year, and from 1½ to 2 tons per acre per cutting. She sells her hay at Anthony, New Mexico, her nearest station, and receives an average of $14.00 per ton. Mrs. Ferlet estimates that she can grow her crop and harvest it for $3.50 per ton, altho she admits that this is a low figure, but says that her method of prompt handling, with her up-to-date equipment, machinery, etc., enables her to do it. Mrs. Ferlet has educated several of her boys at the State Agricultural School, at Mesilla Park, New Mexico, and one of her sons has been sent to the Roycroft School at East Aurora, New York.

Mr. James Quesenberry, living near Las Cruces, netted this year $49.39 per acre from five acres of barley. Mr. Quesenberry followed this crop with milo maize, from which he conservatively estimates he will clear $30.00 per acre—$79.39 net profit per acre from five acres this year.

Corn is rapidly growing in importance as a crop in this section, and at present holds second place in the valley. From 60 to 75 bushels to the acre are frequently obtained.

Wheat yields from 25 to 50 bushels per acre. One special variety developed recently at the State Agricultural Experiment Station, making a yield of 40.7 bushels on the average.

Fruit and truck farming are destined to become important factors in the valleys.

F. C. Barker & Company, near Las Cruces, from 11 acres of asparagus made

gross sales of $2820.16; net profit $1,885.56; average sale price $12.38 per 100 pounds; average net profit $8.28 per 100 pounds.

From 9.9 acres of cantaloupes, Mr. Barker produced 1956 crates; gross sales $2863; average $1.42 per crate; net profit $1283; average net profit per crate 65½ cents.

Prize apples, peaches, apricots and grapes abound, and Bartlett pears reach a luscious development here scarcely to be matched in any part of the world.

Mr. J. G. Stuart, near Mesilla Park, New Mexico, in the Mesilla Valley, cleared $9000 from 35 acres of apples last year; and $3000 from 60 acres of alfalfa—a total of $12,000 from 95 acres.

Mr. H. R. Hannum, near Telles, New Mexico, in the lower Mesilla Valley, this year obtained 385 boxes of Bartlett pears from 56 trees (½ acre), which he sold at $1.75 per box. Mr. Hannum's net profit amounted to $433.87.

Las Cruces, the principal city of the valleys, has a population of 5,000, and is growing rapidly, as are the other towns of the valleys, with the settlement which is taking place. Las Cruces is a modern up-to-date city, with fine water-works system, electric light and power plant, ice factory, steam laundry, three banks, three newspapers, churches of most denominations, and all conveniences of a modern city. In addition to its excellent public school system, it has Loretta Academy, an institution for girls. At Mesilla Park, 2½ miles distant, is located the State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts. The State Agricultural College is one of the big assets of the valleys, it being an experiment station and issuing regular bulletins. At the College are men expert in irrigation farming, who give the farmers every possible assistance and advice, even visiting a man's farm, without cost, to advise him.

At Las Cruces is located the Mesilla Valley Fruit & Truck Association, and also the Mesilla Valley Produce Exchange. At Anthony, New Mexico, is located the South New Mexico Farmers' Association, which handles distant hay shipments. These institutions are invaluable in the matter of making shipments of fruit, truck and hay.

An extensive cannery will be built during the winter at Las Cruces at an approximate cost of $25,000. It will be ready for operation the first of April, and will be equipped with labor-saving machinery of all kinds. Canning of all kinds, as well as pickling, will be done.

A block of $100,000 of bonds was recently voted and sold by Dona Ana County, of which Las Cruces is the county-seat, for good roads. To this sum the State will add $30,000, the county's share of the State's bond issue for good roads. The county tax rolls for good roads of last year also contributed $50,000, so that at the present time the county has $180,000 available, and work on roads is being pushed vigorously.

Las Cruces has 2½ miles of paved and several miles of graded streets. All important streets have concrete sidewalks. Recently Congress voted $125,000 for a Federal building.

New Mexico has become famous the world over as the land of sunshine. Its climate is unsurpassed, and the sheltered sunny valleys under the Elephant Butte Project are now recognized as ideal, in all conditions, for the health-seeker; and the climate is equally good for the growing of crops and in facilitating the work of the farmer. The average altitude is approximately 3800 feet. There is a nine-months' growing season, the winters being short and mild, and a man can work out of doors practically every day in the year. The summer nights are delightfully cool, and usually a light blanket is comfortable.

On projects such as Elephant Butte, there have been formed associations of individuals called Water Users' Associations. The associations are formed to assure the Government that the land owners will apply for water from the irrigation works; that the charges against the lands will be paid; that they will so adjust the existing claims for the use of water that the administration of all the water available for the land under the project shall be under one control, namely, that of the United States, until such time as the control is turned over to the water users themselves.

In its working aspect, the Elephant Butte Water Users' Association is gov-

erned by a Council of thirty, and by a Board of Directors of ten members. The active officers consist of a president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer, elected annually by the Council. It has a capital stock of $4,400,000 fully subscribed, divided into shares of a par value of $40 each, each share representing the assessment against one acre of land as representing the cost of construction of the project. It will be seen that the cost of a water-right is $4.00 per acre per annum for ten years; after which time the cost of water per acre will be based upon the actual cost of operation and maintenance of the project, which the engineers now estimate at forty cents per acre.

Recently a big and magnificent work was inaugurated by the Elephant Butte Water Users' Association of New Mexico, in the form of a publicity and immigration campaign, not for a financial return, but to give out full and complete information in regard to the project and the valleys, and to help the newcomer get settled right, and to help him in every possible way after he becomes a neighbor. In other words, to see that everybody coming in gets a *square deal.*

In order to be able to have full and complete control over all matters from start to finish, the Association has taken options on good lands and have men, exclusively employed by them, as locating agents. All lands are sold at a fixed price—there is no sliding scale of prices.

In addition to the help of the Water Users' Association, be it understood that the United States Reclamation Service, which is building the dam, and is now in charge of the construction of the entire project, stands ready to render all the assistance to the newcomer it can. Their stamp of approval, from their many years of experience in such matters, is on all this work, the Water Users' Association's work included.

Mr. C. J. Blanchard, statistician of the Reclamation Service, recently visited the valleys and the dam, and will, this fall and winter, deliver about sixty lectures in the East, in the course of which he will show by stereopticon many scenes in the valleys in New Mexico under the Elephant Butte Project, photographs of these scenes having been taken by the Government photographer, who accompanied Mr. Blanchard on his trip.

At this day and time, after the many crooked land schemes, where people have been fleeced, misled or unfortunately located and success made impossible, the work of the Water Users' Association of the Elephant Butte Project stands out boldly and provides a big opportunity for the man with some means to engage in farming in one of the most fertile valleys in the world, with a climate simply unsurpassed, with good markets close by, low freight rates, good schools and churches; and at a time when land values are not excessive, and where the water supply will be certain. The present work of the Water Users' Association of New Mexico will form a new epoch in home building, and it is to be hoped that more such "schemes" will be born.

California Poppies

By Josephine Hammond Walker

O, Wondrous yellow poppies,
How you dance about and float!
You are like a sea of glory
Or an Oriole's bright throat.

You can cheer the weariest traveler,
As you nod about and swing;
All because you caught the glimmer
Of your State's most brilliant thing.

When you captured all the sun beams
That your velvet leaves could hold
Mother earth came up and took them,—
That's the origin of gold.

CALIFORNIA'S POPPY

By John Milton Scott

THE yellow of gold. The yellow of genuineness. The yellow of spiritual love, wherein the Divine and Human are Creative-One, without an end, save that great, splendid end—the Beauty of Holiness, the Beauty of the Perfect.

The yellow it is is symbol, therefore, of the Human Ideal actualizing out of the Divine.

In the beauty of itself, and in its multiple fellowships, it weaves its golden web, as for some Arthur's knightly tourney, and spreads it with a spendthrift hand all over lowland, highland, until it seems that California's heart is only gold, and knows but life and love and joy and goodness without a flaw, without a scant of any misered misery.

Dear common flower of field and fell, of glen and garden, and our Spring's bright smiling everywhere, the Artist-Lover loves thee well, in multitudinous raptures of His Infinite Heart, granting unto us your hallowing grace.

As well, he loves the dear, the common Humanity, whose blossoming gold is everywhere, whose seed of gold is divine, tho' in its outwardness of flowering, it is too often frayed and soiled of beating rains and tramping feet, and frosted of the mountain-frowning snows.

I think the Fra Junipero loved thee well, and often paused in his journeys of the Christly love, to harvest your beauty in his quiet eye, and refresh with your cooling gold his soul, afevered with his search to find and save the lost and dusky children of the new world's wilderness; thinking the while of one who loved the lilies of far Galilee; and one, his gentle order's Master, who preached to birds and called the wolf his brother,—that holy Saint Francis, whose loving heart hallowed every living thing, and so could not deny the wildest, most forlorn and lost of men the compassion of his Christly heart; and, for that reverent feast of noble gold, the good Fra went his way, enriched in spite of vows of poverty, refreshed and strengthened in spite of flageleant purpose to subdue the flesh, a tenderer confidence in his holy love which sought the wild man's weal.

And so it means, this symboling poppy everywhere, it means the golden heart of our great State. It means that Man's Humanity, this Human Race, in its common, golden loveliness, is sacred to California's lowly, highly heart.

Surely no human being it rejects.

Its Fra Junipero, hallowed memory of fond yesteryears, gave himself, Christlike, to the Indians, as poppies unto them, unto us, without a stint or stinginess.

Were he here now, he would take to his Saint Francis heart, his heart adoring through the Sacrament into the Beauty of the Christ, the Japanese as children of the Christ, dearly beloved, gladly welcomed, divinely brothered in His name who carried a lost world in His Redeeming Heart.

'Twas this that set brave brother-feet on mission ways of saintly, sacrificing service, whose golden glory is as native now to our California here, as are the poppies, calling us to be of golden heart, of golden deed, of golden fellowship to each and every human being of our human race.

ALL FOOLS' DAY

"The first of April some do say,
Is set apart for All Fools' Day;
But why these people call it so
Nor I, nor they themselves, do know."

By Fannie Harley

FOOLS "are so numerous, and fill so many positions of dignity and importance" that it seems but meet that a day be set aside in their especial honor, and from the prevalence of the custom over the earth in such widely different places, the similarity of celebration, and, in many countries, the nearly coinciding date, indications are that it had its origin with mankind at a very early period.

The Hindoos make fools of themselves on the thirty-first of March, the seventh and last day of the Festival of Huli, for instead of celebrating, the Spring Festival is ended by burlesquing their once famous custom of making visits and bestowing presents at the vernal equinox, which until recently marked the beginning of the New Year.

The Persians make fools of themselves in almost identically the same way on the same day and for the same reason.

The old Roman Saturnalia, instituted in the year 497 B. C. in commemoration of the equality, peace, and plenty prevailing over the earth during the reign of the mild and wise Saturn, corresponds in character though not in point of time, since it occurs at the winter solstice, with All Fools' Day, and is the nearest approach to it.

On this great day war was suspended, business ceased, slaves were set free, cares were cast aside, and discarding all distinctive dress, the whole community, arrayed in fantastic festal garb and masks gave itself over to the voluptuousness of pleasure—drinking, feasting and debauchery. It was a season of remarkable license and riotous indulgence, all of the celebrations taking place out of doors amidst the freedom and beauty of the woods and under the influence of wine and music, and participants danced themselves into a state of mad frenzy. Dance plays set forth many incidents and happenings of the Golden Age. Wax tapers and clay dolls constituted the principal gifts.

During the first centuries of Christianity, Theophylact, Patriarch of Constantinople, in order to check the excesses of the out-of-door celebrations, introduced into the church a series of burlesque festivals, and invented plays, farces, and pantomines founded upon mythological and legendary subjects. But, nothwithstanding these celebrations were conducted under the supervision of the clergy, the fantastic attire, feasting, drinking and debauchery were continued; many impieties were committed, and the highest dignitaries of the church disported themselves so hilariously and outrageously that in medieval times the ancient Saturnalia came to be known as Festa Stultorum, or Feast of Fools.

On the first of April both Romans and Sabines celebrated with games, music, and dancing, and among the former, pleading causes were abstained from. Roman ladies washed their flowing tresses and performed their ablutions in brooks and pools under sacred myrtle trees, and crowned themselves with the shiney leaves, for Venus being perceived by a Satyr on the riverside while drying her wet hair,

"——soon with myrtles she her beauties veiled,
From whence this annual custom was entailed."

In all probability the true origin of celebrating April first, as generally known, may be traced to France, first among Christian nations in commencing the New Year on January first instead of March twenty-fifth, the change taking place as early as 1564. In religious times,

before the change of the calendar, it was customary to postpone the making of New Year calls and the bestowing of gifts to the octave, for March twenty-fifth frequently occured in Passion Week, and even on Good Friday. After the change, only mock visits were made, and presents of no value, or empty packages were given in jest to those who had forgotten that the date of beginning the New Year had been changed. These absent-minded ones were given the laugh, and called *Poissons d'Avril* (April Fish), or mackerel easily caught.

"April fooling" did not exist in Great Britain till the eighteenth century, when the custom was borrowed from France. Here the day was consecrated to practical joking, and every one seemed bent upon exercising his or her particular capabilities in the direction of fool-making. Packages loaded with stones or bricks nicely wrapped were left upon the sidewalk for some unsuspecting person, not yet up long enough to remember that it was All Fools' Day, to pick up, or kick aside, receiving as his reward the boisterous shouts of "April Fool," and an injured foot. Tags bearing inscriptions were pinned to coat-tails. April Fool candy made of gun-wadding, highly spiced with cayenne pepper, and sugar-coated, was generously handed around. What was considered the most clever of all of these jokes was sending people on "sleeveless" errands. Some child or ignorant person was instructed to call at a certain book-store for the "History of Eve's Grandmother;" another dispatched to the grocery for pigeon's milk; a third sent post haste to the saddler's for strap oil, and if the saddler administered a sound strapping the joke was considered the height of wit.

"But 'tis a thing to be disputed,
Which is the greatest fool reputed,
The one that innocently went,
Or he that him designedly sent."

In Scotland, the land of "wut" and humor the chief form of "fooling" was "Hunting the Gowk." Someone commissioned with a message of importance to be delivered some place a mile or so distant, upon arriving there was sent on a mile further, and so on, until utterly exhausted, the last "wut" sent him back again to the first who cried out:

"This is the first of April,
Hunt the gowk another mile."

The origin of this ridiculous sport is attributed to the time when "the Jews sent Christ, to mock and torment him, from Annas to Caiaphas, from Caiaphas to Pilate, from Pilate to Herod, and from Herod back again to Pilate."

In parts of Portugal it was considered a great feat of inventive genius to pour water on people or throw powder in their faces and over their clothes.

Although not indulged in so generally as in olden times, these practices are by no means obsolete, and with the spread of the custom to this country none of the absurdities and little of the rowdyism suffered loss in the transfer, and another group of fools was added to the Fourth Month Dunce, the April Fish, the April Gowk, and the Huli Fool, and there is but to conclude that "fools were made by the gods, and are a product of necessity."

The Panama Canal

By William Haskell Woodwell, Jr.

We challenge thee, Oh Babel-tow'r,
That reared aloft on Shinar's plain;
The mark of man's audacious hour,
That vainly thought high Heav'n to gain.

We laugh at thee, Oh, Sphinx of stone,
Reposing by the river Nile,
That whilst the centuries have flown,
Preserved thy secret with a smile.

How small art thou, Oh, Pyramid,
That on Sahara's desert stands;
How futile thou hast stood amid,
And guarded o'er that waste of sands.

Where are thy gardens, Babylon,
That bloomed and blossomed yesterday?
How long their beauty has been gone,
How swift their fragrance fled away.

Where now is Alexander's tow'r?
Doth Pharos yet its vigil keep?
How quickly fell his mighty pow'r;
How brief its watching o'er the deep.

Diana's temple sinks in gloom,—
Sad relic of heroic race;
Destroyed is Artemesia's tomb;
Colossus knoweth not his place.

How fleeting was their little day;
How useless to humanity;
They flourished, and they passed away,
These monuments to vanity.

Now doth the skill of man unfold
Yet greater things than man hath made;
His latest wonder now behold—
His god-like pow'r in this displayed.

A continent is cut in twain,
Two seas hereafter roll as one;
The fleets may cross a mountain chain—
Creation's work is here undone!

The earth remade at man's behest,
Majestic peaks obey his hand.
A barrier is dispossessed,
Tides ebb and flow at his command.

New Panama stands not for fame,
Not the vain glory of a clan,
Nor to perpetuate a name,
But for the world-wide good of man.

NINA, AN INDIAN MAIDEN'S EASTER

By Cynlitha Caldwell Dickinson

IN the early days, when Utah had no history but that of the red man, the spirit of peace dwelt in the sunlight and in the shadows about the great lake. In the valley and among the hills nestled the tepees and the wigwams. Happy and contented, the people exercised the red man's central idea of life—"We live, we love, then we go to the Great Spirit in the happy hunting grounds."

The valley lands were good. The mountains were rich in gold and silver. Bye and bye the white man came; so did the black crickets and the grasshoppers. Fear crept into the Indian's heart; then there was trouble—trouble for the white people and for the Indians. The Indian said: "The white man steals our lands; the white man makes evil to come upon us. He sends the little black spirits that eat the grass. Our cattle starve; our ponies die, too. We make war, ugh! heap big war!"

The white men were bad; the Indians were bad. The Indians were strong and brave, but neither the love of lands nor the Indian's native courage proved a sufficient barrier against the tide of advancing civilization, nor the white man's greed of gold. The white man came; he conquered. The Indian retreated—retreated in fear and subjection, and forgot to love. The white man prospered in his new possession, but he found no peace in his riches.

In that day, when there were many Indians and few white people in the valley, William Yates and his young wife emigrated and settled among the redskins. Mr. Yates was good and true—true to all. The Indians soon learned that the latchstring of the Yates home was always on the outside, and many a weary Indian found rest and food within. The face of the fair-haired woman was to them like a smile of the Great Spirit.

When the trouble—bad trouble—came, the settlers asked advice of Mr. Yates. They said, "The white people are bad; the Indians are bad; and it is war, war all the time. Promises no good—all broken—no good anywhere. The paleface hate us, but they love you. You be commissioner; you make peace for us."

Mr. Yates consulted the "Big Chief" of the white people. He made many visits and wrote many letters, and when replies came he read them to the Indians. The Indians' faith was broken; they did not believe. They said, "The White Chief's word is no good. The White Chief's letters are big lies."

Mr. Yates was patient; he pleaded for peace. "The Indian is love, the white man is love, and the Great Spirit loves all men alike, if all men are good."

The Indians believed not the White Chief's words. They liked best the ways of the red race. They talked much among themselves; then they spoke to their friend: "We love you, we trust you, we will make peace, but not in the white man's way. We will make peace, real peace, only through blood atonement."

The commissioner thought that a bad way. He protested. He said, "The white men sign papers, the red chiefs sign papers, then the 'Big White Chief' will command all men to keep the peace."

But the red chief said, "No! No! The Indian is wise; he knows, and when he gives his word to the Great Spirit, the Indian will be all good—all love. He will break no promise; he will tell no lies; and when the white man and the Indian wash their hands, wash them very clean; the Great Spirit will keep the peace for all men."

The commissioner understood. He knew that the white man wanted peace when there was no peace; he knew that the Indian wanted redemption.

When Mr. Yates consented to the red chief's mode of procuring peace, the Indians demanded government cattle for the sacrifice.

When told there was none, the red chief asked, "You the big chief—you the white man's commissioner?"

"Yes, I represent the white man's interests."

"Then we take your ox—your best ox."

Mr. Yates agreed and the Indians held a council—a big council. The red chiefs, the medicine men, and the war councilors, gathered together in the valley.

One morning, just as the sun appeared above the high points of the Wasatch Mountains, the commissioner and the Indians met in council, the white man yielding all to the Indians' form of atonement. The ox was sacrificed. The red men formed a circle around the commissioner, and when the tom-toms beat one tap, each Indian was given a small piece of the sacrificial meat. They then fell upon their knees with their heads to the ground, where they remained until the color of the sacrifice had been added to their hands and faces.

When the tom-toms sounded two taps the Indians arose and joined hands. As they circled around the commissioner, they shouted, they danced, and were glad. When the tom-toms sounded three taps, each red man extended his hand to the commissioner. Thus the covenant of peace between the white people of Utah and the Indians was established. The ceremony was sacred to the Indians —very sacred—and the thoughts of the commissioner were, at that moment, higher than the thoughts of most men.

When the last Indian had covenanted to keep the peace, the tom-toms made music—music always sweet to the Indian's ear. Then the red men danced for joy. The white man danced too.

That evening, when the stars were out, the Indian braves, their squaws and papooses celebrated the day of joy. In the light of the camp-fires they feasted and danced to the music of the tom-toms and bone whistles, and talked of the commissioner of peace, the man that was to them, from that day, "the good man—the one good white man."

Mr. Yates had left his wagon and team in the settlement that morning with his Indian farmer. The country was new. Food was scarce, and papooses plenty. On crossing the main street of the village, Mr. Yates met an old Indian woman who was leading a child—an Indian girl, about eight years of age.

The woman said to the commissioner, "You rich man; you one good man. You take my Nina. I give her to you."

"Why do you give your child away?"

"Not my child. Nina one lone child. I poor. No money, no food and Nina hungry. You take Nina. You feed Nina plenty."

"Where are the child's parents?"

"Father dead—killed in white man's skirmish. Mother dead, too. Nina good, heap good. You take my Nina?"

Mr. Yates thought of his wife who lived alone, always alone, when he was away, and he said to the woman: "I will take the child. I will be good to her, and perhaps some day I will bring her back."

"No, no. You keep Nina. I too poor. You keep Nina all the time."

To the child the commissioner said, "Come, Nina. Don't you want to go home with me and be my little girl?"

"No," said Nina. Nina knew how to say no.

The Indian child was small for her age. Dark skinned and erect, she was typical of the full breed. She had long straight hair and big round eyes, blacker than midnight. Nina was pretty, very pretty when she was good, but when she was angry—ugh! Before Nina became an orphan, she had lived a free and careless life among the wild flowers and the trees. After the mother's death Nina loved nothing but one lame billy-goat, her pet rabbits, and the wild woods.

Mr. Yates had spoken gently, kindly, to the child, but she had no love for white people, and when Mr. Yates again asked her to go with him, she replied, "No, I hate you! I hate the white man's home."

Mr. Yates wanted the child to go home with him—he wanted her to go willingly, but Nina stood still, silently tying and untying the long strands of black hair under her chin. Sometimes the feet encased in beaded moccasins were stamped in angry protest.

When the commissioner grew tired of talking, he picked the young Indian up in his arms and started for home. Then Nina was angry. Nina screamed. She doubled her fists and fought the white man.

The old Indians laughed. "The young Indian a good one," they shouted, "a heap good Indian."

The commissioner held the child tight in his arms, all the time saying nice things. The "one good white man" climbed into the wagon and placed the child on the high front seat between himself and the Indian farmer.

Nina was a true Indian. She knew how to fight, and she knew how to keep the peace. When Mr. Yates told her of his home and his pretty blue-eyed wife, Nina said nothing. When the Indian farmer talked to her in his own language and told her of the farm, and of an old gray cat with a family of young kittens, Nina just looked at him and made faces —ugly faces.

The white man's home was several hours' drive from the settlement and Nina grew tired. Then the white man put his arm around the child. Nina went to sleep and slept a long time.

In those early days the commissioner's house was a fine place—a real show place to the Indians. There was one large, very large, room, with two sash windows and two board doors. The doors were fastened to the log walls by real hinges—not leather hinges.

The Indian is true to his conviction. He carries his love in his heart, not on his sleeve. Mrs. Yates knew the Indians loved her husband. She did not worry; she only wondered at the delay of his return. Knowing that the next day would be Easter Sunday, Mrs. Yates, according to her custom, had gone out on the hills and gathered early spring flowers to decorate her home, so that when the husband returned he might be greeted by the spirit of peace—the spirit that she knew belonged to Easter day—the day of all days.

Once a young Indian boy was wounded near the Yates home. The commissioner's wife had nursed the boy back to health. The boy loved her and called her "Brightwing." After that Mrs. Yates was known to the Indians as "Brightwing."

It was nearly dark when the rumble of wagon wheels was heard. "Brightwing" opened the door and saw Nina.

"Why, William," she asked, "where did you get the little Indian?"

Mr. Yates loved his wife. Not many men know how to love as he loved. Leading the child to the door, he said, "Sarah, this is Nina. She will be company for you, and I am sure you two will be good friends."

"Brightwing" stooped down and kissed the brown, tear-stained face, then she caressed the little brown hands and said, "I am glad, Nina, very glad, to have you with us. Come, we will have supper; then I will tell you how happy we two are going to be, bye and bye."

Nina followed, but she saw nothing, heard nothing that looked like happiness to her. All was good, all was love, but Nina knew only fear.

Nina wondered much at the pretty things in the home. She wondered more at the joy in the countenance of the white man and his pretty-faced wife.

Mrs. Yates prepared sweet things to please the Indian fancy, but Nina had no desire for food. She was homesick—too homesick to eat. The evenings were cool, and there was a glow of light in the fireplace. Pushing herself back from the table, Nina went to the corner and sat down by the fire on the sandstone hearth.

"Brightwing" was wise; she let the little stranger get acquainted in her own way. Finally she went to the child with a bowl of bread and milk.

"If Nina will eat this, she will make me very happy."

Nina was hungry. She ate what was given her, then she crossed her feet Indian-fashion and leaned her head against the stone fireplace.

The Indian thoughts, always attuned to woodland scenes, caught the spirit of peace, then her eyes rested upon the familiar faces of her forest friends. She smiled and was soon asleep.

Wild flowers were everywhere. On the rough board mantle were green pine boughs, many mariposa lilies, and bright-colored Indian paint brush.

Mr. Yates looked at the Easter remembrances and said to his wife: "I have

this day witnessed a scene that has caused me to know that the red man has a higher sense of peace than most men dream of."

"Tell me, William. Did you succeed in making peace with the Utahs?"

"Yes, the Indians signed a treaty of peace this time that will never be broken. A true Indian will never break a vow given through the ceremony of blood atonement. We shall have no more trouble, and I am glad."

After the commissioner had told his wife of all that had happened that day, Mrs. Yates spoke of preparing the child for bed. Mr. Yates said, "No, Sarah, no. We will not disturb the papoose." Taking Nina in his arms, he placed her between the snow-white sheets of the company bed that stood in the far corner of the big room.

Nina knew. She opened her eyes, but said nothing. The young Indian shuddered at the smooth surface of the white sheets, and longed for her own old gray blankets, and the warm touch of her pet rabbits.

Early the next morning Mrs. Yates looked toward Nina's bed, but there was no Nina there. The young Indian was gone.

Mr. Yates went out in the yard and called, "Nina! Nina!" There was no answer. Then the good man, the one good white man, walked around the house, calling, "Nina, Nina! Where are you?" The good man was disturbed. He wondered where Nina could be. At last he went to the barn and climbed up and looked into the hay-loft.

There sat Nina on the floor, in front of a box that answered for the home of the gray cat and her six kittens. Nina had found Tabby and she was happy. The good man was happy, too, because he saw the smiles in the child's face. He watched the child smooth the fur of the kittens while she talked to them in the endearing words peculiar to Indian children. Nina held in her lap the whole of Tabby's bright-eyed family, while Tabby herself stood nearby, purring proudly.

When "Brightwing" called, "Breakfast is ready," Mr. Yates picked up the box and said, "Come, Nina. Tabby wants her breakfast. I will look after the box. You carry the spotted papooses and Tabby will follow."

Nina was careful—very careful. She counted the kittens, then she gathered up the hem of her calico dress and held it firmly. The commissioner of peace dropped the box to the barn floor, then he assisted the child in descending the ladder with her newly-found treasures.

After that, when Tabby came in from her daily hunt for small game, she found her many colored family just where Nina chose to place them.

Three days later Mr. Yates went to the settlement and bought nice things for the child, and food for the woman who had placed Nina in his care. When he returned, he called Nina out into the yard, and pointed to a large wooden crate.

"Open the door, Nina."

Nina opened the door, and when she saw the face of her old friend, the lame billy-goat, and several of her pet rabbits, she smiled—she looked the joy that was in her heart. Then she clasped her hands and turned to the commissioner.

"You good man! You know. You make Nina glad—heap glad."

For many months the Indian child was contented in the white man's home. Nina loved the good man, but she loved "Brightwing" more. When she spoke of the white woman in her greatest love, it was always "Sarah, my Sarah."

As Nina grew into young womanhood, the love of the forest life, natural to the red race, returned. Nina was brave. She knew what was best. She said nothing, but within there was always the longing for the old life.

When the Indian girl was sixteen she grew delicate—she faded like a flower. The doctor said she was very sick—could never get well.

One day the Indian saw tears in the pretty eyes of "Brightwing." Then Nina said, "Sarah must be good; my Sarah must not cry. Nina will get well. Nina only wants the life in the woods—the wild-wood where the flowers bloom and where the birds sing all day—sometimes all night."

When Mr. Yates and his wife had talked together, the white man asked of the sick girl, "Nina, is it the solitude of

the woods, and the song of the birds that you are pining for?"

"Yes, yes. You one good man. You know."

"Very well, Nina. You shall go back to your old haunts on the hillside. If you wish to do so, you can remain there. If at any time you desire to return to our home, both Mrs. Yates and I will welcome you gladly."

That day Mr. Yates took Nina to the teepe of the aged woman who had given the child into his keeping.

When the white man bade good-bye to the Indian girl he said: "Get well, Nina, then come back to your home. 'Brightwing' will be lonesome without you."

Once in the woods, the bad dream was broken, and the sickness went with the dream. As Nina grew strong she began to long for those she had learned to love.

Very early one morning, after Nina had slept all night with the starlight in her face, she said to her people: "Nina has been a bad girl—a very, very bad girl. Nina did not know how to love. Nina knows now, and Nina is going back to the home where all is good—where all is love."

That same morniug when the dew was still on the grass Nina started for the Yates farm. Nina knew how to walk, but she had not gone far when she met the Indian farmer.

"Mr. Yates wants Nina to come back. The white man's home is lonesome. The white man's squaw is sick."

Nina was sorry. "Brightwing sick?" she cried. "My Sarah sick?"

"Yes, white man's squaw is sick—very sick."

Nina climbed into the wagon, saying, "Then you take me home—take me home quick."

When Nina reached the farm she greeted Mr. Yates with a smile and passed on to the bedside of "Brightwing." The Indian girl took the face of the sick woman between her two brown hands.

When she had kissed cheek and brow, she said: "Nina's love of the wood life all gone. Nina has come home—come home to stay. Nina will love Sarah very much; then Sarah will get well pretty soon."

No more was said. Nina was true to her word and "Brightwing" recovered rapidly. From the day of Nina's return the Indian girl was changed. The new Nina was all love and contentment.

When Nina was twenty, Sarah was again taken sick. She was sick a long time; then "Brightwing" was in the home no more. After that the sunshine was all gone—only the shadows were in the home. Indians never express their sorrow in words; they think their own thoughts and are silent.

The good man's love for "Brightwing" was very great. For a long time there were no smiles—no joy anywhere for the Indian agent.

One morning when Nina thought Mr. Yates was out on the farm, he entered the room where the Indian girl was doing up the morning work.

"Nina," he said, "I am going away, perhaps never to return."

"What!" said the Indian, "you going away? You never coming back?"

"Yes, Nina, I am going far, far away." The white man looked at the things in the room and then went on. "Far away from this home, where I have spent the happiest days of my life."

"Where are you going?"

"To England—old England—where my father was born."

"When?"

"Tomorrow, Nina. Do you want to live on the farm during my absence, or would you rather live in the city?"

The Indian did not answer. The midnight eyes were full of tears, but the white man knew it not.

"Nina, it might be very lonesome out here on the farm. What is your wish?"

"If I may, I would like best to live here—to live in Sarah's home."

Mr. Yates was pleased. "Nina," he said, "I have made my will, and, whether I return or not, this farm and all of its equipment is yours—your very own. When I am gone, manage the place and spend the income as you please."

The gift of the rich farm lands had no effect upon the Indian maiden. She only thought of the white man's good. "Who will take care of your business while you are gone?"

"Jim Juanea."

"Gentleman Jim?"

"Yes, 'Gentleman Jim.' "

"It is well. Jim will be true."

"You are right, Nina. Jim has been appointed agent in my place. He is good. He will be true to his responsibilities."

The white man left the room. The Indian finished her work.

Jim was a full-blood and a half-brother to Mr. Yates' Indian farmer. The white men honored Jim, and the Indians called him "Gentleman Jim."

Jim had loved Nina a long, long time, but Nina would only say: "No, no. I never marry. 'Brightwing' needs me."

After Mr. Yates went out, Nina saw him no more that day. In the evening he came in, and when he had sat a long time by the fire thinking—just thinking—he said, "Nina, as you know, the man who now takes care of the farm has worked many years for me. He is a good Indian—good and true. How would you like to have him and his wife come here and make their home with you?"

Nina said, "No, no. If I may, I will live alone. I love best to be alone in Sarah's home."

The white man knew the Indian girl was wise. He trusted her.

The next morning William Yates was on his way to foreign lands. He thought of the Indian girl—the one who had loved his Sarah, his beautiful "Brightwing"—and he was not sorry that Nina would inherit the farm.

The seasons came and went. The crops prospered and yielded a rich harvest. The home was well kept and cheerful. Mrs. Yates had taught Nina to know and to love Easter, and though alone in the white man's home, Nina did not forget. With Nina's coming, other rooms had been added to the home, but the one big room—"Brightwing's" room was always the living-room, and always decorated for Easter.

One Saturday morning, when the white man had been gone three years, Nina said: "Sarah is gone; white man is gone—maybe so never to return. All the same, the Great Spirit is here and Nina is not alone."

Then Nina went to work. All things that had not been in the room when Nina first entered the home were removed. Then the flowers, many wild flowers, were gathered. Nina had not forgotten. She knew what flowers to gather, and where to place them to make the room look the same—just the same as it did on that evening when Sarah's sweet lips first kissed the forehead of the young Indian.

On the mantle-shelf Nina placed the green pine boughs, the mariposa lilies and the bright-colored Indian paint brush. Easter was early and the nights were cool, just as they had been once before.

In the evening a fire of pine limbs was ablaze in the fireplace. The lamps were lighted, then Nina looked at them and said: "Too bright, ugh! heap too bright! When Nina came, there were only candles." The lamps were removed, and the candles lighted, then the Indian girl's picture was completed.

The rain was falling on the outside. On the inside there was peace, real peace. A descendant of old Tabby lay on the bright-colored cushion in the corner where Nina had sat that first evening when she smiled at the wild flowers and went to sleep.

When Nina's work was finished, she took the cat in her arms and sat in a willow rocker made by the Indians on the farm. As she stroked the fur of her favorite, she looked at the Easter decorations and smiled—smiled as only Nina could smile. Nina was a woman, tall and graceful, and in the shadowy lights she was pretty—very, very pretty.

Many young braves and some white men had sought the hand of Nina in marriage, but she cared for only one. That one was "Gentleman Jim," but Jim did not know it. During the white man's absence there was no love for Nina but that of the home and the farm lands.

On that Easter-eve there came to Nina's ears the sound of music and merry-making, but it had no charms for the Indian maiden. Nina loved life,—she loved life because she knew it was good—all good.

While she sat thinking, the latch-string was lifted. The door opened and a tall, gray-haired man entered. The good man, the one good white man, had returned, but not alone. By his side

stood a woman of his own age—a sweet-faced woman.

Nina knew at a glance that the woman was good and true, and Nina was pleased.

The good man was glad—glad to be back in the valley home. He looked at the flowers and said nothing. He just stood still and laughed—laughed the joy that was in his heart. The woman laughed too, for the home picture looked pretty to her—very pretty.

Indians are always calm—never impulsive.

Nina arose and said to the white man: "You come home; you come back again. Nina knew you would come some day."

The white man took the Indian's hand, and when he had kissed the brown forehead, he spoke to the woman who had married him and come to the far West to make her home.

"Mrs. Yates, this is Nina—Nina Yates—and to know Nina is to love her."

To the Indian girl he said: "Nina, this is my wife. I am sure you two will be good friends."

Nina was glad to see the smiles in the white man's face—glad to see him happy once more.

After they had eaten supper the white man told Nina of his travels, and of his marriage; then Nina said good-night. She opened the door, then she turned back and looked at the white man.

"The good man—the good man's hair is white," she said to herself. "He has suffered much, but he is happy now—very happy—and Nina is glad." Then she looked at the white woman, and thought, "That is not 'Brightwing.' No, no, that is not my Sarah, but she is good—very good. She will make the white man's home peaceful."

Nina looked at the flowers and the happiness, then she whispered: "The Great Spirit is here. He has brought the good man—the one good white man—home, and I—I—yes, I am glad. I am glad that the Easter is come—the Easter that is in the heart."

The next morning Mr. Yates said: "Nina, I have traveled much; have viewed many beautiful things, but nothing ever looked so beautiful, so peaceful, as this home scene appeared while we stood and gazed through the window last night. I was glad you had not drawn the curtains, and Nina, my wife and I were not the only persons who enjoyed the scene."

"Who else?"

"Gentleman Jim."

"Ugh!"

"Yes, Nina, he had been looking in, and was walking away just as we approached. Tell me, Nina, does Jim still care for you?"

The brown cheeks tinged with color—perhaps with joy—but the Indian maiden said nothing.

Mr. Yates asked, "Does Jim come to see you?"

"No."

"Nina, do you love that man?"

A smile—one of Nina's smiles—was the only answer.

The good man was wise; he knew the Indian maiden had sacrificed her love for Jim Juanea to keep her trust.

"Well, Nina, this room makes me think that you had planned this day to be your own day—your very own Easter day."

"No, no; not all mine. This is one good day—the one day that is good for all."

"You are right, Nina, and now we are going to see how much good there is in this day for others. You make the wife happy while I go out and look over the farm."

When the good man was gone, the Indian and the white woman talked, and each learned to love the other.

When Nina spoke of Mr. and Mrs. Yates making their home on the farm, Mrs. Yates said, "No, Nina, no. Mr. Yates has decided to live in the city. He has business interests there that need his personal attention."

Mr. Yates was gone a long time. When he came back he said, "Nina, I have been to see the farmer and have looked over the improvements made in my absence. I was astonished at the result of your three years' farming."

Nina smiled. It had been her wish to please the good man.

"You have grown rich, Nina, grown rich in three years."

"Not my riches, no my wealth," said the Indian.

"Yes, Nina, it is yours—all yours—and, Nina, I saw Jim. He was visiting

his brother, and I asked him to come over and have dinner with us."

Indians are calm even in sudden joy. "You are good—always good," said Nina.

Jim came and that afternoon Mr. Yates and his wife went with Jim Juanea and Nina Yates to the missionary home where they were married. Two days later the one good white man and his wife moved to the city, and left Nina and her husband to care for, and to enjoy life on the valley farm.

The Unchanging

By Mrs. M. R. Leslie

The roar of the sea never ceases,
It dies away then it increases;
It ever and alway appeases
Desire for the unchanging and sure.

It rests me, that roar of old ocean,
It rests me to know that its motion
Alone of all sound and commotion
Is changeless beyond power of man.

The ship that is daring and faces
The deep, which a moment it graces,
Is gone and behind are no traces
To mar the sure sameness.

The mountains man tames to his bidding
With trails and with towers he is ridding
The wilds of their charm and is hiding
Their grandeur with clothes of his making.

When ships are engulfed in the waves,
The sea nor refuses nor craves
The prey it receives. It behaves
The same through all time.

When all that man touches is changing,
And man's foolish fashions are ranging
Their rounds, then it rests me, The Unchanging,
Which man may not touch to its harm.

MRS. O'FLAHERTY *on The* TAXES

Maude Cullen Van Houten

FRRAH! You needn't be a talkin' to me, Mrs. Muldoon, about the loikes av this bein' a free counthry. Div—sorra a bit do Oi see where the freeness av it comes in.

Sure and didn't me an' Moike tink the same thing when we came from the ould counthry? An it's proud we were the fir-rst day we set our four fate in New Yor-rk.

Faix we taught we could pick up go-old in the strate, an' Oi tuk me little basket, and Moike a tin bucket, an' we started out. We misthrusted we moight hav' to dig a little, so we tuk little Andy's garden pick, and a shovel along wid us; but the Saints save us! the ver-ry fir-rst cobble schtone we dug up, here comes the copper afther us, an a wantin' to know why we were schpoilin' the beautcheful strates of New Yor-rk.

Well, we told him, and I taught he'd schplit the soides av him w d laffin'; but he explained to us, himself being a kind-hear-rted man, and poor Moike had to tuck up his two schlaves and go into business roight away.

I taught it wuld be the death av him, for back in ould Ireland he niver had much to do but tend the pigs; he wasn't a schtrong ma-an, only bein' on the shady soide av six foot tall, and weighin' a mere troiffle over two hundred and fourteen pounds.

Well, as I told yez before, Moike wint into business, and began breakin' up little schtones for a new pavement roight away; our kind friend the polaceman gittin' him the job.

By and by seein' he wasn't fitten for such har-rd wor-rk, they made him boss av the gang av min, and that was a bit aisier. Why, do yez know, he could lie in the shade, and smoke his poipe, and boss the min all at the same toime, he was that accomplished; and finally, by wor-rkin' har-rd, we got togither enough, he a bossin', and me a takin' in washin' and scrubbin', to come to Los Angeles and buy us a bit av ground, and put up a bit uv a house; the one we're a livin' in, and by that toime, or rather this toime, I should say, for it's now, we're a gittin' along pretty comfortable except when Moike comes home dr-runk and shies a beer can at me head, but Oi always retalliates, as the sayin' is, by firein' a stove lid at him. We must hav' our bit av a joke, Mrs. Muldoon.

Well I taught iverything was moving along pretty well, when a day or two ago, or maybe since, a schwell lookin' felly, wid a goold ring, and a buttonhole bouquit on, and a book in one hand and a boonch av papers folded note-loike in the other, came a walkin' up to the front door, which for convanience sake we had put in the back av the house; and says he, a takin' off his hat, and bowin' an' schrapin' loike Oi was the queen or the Lady President:

"Good marnin' ma-am!"

"How de do," says Oi, a wonderin' what was comin' nixt, and where he bought the swate schmellin' hair ile.

"A foine day," says he.

"Beaucheful!" says Oi.

"Do you own this lovely home, ma'am?" says he.

"Phawt a gorgus view!" he goes on, a lookin' schtraight into the pig pen, where Nannie, the goat, was aschlape in the sun.

"We think it noice sorr," says Oi, for we're proud av that goat loike it was one av the childer.

"What Oi'd loike to git at," continues he, a goin' on, "is the tax."

"Just a minute," says Oi, "and Oi'll git yez one." Wid that Oi goes in, but div—sorra a tack could Oi foind.

"Here," says Oi, a comin' out, "here's a hammer and some nails, but we do be out av tacks since Oi lint the last one

to Mrs. McFadden to put up the mosquity net."

He schmoiled swately, but says, "Oi guess yez don't understand pwhat Oi mane—not t-a-c-k-s, but TAX."

"Faix," says Oi, "and isn't it beautcheful pwhat learnin' will do; it sounds quite aisy loike."

"Yis," says he, "but this is different; this tax is pwhat yez have to pay on your house."

"Oh," says Oi, "there isn't anything loike that soor, ye see it's all paid for."

"You still don't understand," says he. "Yez have to pay a tax—money, you know—to the county and city, to be allowed to own your own home, and help 'em all pay their debts; and if the min at the head av the county and city think ye're payin' enough, they'll let yez kape it, but if not, they'll raise the price, and if yez don't pay, they'll take it away from yez and sell it or kape it thimselves."

I sat down on the doorstep, spachless wid surprise.

"Now," says he, "I don't have much to do wid that; it's just my business to assess."

"Oh!" Oi replied real brisk, "we don't kape any av thim little animals around."

"Animals?" says he.

"Yis," says Oi, "asses—little donkeys, ye know."

"Well of all the—," then he laughed and laughed, but Oi didn't see anything to laugh at in a donkey, unless a body thinks it's the hind legs av thim that are funny.

"Don't yez know there's an assissment to pay? It's just another tax, only a personal one."

"Oh!" says Oi, understandin' loike, "was the other unpersonal?"

"Plain dumb," says he, under his breath which Oi thought would a weighed his language down, it was so sthrong.

"Now," says he, a takin' one av the folded bits av paper, "we'll get at it. Any peannies?"

"Div—niver a one," says Oi, "except the box av one in the back yard that the childer use for a lemonade sthand."

"A sewing machine? Oh, we're comin' at it."

"One sorr."

"How much is it worth?"

"Oi payed tree dollars and ninety-eight cents for it at a bargain sale, but it only sews backwards."

'Hum—ha, we'll put it in at a dollar and a half."

"Faix, but I don't want to sell, and if Oi do, Oi want four dollars for it."

"Don't yez understand yet? You pay for bein' allowed to kape it. Any steamboats?"

"The saints save us! is the man crazy?"

"A threshin' machine?"

"No, oh no, sorr, I always use Moike's schlipper on the byes."

He just giggled a little way down in his throat and wint on wid impident questions.

"Watches and clocks?"

"Yis sorr."

"How many?"

"One clock, sorr, wid the hands knocked off, but it kapes real good time."

"Two dollars. Watches?"

"Moike's got one, sorr; it's beautcheful. Moike he answered a advertisement that said 'Sind twenty-five cents and secure a silver watch in a rosewood case.' So he sint the money and he got the silver watch—only it's tin—in a lovely little wood box painted pink. It's the most inthrestin' watch, sorr; yez can wind all day, but yez can't wind it up."

"One Waterbury," says he, "five dollars. Stocks and bonds?"

"Yis sorr."

"You have?" says he, a looking har-rd at me. "What are they?"

"One pig, and a nannie-goat and twelve childer," says Oi.

Oi taught he'd explode, but Oi didn't see anything funny in it—he asked about the stock.

Well, he wint on a fillin' in the blanks, and if you'll belave me, Mrs. Muldoon, before he got through he had made out a bill for a hundred and seventy-five dollars' worth av stuff, which niver cost more'n fifty to begin wid.

"But," says he, "it's only the rich folks what can't afford to pay for what they've got."

"Oh, worra, worra!" says Oi, "how will we iver pay all that?"

"Yez don't have to pay all that," says he, "just a little percentage, and if

yez don't pay, they'll take all your things away."

Oh, sorra's the day whin Oi lift ould Ireland," says Oi. "Plaze, misther, tell them to take two or three of the childer—Oi can sphare a few—but lave me the pig and the nanny-goat," and wid that Oi puts me apron over me head and wept bitter sheds.

"For the love of mercy, shut up," says he. "Now you sign this, here, Oi'm a notchary public (whatever that is, Oi could see he was a dude of some sort), and you schware to this, howld up yez roight hand—now, do yez schware to this?"

"Yis, and be darned to yez. Now yez clear out," says Oi, gittin' a kittle av hot water an a broom, "or Oi'll make yez wish yez hadn't a come," and he got.

Call it a free counthry if yez loike, Mrs. Muldoon, what wid taxes to pay, for ownin' a bit av a home, to the county and city, an' assessments on your furniture, including yer clothes, my advice is, if yez want to git rich, ye'll turn yer phroperty over to the town ye're a livin' in, and git 'em to pay yez the taxes.

The Fate *of* the Oregon

By Joanna Nicholls Kyle

(NOTE.—It has been proposed at the Navy Department to use the old battleship Oregon as an object for target practise. The following lines are dedicated to Admiral Charles E. Clark, who commanded the Oregon during our war with Spain.)

"Shoot at her, men," the captain cried.
"Her type is obsolete!
"Her battered sides though aged are wide,
"A target for the fleet.
"We've better battleships today
"To feast our pride upon.
"Ho, gunners! 'tis a fitting prey,—
"Shoot at the Oregon!"

Oh! was it thus we spoke when war
Sent for her matchless aid?
Our hearts throbbed with her while afar,
Around the Cape she made.
Did she not run the gauntlet, say,
Unscathed amid the foe,
And safe off Santiago Bay
Help strike the conquering blow?

And was she spared a nobler doom,
Ingratitude to feel?
Shall our own guns remorseless boom,
And watch the veteran reel?
Oh! what a sight the Nation's gaze
To idly rest upon;
Dishonored in her later days,
Our gallant Oregon!

In the Editor's Den

In the introductory pages of this issue of *Out West* we begin a series of articles on Western Nevada. We ask and answer the question, "What's the matter with Nevada?" The fact is there is nothing more the matter with Nevada today than with any of the states. The divorce evil which was forced upon her has been killed, public gambling is prohibited and ostracised and the law is as fully enforced as in any state in the nation; her water resources are being conserved extensively and her hitherto waste lands rapidly converted into profitable farms. Her mining industry, year by year, settles down upon firmer and secure footing. While high-grade ores that will yield enormous fortunes in a short time are liable at any time to be discovered, the steady-going portion of her citizenship are better satisfied at the profitable working by new mechanical and chemical processes of her low-grade ores, of which Nevada possesses more perhaps than any country in the known world. Her agricultural and stock-raising industries are steadily and surely increasing. The slow-growing alfalfa of these high plateaus is richer and contains more nutrition than that which is quicker grown, and cattle fed upon it yield a richer flavored, tenderer and more desirable beef. Hogs and sheep do equally well. Nevada honey is famous for its delicious flavor.

In the higher fields of the mind and soul Nevada takes a noteworthy place. Her strong young State University has a staff of professors, able, devoted and individualistic, who, in their respective fields are doing original and useful work that is demanding the profound respect of world-wide scientists. I notice that some of the greatest American universities are doing their best to capture these young men that President Stubbs has gathered around him. Reno and other Nevada cities have school systems and buildings equal (in proportion to population) to those of any American city, and the literary and other clubs for both men and women boast active and progressive membership.

For climate and pleasure resorts Western Nevada need not take off her hat to any section on the face of the earth. Thirty-three years ago I entered the State in such a broken-down condition that I was prohibited from even reading a newspaper for a year. Horse-back riding, camping out—roughing it in a word, as Mark Twain did—gave me a vigorous health that enables me now to do an amount of work that most young men would shrink from. There is a tang in the winter atmosphere that we do not have in Southern California, but it is healthful, invigorating and stimulating. Men, women and children eat well, digest well and sleep well in it.

As for recreation, it equals if not surpasses Switzerland. In two or three hours one may ride from many Western Nevada cities to the finest Sierran playground in the world, where Lake Tahoe's smiling face invites one to loaf, fish, row, swim and enjoy himself at ease, or the surrounding mountains bid him climb and gain strenuous pleasure.

Even in the field of polemics Nevada is highly favored. The suffragists are now working hard to secure female suffrage. George Wingfield, the wealthiest and most influential man in the State, doesn't want suffrage, and his open, candid and frank hostility to the movement has provoked much comment. But his direct enmity is much better than professed friendship, hiding masked batteries. Mr. Wingfield is an exponent of the Nevada way of doing things—open, above-board, honest—so

the women and he are at war and the rest of us stand aside, urging on both combatants and only wish that the best man may win.

The star of Nevada's destiny is now on the rise. She is the new land of promise to many thousands of home-seekers who will find on her sagebrush lands contentment, health and wealth. A million acres await water—which capital is now preparing to supply—and as soon as that is done home-seekers will be welcomed. For permanent residence no more delightful land can be found than right here under the lee of the Sierras, so, we give unanimous voice to the assurance that many thousands will ultimately accept with us, viz., that when the question is asked, "What's the matter with Nevada?" the country will ring with the answer, "SHE'S ALL RIGHT!"

Communion

By Charles E. Currier

Hast thou in spring observed the crocus stalk
Push eagerly aside the clinging clods?
Hast thou observed the tulip spurn the earth
With soft and tender shaft, unfurling then
Smooth waxen leaves and brilliant blooms to bask
In sunlight warm and mellowing, and bring
Into some saddened heart—chilled by the gloom
Of winter's drear—a smile of joy, a touch of hope?
If thou dost watch with interest these things
Then thou with Nature fair dost oft commune—
Communing thus with Nature, talk with God.

Hast thou observed the violet unfold
Soft, purple petals neath a shielding bank?
Hast thou observed each tree and vine and shrub
Put forth green shoots to greet God's sunny smile?
And hast thou watched the butterfly break through
Its chrysalis and careless flit away
To freedom brief—or dwelt, with thought, upon
The many manifests of Providence?
If thou dost watch with sympathy these things
Then thou with Nature fair dost oft commune—
Communing thus with Nature, talk with God.

Hast thou observed the frail and tottering lamb
In terror seek the ewe's protecting side?
Hast thou observed the fledgling's yellow beaks
Stretch up with eagerness to snatch away
The twittering parent-bird's sweet offering?
Or seen the infant grope at mother-breast
For love's pure sustenance and grope not in
Uncertainty, but with unknowing faith?
If thou with understanding seest these things
Then thou with Nature fair dost oft commune—
Communing thus with Nature, talk with God.

Under *the* Study Lamp

By the Editor

Unless otherwise initialed, all Reviews in *Out West* are written by the Editor.

The neatest, handiest and most comprehensive *Tourist Guide and Handbook to California* is that just issued by Wells Drury. It covers the whole State, railroads, automobile routes, resorts, cities, towns, villages, national parks, natural attractions, landmarks, etc., and contains just enough of description and history to satisfy the inquiring mind. It is a complimentary volume to all the geographies, atlases and map-books, and should be on every business man's shelf or desk for ready reference and in every automobilist's grip. It is good solid meat, condensed and handy. *California, Tourist Guide and Handbook*, by Wells and Aubrey Drury, $1.25 postpaid, Western Guide Book Co., Berkeley, California.

John D. Barry is an essayist. More than that he is a purist in his use of the English language. Further and higher, he is a humanist. Higher yet, he is an optimist. Still higher he is a practical Christian and believes in his inmost soul, the blood and marrow of his soul, in the divine brotherhood of man. For some years he has been illuminating the pages of *The Bulletin*, of San Francisco, with his stimulating and helpful utterances. Now, enlarged and rearranged, some of the choice of these are put into exquisite,book-form and given to the larger circle of readers. Get them and read them; ponder over them. They will soon rank in your mind as the work of the younger brother of Marcus Aurelius, Thomas A. Kempis, and Emerson, and become of your daily bread for mind and spirit. *Intimations, A Collection of Brief Essays Dealing Mainly With Aspects of Everyday Living from a Point of View Less Controversial than Inquiring and Suggestive*, by John D. Barry, $1.50 net, Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco.

It is interesting, now that Woodrow Wilson occupies the presidential chair, to read his views and judgments on Congressional government, written in 1883 and 1884, and revised after seeing a French translation of it in 1900. In his chapter on The Executive he says: "It is at once curious and instructive to note how we have been forced into practically amending the Constitution without constitutionally amending it. . . . It would seem that no impulse short of the impulse of self-preservation, no force less than the force of revolution, can nowadays be expected to move the ambiguous machinery of formal amendment erected in Article Five. . . . The greater consequence is that we have resorted, almost unconscious of the political significance of what we did, to extra-constitutional means of modifying the federal system where it has proved to be too refined by balance of divided authority to suit practical uses—to be out of square with the main principle of its foundation, namely, government by the people through their representatives in Congress."

Speaking of the way our presidents are elected, he gives the history of the development of the present system, and in one place seems to have been gifted almost with the spirit of prophecy, seen in the light of his own election. He says: "Of late years a tendency is observable which seems to be making the gubernatorial chairs of the greater states the nearest offices to the presidency, and it cannot but be allowed that there is much that is rational in the tendency. The governorship of a state is very like a smaller presidency; or, rather, the presidency is very like a big governorship. Training in the duties of the one fits for the duties of the other."

He has this to say on short terms: "Administration is something that men must learn, not something to skill in which they are born. Americans take to business of all kinds more naturally than any other nation ever did, and the executive duties of government constitute just an exalted kind of business; but even Americans are not presidents in their cradles. One cannot have too much preparatory training and experience who is to fill so high a magistracy. It is difficult to perceive, therefore, upon what safe ground of reason are built the opinions of those persons who regard short terms of service as sacredly and peculiarly republican in principle. If republicanism is founded upon good sense, nothing so far removed from good sense can be part and parcel of it. . . . A

president is dismissed almost as soon as he has learned the duties of his office, and a man who has served a dozen terms in Congress is a curiosity."

This book is interesting and instructive throughout, not only for the sane and judicious comments and suggestions upon our form of government it contains, but as a self-revelation of the steps consciously or unconsciously followed by Woodrow Wilson, the man, which have finally fitted him, as few of our past presidents have been fitted, for the high office and sacred responsibilities of the presidency. *Congressional Government: A Study in American Politics*, by Woodrow Wilson, 344 pages, $1.25 net, Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, Mass.

A New York debutante of eighteen years has issued a small volume of poems that reveals unusual power, strength, firmness of touch and clarity of vision. Her "If Age But Knew" is a call to Age to remember that there is something great in the Ambitious and High Reachings of Youth as well as in the Knowledge of Age. The last poem is worthy its great theme, "Immortality." Here is one of the stanzas:

Man shrinks from death, shrinks from the unknown, solitary vale; does he forget
That "After last returns the first," that what God made is ever right,
That death is but an incident in life, a shadow in the light,
Man's soul shall grow beyond; shall climb the heights, shall murmur yet.
Nothing can die!

The Victory of Defeat, and Other Poems, by Fannie DeGroot Hastings, $1.00 net, The Alice Harriman Company, New York.

It is astounding how large a place war and bloodshed has in our literature. There must be a fearful amount of war-lust in our blood to still permit war and its horrors so to dominate us. The name "Gettysburg" naturally brings to mind memories of the war, and Elsie Singmaster has written a book with that name as a title. It tells of the "red harvest and its aftermath." But what pen can do that justice—the aftermath of war—the fifty years of broken-bodied men, the weeping of widows and orphans, the sad faces of broken-hearted women who lost their lovers before they had taken one full draught of the sweet cup of love. This book is made up of sweet and tender stories, pathetic, humorous and human, which, however, add to our already intense hatred of war and our desire to see it abolished. We walk hand-in-hand with old veterans who return year by year to the scenes of their great conflicts and the stories told are theirs. *Gettysburg*, by Elsie Singmaster, 190 pages, illustrated, $1.00 net, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, Mass.

Side by side with "Gettysburg" on my table lies *The Turn of the Sword*, a Japanese story of rebellion, murder, treachery, rapine, and the damnableness of the rule of the sword. For a warlike story it is well told, with a sweet and human love running like a silver stream of exquisite purity through a boggy and miry field. The plot is good, the knowledge of Japanese life and thought evidently extensive and reliable, and the characters are real and life-like. Especially noble and beautiful is that of the hero, Rennoske, and we rejoice when he finds and weds his sweetest flower, Kiku San, whose devoted love to him during the vicissitudes of his life is graphically related. *The Turn of the Sword*, by C. Maclean Savage, with frontispiece in colors, 379 pages, $1.25 net, $1.38 postpaid, F. G. Browne & Co., Chicago, Ill.

Some books have peculiar titles which give no hint to their contents. Such a book is *The Fool of God*. It is a historical novel of the days of the pharaoh who reigned in Egypt when Joseph was sent to prison for his slighting of the evil desires of Potiphar's wife. The author, Andrew Klarmann, has studied Egyptology to good effect, and while he does not write so forcefully and effectively as George Ebers, the distinguished German Egyptologist and novelist, he gives us a very presentable and readable book. The various political factions, the peculiar home and ceremonial life of the various nationalities, some of their public customs are given with accuracy and care. The plot of the story rests upon the bitter hatred and desire for vengeance of Rahuel—the Fool of God—against one of the high officials of Egypt who had him cruelly flogged for a violation of law. Rahuel swore to bring him and his house to dust. The intrigues, murders, plots and counter plots that were necessary to produce these dire results are told with a certain degree of power and reality, but once in a while the author over-reaches himself in his desire for fine or careful writing. For instance, he makes one of his characters say to a very fat man: "The ensuing fast will help to reduce your fleshly preponderance to the normal measure of human impediment." Elsewhere, in speaking of the intoxication of men, he says: "Rahuel remained at the inn in order to lend a guiding hand at the conclusion of the feast to those who might incline one way or another towards an exceeding affection for mother earth, or who might allow their vision to duplicate the everyday and common objects to be found in the streets, and intending to avoid collision with the one, that was an error of sight, would come in unpleasant and hurtful contact with the other, the product of a hard and unsympathetic reality."

Thus he refers to bodily vermin: "The women remained ignorant of the healthful luxury of a bath, and the children felt best at ease when the cool air of the hillside could gain direct access to the cutaneous garb provided by mother nature, through wide-gaping rents, or such other openings as were readily provided by robes skilfully aired and disordered in an expert and incessant campaign against the infesting pest of diminutive but none the less exacting participants in the joys of thriving on a fat and festive board."

Yet these are minor matters and very slightly detract from the interest and value of the book. To those who desire to obtain a reasonable accuracy and historic picture of those far-away ages of the past, I can highly commend the story. *The Fool of God*, by Andrew Klarmann, 533 pages, with two illustrations, $1.50 net, postage 20 cents, Fred'k Pustet & Co., New York.

The Century Company has done wonderfully good service to the American reading public by treating them to such humoristic classics as "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," and "A Romance of Billy Goat Hill," and it now places us under further obligations by giving us *Finerty of the Sand House*. Finerty is a homely philosopher somewhat of the Dooley type, and he treats us to dissertations on a variety of subjects. There are half a dozen chuckles and an equal number of open grins on every page, and now and then a loud guffaw, which comes out as spontaneously and freely as does Finerty's humor. Get the book by all means and enjoy the expansion of lungs, heart, brain and soul that come with hearty, buoyant laughter. The story of General Taggart and the mule in "The Terry Tale" is enough to make a jackass laugh. I've been laughing ever since I read it. And so will you, my keen perceptioned friend, even though you be of English birth or descent. The fun is so genuine and real, the humor so human-like that it catches everyone. Finerty is destined to become a classic. *Finerty of the Sand House*, by Charles D. Stewart, 156 pages, 75 cents net, The Century Company, New York.

Jack London's latest book, *The Abysmal Brute*, is not only a wonderful piece of literature, but a marvelous exhibition of frank fearlessness on the part of the author. It tells the story of a boy brought up in a secluded mountain valley of northern California and trained by his father, an old prize fighter, for the express purpose of becoming the champion fighter of the world. While the lad's father teaches him all the devices of the ring and develops both mind and body to the highest degree of which he is capable, he carefully and studiously avoids letting him know anything of the crookedness connected with the prize ring. The boy, therefore, grows up with a simplicity and purity of heart as rare as it is beautiful. He knows nothing of faking, of the "double-cross," "throwing the fight," and a thousand and one dishonorable and dishonest methods connected with the "manly art" for swindling and deceiving the public in order to draw their money from them. In his rambles over the mountains he became enamored of nature, and the short time he goes to school suffices to give him a taste for literature and poetry. The old father, feeling the approach of death, sends for a well-known manager to take charge of the forthcoming career of his son. He warns him of the youth's innocence and assures him that he must be kept in ignorance of the uncleanness that invariably is connected with the prize-ring and then sends the lad forth, a perfect fighting machine, to take his place in the world. With swift, rapid strides London sets before us his career, and his final disillusionment about prize-fighting. He leaves the ring, however, but not before he has exposed in vigorous and trenchent fashion the chicanery, fraud, swindling and all-round damnableness associated with "the game." It is one of the strongest possible proofs of the real virility of California literature that a man dare thus to fling into the teeth of a number of toughs and swindlers of the first water, the open charges of their scoundrelism and villainy. This book in some respects puts Jack London on a par, in my mind, with such heroes of the common good as James King of William, Henry George and Frank Norris, the first of whom denounced the evil politicians of San Francisco, and the second and third of whom exposed the crooked land deals of a great railway corporation. *The Abysmal Brute*, by Jack London, 169 pages, with frontispiece by Gordon Grant, $1.00 net, The Century Company, New York City.

Everything Payne Erskine writes is well worth reading. In her last story she tells of two young men, friends, who in a quarrel over a girl they both love, imagine they have killed each other. Remorse follows them both, but finally a kind Fate brings them together again, and their difficulties are happily overcome. A strong, vigorous story, with unusual plot, vivid scenes and told with dramatic power. *The Eye of Dread*, by Payne Erskine, 508 pages, $1.35 net, Little ,Brown & Co., Boston, Mass.

A hazy, incoherent attempt to preach a sermon to the Anglo Saxon race, is *Man and His Future*, by H. Col. W. Sedgwick, $2.00 net, J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

Stories of the French revolution are never "pleasant" or "nice" reading, but they serve to show how man will revolt against evil conditions when they become unbearable. Anatole France has illuminated the unpleasant subject with genius and given us a strong book in *The Gods Are Athirst*, 285 pages, $2.00 net, John Lane, New York and London.

Taking "the days of old, the days of gold, the days of '49" as his theme, we are treated to a graphic and vivid story of the gold pioneers in *Gold*, by Stewart Edward White, 438 pages, $1.50 net, Doubleday, Page & Company, Garden City, New York.

There have been many braveries and heroisms performed by men, but none more readily and joyously than by missionaries of the Cross in their eager desire to take the message of salvation to those who knew it not. The records of these heroes is well worth keeping and reading. The present volume tells the stories of John Eliott, Samson Occum, the learned Indian, David Brainerd, Marcus Whitman, Stephen Riggs and John Lewis Dyer, and is especially interesting in some chapters to Western readers. *Missionary Explorers Among the American Indians*, edited by M. G. Humphreys, 306 pages, $1.50 net, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

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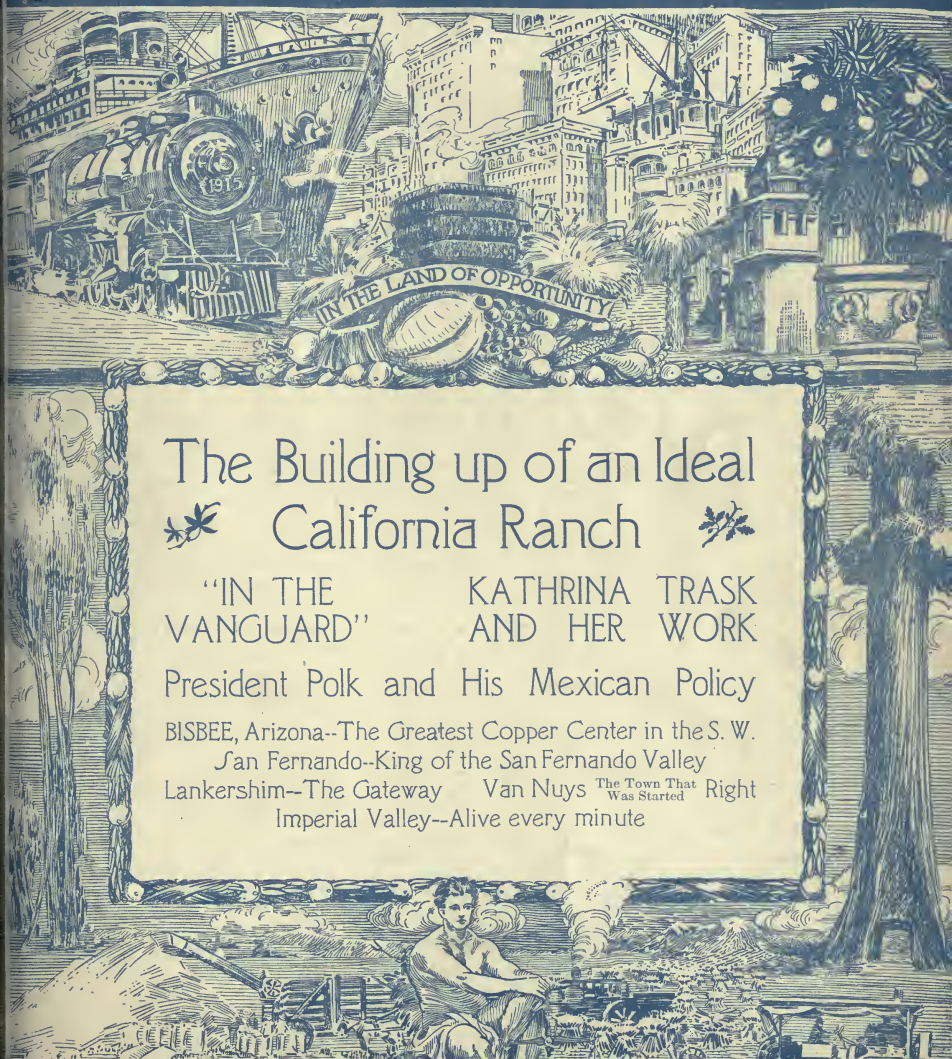

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New Series, Vol. 7 **May-June 1914** **Number 5-6**

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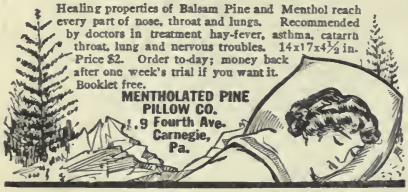

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LET US OUR VOICES RAISE,
IN REVERENT, FERVENT PRAISE,
FOR ALL THE BRIGHTER DAYS
    WON BY OUR BRAVE!

THOUGH NOW OUR HEADS ARE WHITE,
WITH MANY A SUMMER'S LIGHT,
    OLD GLORY WAVES!
ACCEPT THOU AT THIS HOUR,
THE INCENSE OF EACH FLOWER,
OUR HEARTS' MEMORIAL DOWER
    FOR COMRADES' GRAVES.

WHEN TREASON LURKED ABOUT,
AND SOME WERE FILLED WITH DOUBT,
    AS WHERE TO STAND,
THESE MEN, 'MID WAR'S ALARMS,—
TO FIELD THEY FLEW IN ARMS,—
AND GAVE THEIR LIVES, AS ALMS
    TO FREE THIS LAND!

WHETHER OF GRAY OR BLUE,
THOSE BOYS, WITH HEARTS SO TRUE,
    ON LAND OR SEA,
WITH YOUTH AND ZEAL AND MIGHT,
WITH FAITH AND PURPOSE BRIGHT,
WENT FORTH TO TRY THE RIGHT
    OF LIBERTY!

IN MEMORY, TOO, WE'D KEEP,
OUR DEBT TO THOSE WHO SLEEP
    ON BATTLE-FIELDS.
UNMARKED, THOUGH BE THEIR GRAVES,
THEY ARE NOT TROD BY SLAVES,
AND FLAG OF UNION WAVES
    ABOVE THEIR SHIELDS!

O, LORD! THY PROVIDENCE
IS E'ER THE TRUTH'S DEFENSE
    AND FREEDOM'S FRIEND.
O, GRANT THAT SO WE BE!
AND ALL, FROM SEA TO SEA,
LOVE TRUTH AND LIVE THE FREE,
    TILL TIME SHALL END!

MAHRUS, THE ARABIAN HORSE, THE PRIDE OF THE SANTA ANITA STABLES, CALIFORNIA

OUT WEST

May-June 1914

The BUILDING UP *of* AN IDEAL CALIFORNIA RANCH

By the Editor

RANCH ideals, like all other ideals, differ. What would be considered a wonderful farm "way back in New England" might be a very different farm from one so characterized in California. Climatic conditions, soil, products, everything differ, hence each place, or region, has ideals, in accordance with which the best places are more or less closely run.

In Southern California, near to the environs of Los Angeles, a 3,500-acre farm is rapidly being converted into what I have no hesitancy in affirming will, ere long, be regarded as an ideal farm, or ranch—to use the time-honored California name—and one to which all earnest students of farming conditions will eagerly and gladly turn.

When Elias J. Baldwin, one of the picturesque and striking figures of early American days in California, passed on, leaving a great fortune, many more or less sage (or foolish) prophecies were made as to what would become of it. One of his daughters and heirs, Mrs. Anita Baldwin McClaughry, having been closely and personally familiar with her father's ideals, determined that, just as soon as the courts placed her portion of the estate into her own hands, she would do what she could, and all she could, to see that these ideals and visions, if possible, were attained.

One side of Mr. Baldwin's life has been commented upon more than enough, but the clear-visioned, patriotic, human and humane side of him has been sadly neglected. This side was as an open book to his daughter, Anita. With him more constantly and closely than any other member of his family, he used to pour out to her his inner and most secret desires and ambitions in regard to the great estate his foresight and sagacity had bought some forty years ago in the San Gabriel Valley.

Even in the "days of the dons," in "the splendid idle 'forties"—as Gertrude Atherton designates them, the "days before the gringo came"—the Baldwin estate would have been deemed princely. From the foothills of the Sierra Madre range, across the San Gabriel Valley to the Merced hills, and from what are now Oak Knoll and Lamanda Park to Puente, his acres extended, and his purpose and intention always was to develop this vast cattle pasture into a great producing fruit and stock farm.

But a thousand and one interests engaged his attention. He had had great mining investments in the Comstock, practically controling the Ophir, and those who know assure me that he was familiar with the Comstock from the Sierra Nevada to the Justice, and knew it as he did his alphabet. In the late sixties he left Virginia City to go to San Francisco, but before he did so he had acquired possession from "Yanks" of the south end of Lake Tahoe, where he afterwards built the world-famous Tallac Hotel. In San Francisco he had his great financial battle with Sharon for the control of the Ophir, in which Sharon won, but he was compelled to make the fortune of Baldwin in doing so. And then it was that the Baldwin Hotel and Theater in San Francisco were built, and he bought property in half a dozen states and territories.

Hence he never was able to give to it the full attention the Santa Anita ranch

ELIAS J. BALDWIN, THE FOUNDER OF THE SANTA ANITA RANCH, CAL.
From a painting by Joseph Greenbaum

deserved. Yet in spite of his tremendous preoccupations elsewhere, he personally superintended the planting of the great avenues of eucalyptus and poplar trees that are now a joy to all who see them; he constructed an artificial lake, on the bank of which he built his Southern California home, embowering it in trees of a thousand varieties; he planted groves of oranges, lemons and other citrus fruits, and hundreds of acres of peaches, apricots, pears, plums, olives, alfalfa and grain, and established the Baldwin stud, where he bred some of the noted thoroughbred horses of the world.

In the doing of all these things the men who constantly associated with him declare he had a high purpose, a frank generosity, and a stalwart and rugged pride in his integrity that gave him the unbounded confidence and large respect of business men. These things can truthfully be said of him, therefore let them be said and believed, and let the good that he did and would do be remembered and applauded.

But the time came when, at the advanced age of 84, he had to yield to the inevitable summons. He was still full of plans when the call came. The Baldwin Hotel and Theater had burned down in 1898, and were never rebuilt. His property at Lake Tahoe leased, he had yet pledged himself to build a new and modern hotel near to the old one. The plans were drawn, the foundations all laid when death came. It was the

MRS. ANITA BALDWIN McCLAUGHRY AND HER RANCHER BOY,
SANTA ANITA RANCH CAL.

BALDWIN McCLAUGHRY DEXTRA McCLAUGHRY
THE TWO CHILDREN OF THE SANTA ANITA RANCH, CAL.

THE WALL OF BOULDERS AT ENTRANCE OF THE SANTA ANITA RANCH, CAL·

same with his ranch. He had plans clearly formulated, but they were not for him to carry out, and no one knew the temper of his heirs enough to be able to prophecy whether any of them would be taken up or all neglected and forgotten. But his daughter Anita had too true an affection for one who had always been the best of fathers to her, so she resolved that as soon as the courts would allow, she would herself make, if possible, his far-reaching visions become real.

In order to be near the ranch so that she could give daily personal supervision she built her home on the northern end of the ranch.

Southern California is essentially a place of homes. Lured by the attractive winter and summer climate, people from all parts of the country, and indeed from all parts of the world, have come and availed themselves of the advantages Nature has afforded, and in the heart of this scenic, arboreal and floral paradise, constructed their homes. One of the most typical of the superior homes of this part of the State is Mrs. McClaughry's. Herself a Californian, born in San Francisco, her father always fiercely proud of his rugged Western nature, the money with which the house was built entirely made in the West, the architect one saturated with larger California ideals, the walls adorned with the choicest works of famous California artists, and even the cut-glass and other ware of the house enriched by designs of the native-bred peacocks and native live-oaks and poppies, it is appropriate that both picture and description should find place in this distinctively Western magazine.

With very clear-cut ideas as to what her own house should be, Mrs. McClaughry made the first plans herself. She had determined upon the site, and knew the general style of architecture that would fit the landscape. It must be a California and modern manifestation of what is generally known as Italian Renaissance—light, airy and sunny, every room receiving direct sunshine at some time during the day.

Placing the preliminary plans she had made in the hands of her architect, he was instructed to bring them to suitable realization. The stable was built first,

and occupied for seven months by Mrs. McClaughry, in order that she might give daily supervision to the work as it grew. The foundations were laid in April, 1912, and the house was practically completed some four months ago, though there is still considerable work to be done upon the sixteen acres of surrounding grounds before they are brought into conformity with the general plan.

The result is decidedly pleasing and effective. Delicacy and refinement, with strength of line and harmonious combination with environment are the impressions one receives on first seeing the house, and these impressions grow with familiarity. The gentle knoll, or *loma*, upon which the house stands in the heart of its beautiful park, adds to its impressive beauty and quiet dignity. There is nothing bizarre about the house or its surroundings. Everything is in harmony and in refined good taste. In Europe it would be designated a palace, or a mansion, and there are many noted palaces, mansions and chateaus that would ill bear comparison with it, both in appearance, surroundings and equipment. For it is modern in every respect, with sun-porches, open-air sleeping-rooms, ideal quarters for the help, large and commodious library, Indian hall, jinks-room, bowling-alley, billiard-hall, a kitchen that would be the pride of many a noted hotel chef, and with its own refrigerating plant and coolers, with ice-making equipment added.

Outside, one of the first features that arrests the attention is the fact that the live oaks that have always been one of the native glories of the Baldwin estate, are carefully preserved and taken into full account in the landscape gardening that the building of the home has necessitated. Scarcely one has been removed. Their life and well-being have been of primary consideration, and the result is a charming and powerfully attractive blending of the native and artificially-domesticated trees that preserves in heightened tone, the distinctively California quality of the landscape. Scores of other native trees and shrubs are planted in the gardens, so that as one's eye falls upon roses, wisteria, lilies, fuchsias, dahlias, crysanthemums and a thousand and one garden flowers, he sees at the same time the blooming adenostema, ceanothus, yuccas, baby-blue-eyes, scarlet trumpets, calchortus, etc., which link together, in novel but most effective fashion, the enclosed area of the garden with the wild of God's great-out-of-doors on the mountain slopes beyond.

Close to the house is a minature Parthenon. Its classic and simple dignity harmonizes well with its arboreal and mountain environment. It is a temple for the worship of physical and mental well-being, for its altar is the swimming pool, of clear pellucid water from the mountains, warmed by the wooing of the ardent California sunshine, and thus tempting to an *open-air* daily plunge and swim.

On the other side is the stable, and garage, used by Mrs. McClaughry, as I have already explained, while the house was in process of construction. With Turkish rugs as portieres and partitions, organ, piano, Victrola, pictures and comfortable furniture, the quarters of the ostler were made far more delightful and homelike than most of the "baronial halls" of England.

Here, now, lives the full-blooded Arabian horse, Mahruss, one of the most beautiful and noteworthy Arabs of the world, and certainly the choicest horse in America. He is Mrs. McClaughry's especial pet, and he responds to the petting with fond devotion to his mistress. Full of the fire of the stallion, tireless as a saddle horse, taking his miles each day, if required, almost as far and as easy as an automobile, he is yet as gentle as a tame collie, and as fond of petting as a kitten. Browning alone could have described him in poetry, and I never see him but I recall Lucia Chamberlain's description of a wild California horse, a descendant, through Spanish strains, of this same proud Arab blood that courses so purely through the veins of Mahruss. She called her horse "The Son of the Wind," and the name surely is appropriate to Mahruss. Here is a part of the description: "He began to advance down the rocky floor at a gait a little faster than a walk. An undulating motion went through the whole body as if the hoofs trod air. The mane waved with it, the tail drifted like a plume

THE OLD BALDWIN ADOBE, SANTA ANITA RANCH, CAL. From a painting by Jules Pages.

One could see the quick ripple of muscles under the satin skin. That was the back that had never felt weight, the neck like a bow that had never bent except at its own will. . . . He seemed to condescend to earth with those haughty graces with his own shadow twisting his head sidewise, trifling with his liberty. Miles around him nothing moved that would not run from him, nothing but eagles, and these floated free, and kept an equal state."

With her father's love for good horses inbred within her, Mrs. McClaughry as instinctively desires to see such qualities as these possessed by Mahruss and others thoroughbreds perpetuated. But with her finer feminine instincts, and fully realizing that the race-track, with all its inevitable accompaniment of gambling, touting, and drinking has gone by, she has decided to limit the breeding of the stud to polo-ponies. Today polo is the highest expression of the gentleman's sporting instinct, and she can gratify to the fullest extent her love for a good horse by breeding with this sole purpose in view.

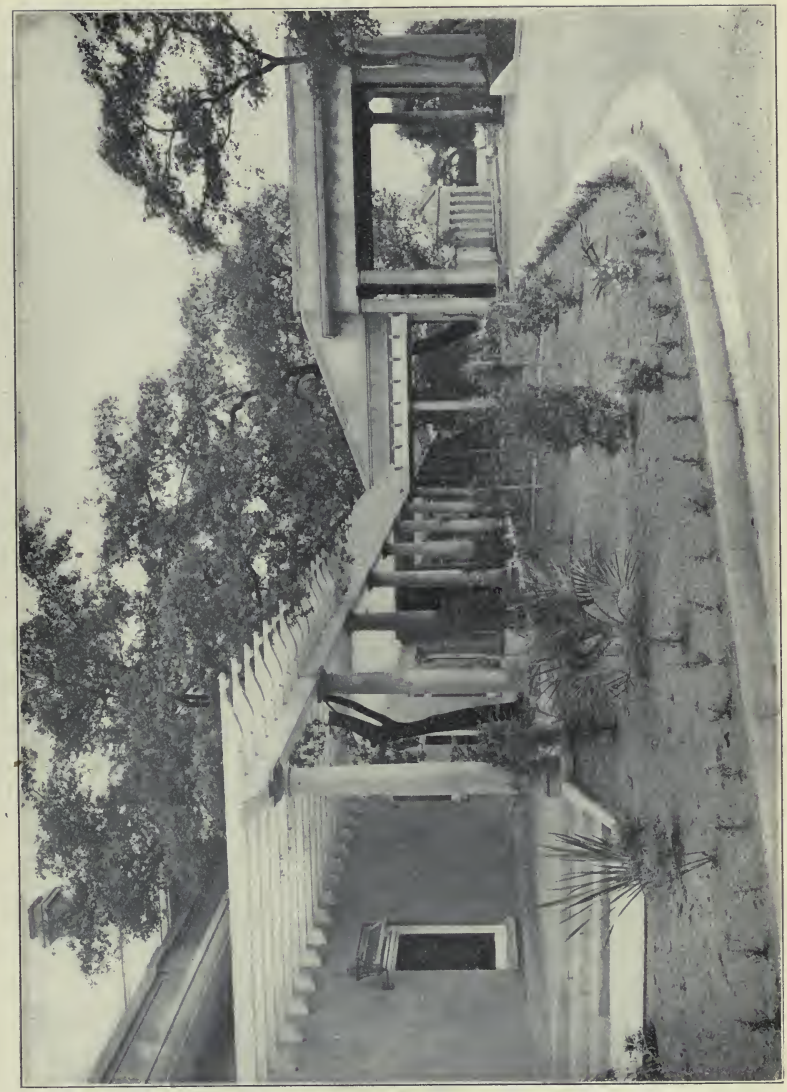
Needless to say, Mahruss has far more care and attention lavished upon him than many a baby that should consider himself fortunate. His quarters were especially built for him, and everything that modern scientific methods can best suggest for his health and comfort are being rigorously followed.

Near the stables are the aviaries. Here Mrs. McClaughry has provided for the birds and rare fowl that she enjoys. Especially attractive are the three white peacocks, imported from India, which have helped add to the fame of the ranch. For, as is well known, for years peacocks have been accorded the freedom of the place. As there are many small patches of forest and dense shrub growth, they have multiplied until I think I am safe in saying there are hundreds of them, moving about everywhere as if they owned the whole estate. Their gorgeous plumage is ever a surprise and a delight. But here are three birds upon which there is not the slightest tone or suggestion of color. Pure white, they attract attention solely by their perfect purity, and Mrs. McClaughry is especially proud of them. It was one of these birds that suggested the special float which she contributed to the floral parade of the Pasadena Tournament of Roses on New Year's Day, 1914, and that won spontaneous expressions of delight from all the thousands of spectators that lined the streets on that remarkable annual occasion. Hence it will be seen that the peacock is a kind of Santa Anita Ranch "mascot."

The one piece of jewelry that Mrs. McClaughry is particularly proud of is a corsage piece of peacock design. The chief stones are small diamonds, with sapphires lining the neck and little dashes on the wings and head. The "eyes" in the tail are of large diamonds, while the beak is a yellow diamond of the exact color required.

Within the house the fact that every painting on the walls, save one, is by a California artist, was enough to arouse my enthusiasm. Not that I would object in the slightest to the pictures of other American artists, or even of those from foreign lands, but I have always felt and advocated that those who were devoting their lives to the artistic expression of the glories, beauties and attractions of our home State should, at the best, receive substantial recognition from those whose money has been made largely in the State. In the olden days the aristocracy of Europe were the patrons of the art and literature of their own lands. Thus the geniuses of the old world were enabled to contribute of their best and greatest for the delight of all time. Unfortunately in our own land there have been all too few who have appreciated this fundamental right to foster one's own artists and creators of literature, and the result has been the purchasing of what were too often mediocre works of foreign artists at the expense of the masterpieces of our own painters, who have had to struggle with unnecessary poverty and hardship for the preservation of their high ideals. With discriminating taste and fine feeling Mrs. McClaughry has avoided this common error.

One of her first commissions was to her friend, Maynard Dixon, whose Western work has already won him an honored place in the heart of all lovers of pure and sincere American art. She desired



MRS. ANITA BALDWIN McCLAUGHRY'S HOME, "ANOAKIA," SANTA ANITA RANCH, CAL.

THE BOULDER FIREPLACE IN JINKS ROOM OF THE HOME OF MRS. McCLAUGHRY, SANTA ANITA RANCH, CAL.

a frieze for her Indian hall. He was left free to carry out his own ideas. With that ideality and symbolism that always characterizes his larger work, he has produced four mural pieces that will not only add to his present fame, but will serve for years to come to stimulate Western artists to the highest expression of the spiritual qualities of the primitive races we have too long ignored. There is no attempt to gloss over the fact that our Indians are a primitive race—a rude, brutal and sometimes cruel people, when compared with modern standards and civilized races. But their nobler and deeper spiritual qualities equally are recognized and given their due place in Mr. Dixon's artistic delineations.

Mr. Dixon's idea of these pictures is that they are paintings, not stories—or, more properly, wall decorations, and should be treated as such. Any supposed "picture," or "story" value is incidental, and should neither add to nor detract from their object as having place and portion as a decorative scheme in the room and its make-up. They are planned primarily as masses of color in relation to other color masses, and arrangements of line in relation to the other lines of the room, thus allowing the painter-artist the opportunity of aiding the architect and builder-artists in producing a complete scheme in which line, color and arrangement are in harmony.

Naturally, the room being an Indian hall, they are intended as a plastic interpretation of various phases of the wild life of the plains Indians. They adhere, however, rather to types than to specific tribes or customs.

Yet to those who must see a "story" in every pleasing picture, here is the artist's statement as to what he had in mind. The titles suggest the subject. The panel over the windows (pp. 248-9) is "Envoys of Peace." On the one side is a group of chiefs, headmen and priests (Sioux or Cheyennes) waiting to receive a delegation from a hostile tribe (Crows or Blackfeet). The foremost figure, standing a little in advance of the others, is the medicine-man, or shaman, and he is dignity and simple nobleness personified. Behind him is his assistant, with

THE WHITE PEACOCK, "WHITE NIGHT" OF THE SANTA ANITA RANCH, CAL.

ceremonial peace-pipe and pouch. The group on the other side is ready to advance, and gives the sign of peace or friendship. The figures are all dignified, expressive, and picturesque, and the setting is equal to their charm. The grassy prairie stretches out in illimitable distance to where the rugged mountains of the west glow in the afternoon sun.

The opposite panel is likewise of two groups, and is entitled, "The Victory Song." Imagine the triumphal procession of the Roman emperors, or tribunes, when they returned to the imperial city and marched through the streets with their captives bound hand and foot, tied to their chariots, listening to the applause of the people,—I say imagine this, transformed into a scene of Indians on the plains, the imperial city converted into a village of buffalo-hide tepees, and the ponies of the red-skins instead of the triumphant chariots of the veteran soldiers of Rome. Standing outside the tents are groups of glad men and women, while the joyful and proud

PROUD PRINCE, ONE OF THE INDIAN PEACOCKS OF THE SANTA ANITA RANCH, CAL.

ENVOYS OF PEACE. A PORTION OF THE FRIEZE IN THE INDIAN HALL.

warriors,—the first one naked save for the breechcloth and gorgeous feather war-bonnet, the second clad in all the feathers and war paraphanalia of his people, leading a horse upon which is a captured white girl. The misery, dejection and despair of the poor girl are depicted with nothing short of the power, insight and skill of genius. Head, shoulders, breasts, arms, legs even, denote her utter abandonment of hope. There are no such signs of complete giving up to hopelessness in the figure of the captive Indian maiden that follows in the next group. It is the masterly introduction of contrasts of this character that denotes the genius for detail that is so powerful a factor in Dixon's advancement.

One of the end panels is an interesting aboriginal scene done with sympathetic touch of naturalness that is highly interesting. It is "The Pool." A group of women and children have come to a swimming pool. The mother is just throwing off her blanket—the rest are all naked. The little one, holding on to his mother's hand, is evidently asking a question, while two of the rest of the group are removing their mocassins, while a third one, the boy of the family, is running to plunge into the water. A woman and girl are advancing on the right, and the water-carrier coming for water is advancing on the left.

But most graphic and powerful of all the four panels is the one that faces the visitor as he enters the room. Its chief and most striking object is an alighting eagle. The outspread wings of the descending bird are drawn with a life-like reality that is vivid and thrilling. This is "The Mystery Bird." There are certain tribes that believe that an animal or bird seen near a burial place is a reincarnation of the spirit of the departed.

The solemn delight of the passing group of eagerly watching Indians who witness the eagle's deliberate descent upon the grave enhances the impressiveness of the portrayal and reveals it a marvelous work of a keenly imaginative and artistic mind.

There are lesser evidences of Mr. Dixon's genius in the floor tiles of his designing, but the room has been left singularly and agreeably free from conflicting or eye-engaging objects so that the pictures are given their full power over the mind of the observer.

Another manifestation of Mr. Dixon's designing and artistic skill is found in the set of furniture in the billiard-room, the woodwork of which is adorned with designs after the Alaskan fashion. There are also wall and curtain stencils and electric fixtures.

The electric fixtures for the jinks room are of his designing, and he is now working on mural decorations in old English costume of a serio-comic character, which will be put in place as soon as completed.

It would be a pleasure to describe in detail the other canvases of some of California's artists that adorn the walls of halls, bedrooms and rest-rooms, etc. Jules Pages, now of Paris, but who was

OF MRS. McCLAUGHRY'S HOME, CALIFORNIA. From a copyrighted painting by Maynard Dixon.

one of the "boys" of the eighties and nineties in San Francisco, is represented by five striking pictures. One is of the old Baldwin house, on the home place of the ranch, which is reproduced on page 243.

It has, with Mr. Page's other pictures, the exuberance of color and wealth of floral treasure that so many Eastern artists are fearful of reproducing lest they be deemed exaggerators. Yet, to those familiar with the truth, these are but faithful presentments of scenes that they love and have long learned to admire.

Cadenasso is well represented in his eucalyptus pictures, and a most dainty, though gorgeous sunset over Golden Gate Park, while one of Breuer's early spring Yosemites cools the atmosphere of the hall in which it is placed. Joseph Greenbaum has several excellent family portraits, one of which, of Mr. Baldwin, in the rugged strength of his later years. is peculiarly life-like and realistic.

Another is a picture by Ada Romer-shawhan of Mrs. McClaughry's daughter, Dextra, when nine years old. With an Indian basket—made by one of the old Indians who still lived on the ranch in Mr. Baldwin's day—in her hands, filled with Santa Anita poppies, the picture is pleasing and attractive, as well as being an excellent likeness of the child at the time.

In the decoration of the chandelier globes in the dining-room, Mr. Sommans of the Pasadena Cut Glass Company was instructed to use the California poppy, the *copa da oro* of the Spaniards, as his design. He did so with good effect. On the table glass-ware he used the oak leaf with the same striking and individualistic result.

But the development of the ranch is Mrs. McClaughry's chief interest, and now that the house is practically completed she is devoting her entire time and attention to it. Society makes few demands upon her energies for she has a work that gives her far more pleasure. Her children and her ranch fill her time and attention to the utmost.

The superintendent of the ranch is Mr. James McLain Taylor, formerly manager of the Spreckles Beet Sugar factory at Salinas. Associated with him in care of the stud is Mr. Dan Hogan, a lover of a good horse, and one evidently capable of judging its fine points.

With these men superintending the actual work in the field, Mrs. McClaughry has now launched out upon a systematic development of the ranch that will require fully two years to accomplish. During the five years it has been in the hands of Mr. Baldwin's executor little was done to keep it in order, and this naturally increases the work to be done now.

It will, doubtless, prove of general interest to know that this 3,500-acre portion of the great Baldwin ranch was willed to Mr. Baldwin's two daughters, Mrs. Clara B. Stocker and Mrs. Anita B. McClaughry, in a kind of entail. It is to be jointly owned during their lives,

THE VICTORY SONG—A PORTION OF THE FRIEZE IN THE INDIAN HALL IN THE

but in the event of the death of either one, the life-interest goes to the other sister, and at her death, to Baldwin's four grand-children. The rest of the estate was divided so that each heir had individual control of her own portion.

In order that her father's plans might be fully carried out, Mrs. McClaughry has leased the interests of Mrs. Stocker, and, unaided and alone, therefore, is engaging in the work I am to describe.

In this plan of development she is influenced by two strong motives—the first, or sentimental one, being to make the Santa Anita Ranch a monument to her father; and the second, a purely practical one, viz., that it ought to be a sound business proposition. The initial expenditures doubtless will be large, but they will be regarded in the light of a safe and sound investment in what should speedily develop into a first-class paying property.

Crossing the Santa Fe railway tracks at the Santa Anita station, one drives down a road between an avenue of trees, which, before long, will be converted into a striking and expressive approach to the ranch. This avenue leads to the old ranch-house, and is therefore the center of romantic interest. The outside wall to the right of the entrance to the old ranch-house is lined with a row of standing granite boulders, brought from the Santa Anita wash. Irregular in shape and length, breadth and general form, different in color, they are all water-worn. Some are plain granite, others are streaked, spotted, criss-crossed, seamed, splashed and sprinkled, but each has its own personal individuality, and combined, they make a rare and unique dividing wall.

It should be noted that, in the march of progress, the old place has lost none of its picturesque beauty by being modernized. The old adobe is there just as Mr. Baldwin used it in his periodical visits, and where he finally died, but the planting of more vines, the better arrangement of the walks, and the erection of the boulder entrance has added rather than detracted from its picturesqueness, and made it far more habitable and comfortable for the family of the man who is now the care-taker of the park.

Like the old padres, Mr. Baldwin had a keen appreciation of a fine view, and a sort of instinct for the choice of building sites. From his doorways and windows he could look in every direction over the tops of the orange and other trees towards the boundaries of his extensive estate. Today, however, the great avenues of eucalyptus that he planted have grown so high and so thick that they limit the outlook.

Some idea of the number and growth of these trees may be obtained from the fact that Mr. Taylor is about to "top them off," and he expects to sell in the neighborhood of $25,000 worth of cord-wood from these "toppings." There are fully a thousand trees that will be so treated.

HOME OF MRS. ANITA BALDWIN McCLAUGHRY, SANTA ANITA RANCH, CAL.

None of the shade trees Mr. Baldwin planted are to be removed. There is a sentiment attaches to nearly the whole of them, for they were invariably planted out by his own hands.

Another touch of sentiment I found that was very gratifying. Living in a pretty and picturesque cottage I found Mr. Baldwin's old valet, Silas Colvert, who, on his master's death was pensioned off. Mrs. McClaughry says he shall be care-free as long as he lives.

In the work of present development the plans call for the wrecking and removal of all the old wooden buildings, and the substitution therefor of reinforced concrete modern structures, with full equipment. These will include a complete stable and plant for a thoroughbred dairy herd, a piggery (which is already well towards completion), stables and plant for the stud horses, mares and foals, a complete irrigation plant, with concrete conduits, and last, but by no means least in importance, model quarters for every man and woman on the ranch, whether they be single or married. These quarters are to be artistic in appearance, comfortable, commodious, well equipped and provided with all that sanitary and preventive hygiene science demand. There will also be a commodious club-room for evening entertainment. The avowed aim is to make every worker happy, comfortable, healthy and contented. Those who eat at the general mess will have the best of food, well-cooked, neatly served, so that no man can utter a just or legitimate complaint. On the other hand, he will be well fed, so contented with his surroundings that he will be glad to give good, faithful and loyal service, instead of being in such a state of mind that work has to be dragged grudgingly from him.

All the buildings are to be of reinforced concrete, with ventilation, sanitary plumbing, and conveniences of every kind, electrically lighted, and steam heated in winter.

The ranch as now planted out has 400 acres of oranges, 200 acres of deciduous fruit, 200 acres of vines, and large tracts in alfalfa, grain and other feed crops. These fields are to be equipped with a fine complete and easily operated irrigation system—a vast improvement upon the method that has hitherto obtained. There are ten artesian wells already bored on the place, all flowing, but capable of giving fully 700 inches constant flow by pumping. The artificial lake near the old house has long been used as a forebay for the irrigation system of the lower part of the ranch. The dam is some fifteen feet high, and the lake is fully twelve feet deep. Fortunately the main slopes are all from the center hill, and all are gentle, so that the laying out of pipes and conduits is a simple and easy matter. It is planned to have almost the whole of them of concrete, and underground, save the main ditch. More wells will be put in until an assured flow of 1000 inches is secured, which is what will be

THE POOL—A PORTION OF THE FRIEZE IN THE INDIAN HALL OF MRS. ANITA BALDWIN McCLAUGHRY'S HOME, CALIFORNIA. From a copyrighted painting by Maynard Dixon

required when the ranch, as planned, is in full operation.

All the power needed is electric, and supplied by the Southern California Edison Electric Company, so that the question of fuel and boilers is eliminated, and the cleaner, cheaper, easier electricity substituted.

Everything is being done thoroughly and substantially; nothing transitory or temporary is allowed, so that nothing will have to be improved or replaced

DEXTRA McCLAUGHRY, WITH INDIAN BASKET MADE ON THE SANTA ANITA RANCH, FULL OF WILD CALIFORNIA POPPIES.
From a painting by Ada Romershawhan

THE MYSTERY BIRD. From a copyrighted painting by Maynard Dixon.

by and by. The result is that things are already taking on that air of stability and solid fixity that is the sure basis upon which to build such a ranch as this is to be.

Of the Baldwin stud little need be said. The thoroughbred stallion, Reyel Santa Anita, though about 23 years old, is still a prize-winner, as those who saw him at the 1914 Tournament of Roses polo game, at Pasadena, will testify. One gentleman, speaking of him, said: "He looked for all the world as if he were conscious of the fact that he was expected to take a prize, and he went at it as only an old hand at the business could."

It will be recalled that he was the horse that trotted away with all the loose cash at the Washington Driving Park, in Chicago, in 1894.

In the dairy herd great changes are already in progress. While all the cows that came to Mrs. McClaughry in the division of the estate have been thoroughly tested, and are of high grade, they are being eliminated as rapidly as possible and thoroughbreds substituted. These are all Holstein-Friesians. They are being purchased in families—one bull to seven cows. Each animal is to have its own name, number and place, which will be duly registered. Their milk records will be as carefully kept as the sales of a first-class department store. When the time comes for breeding, the record cows will be used, with bulls whose progeny have proven themselves record milk-givers in both quantity and quality. There will be no interbreeding, but the stock of different families will be used, and a record kept, so that results can always be accurately determined and, if desired, duplicated. Provisions are being made for the installation of at least 200 cows.

The dairy structure itself will be the last word in construction, method and equipment, up to the moment of building. No expense or care will be too great to provide the best for these fine cows. The milking stalls will be in two parallel rows, twenty-four stalls to a row, facing each other. Between the two an electric runway will bring in the feed direct from the silos or grain barn. There will not be a board in the place. Every possible harboring spot for vermin will be eliminated so that the cows may be kept as clean and sweet as well-cared-for children.

The ultimate intention is to give to Los Angeles and the surrounding cities and towns the opportunity to secure milk of such delicious and rich quality and perfect purity that the most fastidious will be able to use it with a feeling of security too often lacking in these days of hurry and indifference.

Near the barn seventy-five acres of alfalfa are being put in so that the cows may graze without having to be driven far, and another 200 acres will be planted shortly. The intention is to devote an acre of pasture to each animal.

The "piggery" buildings are already partially erected. The farrowing pens, twelve in number, built throughout of concrete, are in three compartments, two of which have concrete floors and sewer drainage for daily flushing. The center compartment is closed in, and roofed, except in front, where an upper half door swings, ready to be closed in case of winds or rains coming from that direction. The front compartment has

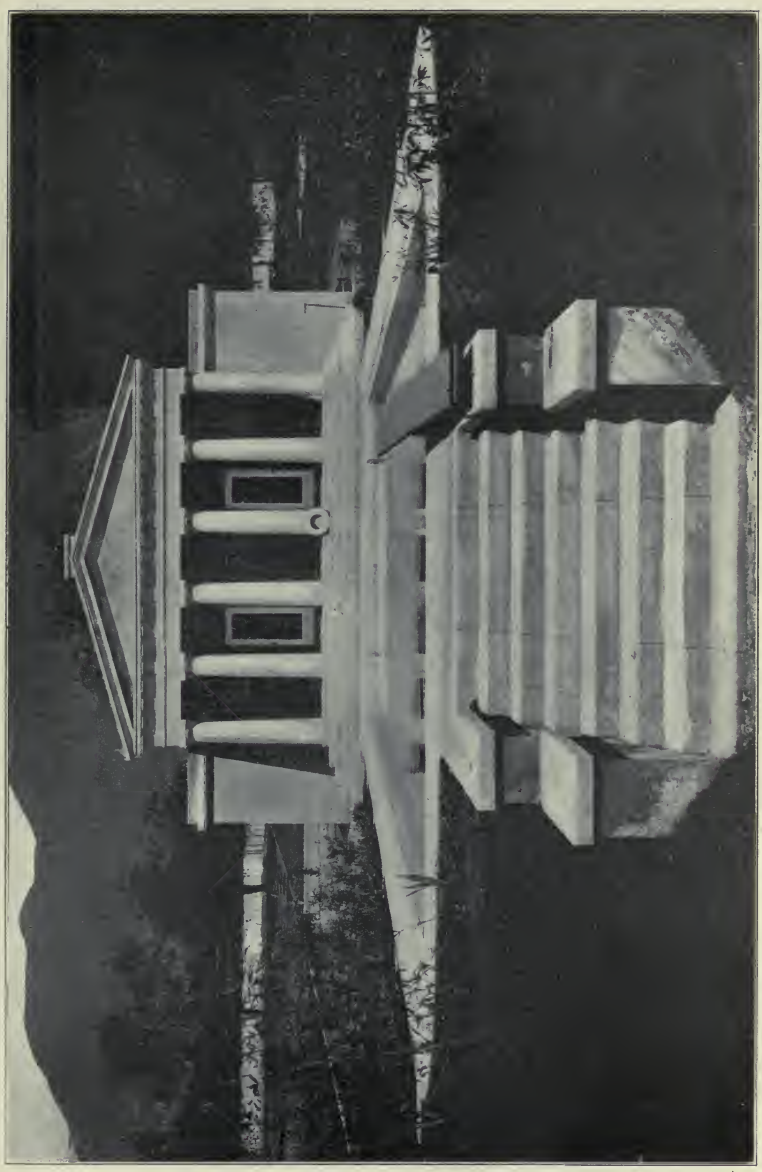
THE FARROWING PENS OF PIGGERY, SANTA ANITA RANCH, CAL.

no cemented floor, so that the sow may go out into the sunshine with her litter and be able to enjoy the comfort of the soft earth. The runway to the separate compartments is so constructed that by the mere swinging of a gate open and fastening it across the runway the animal is compelled to enter the compartment to which she belongs. Each division is numbered, the feeding is done systematically "by the lard," and one man does nothing else but care for these thoroughbred creatures.

The hogs are being as carefully selected as the cows. The two breeds already on the ranch are Poland Chinas and Durocs, but the latter are being sold off as rapidly as possible. The intention is to breed Poland Chinas alone. That Mrs. McClaughry is personally interested in the stock being put in is evident from the fact that she herself visited the different breeding pens throughout the State, and finally made her purchases from the celebrated Young piggery at Lodi. Other fine boars and sows were chosen from Indiana, and it is the intention to make the thoroughbred hogs of Santa Anita as much to be desired in their field as the dairy cows and polo ponies in theirs.

As one wanders over the place he soon discovers that not only do peacocks have the freedom of the ranch, but mountain quail seem so tame and at home as to suggest that they are domesticated. The explanation is that they are protected all the time, no shooting or trapping of them being allowed under any circumstances.

There has been some little adverse comment on the part of tourists over the fact that there are no public roads on the Santa Anita, and that visitors are politely but firmly invited to leave when they come in on a tour of inspection. Knowing of this criticism, I placed it before Mrs. McClaughry with the request that she allow me to present the matter from her standpoint. Her reply, it seems to me, was unanswerable: "The ranch is no longer a show place; we are conducting it on a purely business basis as a business proposition. Visitors in the present stage of our development hinder our work, and do not see the ranch in a presentable condition. Our roads are out of repair, and will be so as



THE PARTHENON AND BATHING POOL, ANAKOIA, MRS. McCLAUGHRY'S HOME, SANTA ANITA, CAL.

BUTTER BOY, PRIZE HOLSTEIN BULL ON SANTA ANITA RANCH, CAL.

long as the rough work of hauling and tearing down continues. We have no one to show visitors around, our own time is too fully occupied to permit our doing it, and the questions of a hundred visitors a day interfere with the work of the men, to our great financial loss, and especially to the retardation of our work. Hence, for the present, at least, we shall be compelled to enforce our rule, and to appear to be inhospitable, purely as a matter of self preservation."

Thus, in a somewhat hasty fashion, I have endeavored to give my readers a general survey of this beautiful home, and of the ranch that is rapidly being developed to as high a state of efficiency as brains and money can devise. *Out West* is confident of success, and ventures the easy prophecy that within the next five years, when the noted model ranches of the world are named, high in the list, if not heading it, will be the Santa Anita rancho, under the proud direction of Mrs. Anita Baldwin McClaughry.

The Song Unsung

By Rosalie Kercheval

An echo through my days it creeps,
And through my dreams it runs;
And still its mocking promise keeps
The passion of the Orient deeps,
The fire of Southern suns.

THE PERGOLA AT ANAOKIA, MRS. McCLAUGHRY'S RESIDENCE, SANTA ANITA RANCH, CAL.

"IN THE VANGUARD"

Katrina Trask *and* Her Work

By Natalie Curtis

"WEALTH brings an obligation of helping others. That is all that wealth is for. Wealth is a crime unless it is used for service."

These words of Katrina Trask, explaining why she and her husband, the late Spencer Trask, opened the grounds of their beautiful Saratoga estate to the people of the village as a public park, sound the key-note of the life and work

KATRINA TRASK, AUTHOR OF "THE VANGUARD," THE GREAT PEACE PLAY

ENTRANCE TO THE ROSE GARDEN AT YADDO, SARATOGA, N. Y.

of a woman whose wealth is not that of worldly riches only, but also of rare gifts of the spirit. Dowered with beauty of face as of soul, God gave Katrina Trask the artist's creative power; also that strength to help others, which comes through sorrow nobly met. The dedication of self to great aims, which marks her ability to do good in practical ways, infuses her literary work, so that the reader is reminded of those lines of Lowell:

To write some earnest verse or line,
  Which, seeking not the praise of art,
Shall make a clearer faith and manhood shine
  In the untutored heart.

Mrs. Trask's last play, *In the Vanguard*, recently published, is a frank plea for Peace and International Arbitration. In this, as in much of her other work, and certainly in her wide personal influence, the author herself exemplifies the title of her book,—in the vanguard she stands indeed. The futility and wrong of war as a modern means of settling international disputes, are set forth logically, without sentiment or passion, in this play—a prose play of contemporaneous life, in which the old arguments in favor of war are introduced and refuted by the interaction of the characters and the unfolding of the drama.

The thrill of patriotism, the glory of sacrifice for country, the summoning of the nation's manly strength and courage through the call to arms—all these long-honored sanctionings of "inevitable war," as a force for ultimate good, are shown in the first scene of *In the Vanguard*, where the girls of the village, in high excitement, laud the young soldiers, their friends, lovers and brothers, who have enlisted in "this glorious war—this war for the right."

Elsa, the beautiful young heroine, reads to the girls from an ancient tale in which the story-book maiden expresses the old, old dream of girlhood—old as prehistoric woman's admiration for the strongest warrior and the most powerful protector—"A free-born maiden . . . will only lay down the shield of her heart to a man of valor—a doer of deeds—a hero." And it is for a "hero" that Elsa longs.

The high-spirited girl is the inspiration

of her lover, Philip, who, though offered a fine position with a great law-firm, enlists as a private soldier, hoping to gain her love if he can win honor on the field. "I have always intended to go," he tells Elsa. "I should rather be a soldier than anything in the world. My fingers ache to punish that outrageous nation for its cruel oppression—I long to be a part of the rescue to the oppressed."

The war thus pictured is not that of selfish aggrandizement, but a "glorious war" where moral issues are involved; a war that summons forth that heritage of European peoples—the spirit of chivalry. This is very clever on Mrs. Trask's part, for, as in any true debate where logic and fair thought are to convince, both sides must be adequately presented, so what the author has given us was at its best, with a moral excuse for bloodshed.

Then comes the scene of parting—Philip says goodbye. Elsa, strong, inspiring, captivating, draws herself courageously to her full height, smiles through her tears and salutes him "her soldier." When he has gone she buries her face in her hands—the woman's silent, pain-fraught part in war, the passive sacrifice that demands perhaps the higher courage and the greater strength. All this is fine, and true to the best in war as a stimulant of fortitude and endeavor.

But the opposite side—the cooler arguments for Peace and Arbitration—now enter to offset all this youthful zeal and romance. They are introduced by the character of Mr. Greart, the rich benefactor of the village; a cheery, great-souled, keen-eyed, philanthropist who is described as "a very young man very many years old." Elsa is shocked when she hears that her honored and beloved Mr. Greart not only does not approve of this war, but does not believe in any war "for any purpose whatsoever." She quickly makes the time-worn argument: "But what would become of the manly virtues?" And the old man sets her to thinking when he answers: " 'He that ruleth his spirit is better than he who taketh a city.' . . There is the fullest scope for every manly virtue, every quality in the category for the man who even *tries* to conquer himself."

In her earlier works, beginning with *Under King Constantine*, Mrs. Trask has repeatedly emphasized self-conquest, self-control as a task, a quest, calling for highest manhood—true knighthood.

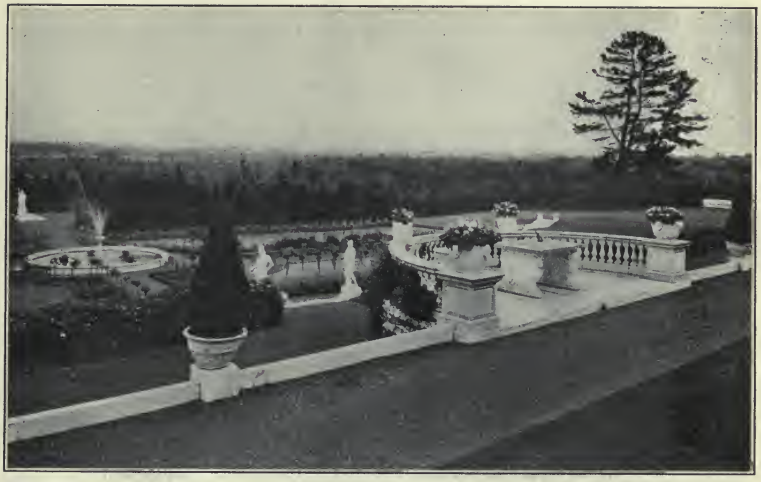
King Constantine once gave him, for some feat,
A brilliant Order, with the meaning words,
"The greatest conquest is to conquer self."

We should indeed be grateful to Mrs. Trask for thus pricking the bubble of this sentimental plea for virility; for the belief that without war manhood would languish, is surely the most childish of the arguments in support of the wholesale slaying of our fellow men as a means of settling differences or righting wrongs. To struggle with the social wrongs in our midst, to help wipe out those differences of piteous poverty on the one hand, and disproportionate luxury on the other—here is a bloodless war that cries aloud for volunteers and for all the "manly virtues" of the race.

The climax of Mrs. Trask's argument is reached when Elsa asks Mr. Greart, "What would a nation be without its heroes?" "Nothing," replies the old man, "But let us have the *Heroes of the Durable*." And then this advocate of peace quotes the words of one of the greatest warriors of all time: "Do you know what Napoleon said at St. Helena? . . . 'The more I study the world, the more am I convinced of the inability of brute force to create anything durable.' . . . The Heroes of the Durable," the old man continued, "are those who have sacrificed self for service—the Scientists, the Educators, the Upbuilders of the Nation, the Reformers, these are the true heroes—those who give and spend themselves for the Durable—the eternal forces of life." This, then, is the crux of the play—the lifting of the ideal of heroism from the brute physical plane of more primitive times to the higher moral plane of what should be the civilization of today.

The attitude of some of the clergymen of the Christian Church toward war is brilliantly arraigned by Mrs. Trask in a scene between the pompous, conventional, opinionated rector and Mr. Greart.

The sparkling dialogue between the heavy, humor-lacking rector and the shrewd, kindly philanthropist brings out the fact that the church, if it is still to



EASTWARD VIEW FROM THE TERRACE AT YADDO, SARATOGA, N. Y.

be the ethical leader of the people, must respond to the needs of growing humanity by growing, itself. Mr. Greart shocks the churchman by alluding to Christ as a "clever philosopher who had a way of seeing all around a subject," and insisting that the same common sense be used in interpreting the words of Christ as in interpreting the words of any other writer or teacher.

This discussion is provoked by the rector's intimation that Christ himself justified war in that he said: "I came not to bring peace, but a sword." Mr. Greart indignantly resents this. "The word Christ used is separation, division," he says. "Even is 'sword' is the correct translation, it is perfectly manifest it is used as an illustration . . . . the sharp sword of separation dividing two persons of diametrically opposite views of life. . . . I can understand a man defending war on pagan grounds, but I protest in the name of justice against making Christ an apologist for war."

Here, again, Mrs. Trask earns our gratitude for emphasizing the part that the Christian Church—the alleged follower of the "Prince of Peace"—should take in the cultivation of public sentiment in favor of arbitration. At the Lake Mohonk Conference of 1911, the Dean of Worchester, speaking for the Church of England, said: "The organized Christian communities, with the honorable exception of the Society of Friends, have not even among their own members emphasized as they should the ethical character of Christian teaching generally, and certainly not in relation to war and the use of force. . . . It is a reflection on the Christian Church that, in Europe, at any rate, the organized bodies which are at the present time doing most in preaching fraternity among nations and creating the spirit of good will, and who are the most determined opponents of militarism, are the Labor party and the Socialist party. All honor to them for what they are doing, but it ill becomes the followers of Christ to permit leadership in the cause of peace to pass into other hands."

The scene of Mrs. Trask's play now shifts to "The Enemy's Country." We see the wooded border of a field after battle. Phillip comes upon a wounded soldier who has lain in a pool of blood for hours and is just returning to consciousness. He is an enemy and he bitterly refuses Philip's aid.

YADDO, THE HOME OF MRS. SPENCER TRASK, IN SARATOGA, N. Y.

"Water—from you? Not if I were in hell!"

"Please take it from me—we are both soldiers."

"I'm not a soldier now—I am just a man blown to atoms, and cut to shreds, going out into the Dark."

Philip tries to stop the wounded man from exhausting himself by talking, but the "enemy" continues: "You kill me for righteousness and I kill you for righteousness. If you and I each thought we were morally right, then it was a question for arbitration, not for murder." And on Philip's offer to go for help the man breaks into a harsh laugh. "Blow a man to pieces in the name of patriotism, and then try to patch the pieces together in the name of humanity!"

Then awakes in Philip one of those profound moral changes that sometimes occur in high-souled, impressionable natures as the result of a single deep experience. He sees the "ethical contradiction of war" and declares "there *must* be a better way to settle our difficulties, and every man who accepts war helps to retard the finding of that better way." He feels that he must never again pull the trigger or draw a sword, that he must refuse the General's offer of promotion, must request only to carry the colors till his time is served, must then leave the army facing the charge of being a "lunatic," an "idiot," worst of all a "sentimentalist"—he must lose the hope of winning Elsa! It is a hard struggle. "What is any fight," he cries, "compared to a fight like this—a fight with my own soul!"

Mrs. Trask's hero, when his "time is up" returns to his native village where even the street urchins jeer at him, where his father will have nothing more to do with him, and where the self-righteous rector preaches a sermon on his act.

But to him comes Elsa, having found in him her "hero"—a "hero of the Durable" who stands "in the vanguard;" for she, too, has known a change and has come to look upon this war as other than

THE TERRACE, LOOKING SOUTH, AT YADDO, SARATOGA, N. Y.

a "glorious war." She tells Philip: "I seemed to hear the piteous cries of women and children, and the moans and curses of those who died in the lust of battle. I remembered how I had thought only of the gorgeous surface show that covered the ghastly reality; at last I saw the truth."

Mr. Greart comes upon the lovers.

Mrs. Trask now paints her scene with a bit of high dramatic coloring. The peaceful covenant of love between Philip and Elsa, blessed by Mr. Greart, is jarringly broken in upon by the sound of children in the street, all playing at soldier and loudly singing a song of war. Mr. Greart cries out indignantly: "That is the way out boys' morals are stunted and blunted. It is abominable! Unspeakable! War is hell. Even our generals admit that—but they think that when war is over the hell is ended. They forget that the miasma of hell spreads over the country and taints the little children, affecting them for life. How long, O Lord—how long will it take men to see that two and two make four?"

It is well indeed that Mrs. Trask brings out thus vividly the fact of the contagion of the war spirit and its influence on young imaginations and on ignorant minds. It forms a worthy climax of her play. For no less a sociological authority than Miss Jane Addams says: "For ten years I had lived in a neighborhood which is by no means criminal, and yet during October and November of 1898 we were startled by seven murders within a radius of ten blocks. A little investigation made it not in the least difficult to trace the murders back to the influence of the Spanish War. Simple people who read of carnage and bloodshed are quick to receive suggestions. . . . The newspapers, the theatrical posters, the street conversations for weeks had to do with war. Day after day, the little children

THE GREAT FOUNTAIN AT YADDO, SARATOGA, N. Y.

on the street played at war with Spaniards."

This plea of Mrs. Trask that the impressionable minds of children be not corrupted by the excitement, the glamor and the false standards of the martial spirit, is the last argument of her play, which ends with the quiet words of Mr. Greart to the two lovers:

"War is evil because it breaks the Supreme Law of the Universe—the Law of Harmony."

"And love?" Elsa asks.

"Love," he answers, "is the fulfilling of the law."

Though the play is a play, with much sprightly dialogue, and a love-story weaving its romance through the whole, its purpose is obvious and successful. For the arguments for arbitration have in this form a vitality difficult to be attained in an essay, or even, perhaps, in a novel. Published in 1913, the book is already in its third edition, having been seized upon by the Peace Societies and broadly distributed; also it has been read in churches, before classes of men, at meetings of the Daughters of the American Revolution and of Drama Leagues, and in schools and colleges. It has been extensively reviewed and quoted in the newspapers; for, coming as it does at a time when the "peace of Europe" has been so severely threatened, and when the question of increase of armament is receiving so much agitation, it is bound to be widely read and seriously discussed.*

Mrs. Trask's book is a book of the hour, a needed prophetic word, for she appeals to the individual as to the state, to the enlightened conscience that recognizes the sacredness of human life and believes that the brotherhood of man extends beyond national boundaries, and to the logical mind of the twentieth century, which realizes that civilization should outgrow the primitive idea that "might makes right," and should substitute judicial decision for wholesale bloodshed, even as it has substituted law for the brutality of the duel and the street fight.

While omitting any discussion of the economic questions of war in detail, Mrs. Trask may be said to have included them in a general way in so far as they relate to the ethical appeal, for she says with Philip: "Civilization must mean construction—not destruction; it must be unto Life—not unto Death." And with Mr. Greart: "Peace is not merely the cessation of hostilities, merely a negation.

FROM THE GARDEN TERRACE, LOOKING EAST, AT YADDO, SARATOGA, N. Y.

Peace is a positive—a great constructive, conclusive, abiding force—an altitude of the soul—the soul of a person or of a nation."

Mrs. Trask has stood for years in the advance guard of the peace movement. One of her earliest works, a novel, *Free, Not Bound*, contains the germ of the scene between Philip and the enemy. And in her poetic drama, *King Alfred's Jewel*, the King replies to an appeal for a war of conquest:

"Poor England sits in moonless, starless night
Beside a fast-closed door, unschooled, untaught;
Men cannot read the words that God hath said to them;
And yet a little way beyond the door
Is light—and Wisdom waiting with her torch.
Is it not better to teach men to think,
To feed them with the eternal Bread of Life,
Than it can be to lay them in the dust,
Silent and stark?"

Katrina Trask is one of those who have "carried the colors" in the struggle for righteousness, for the purification of love, the ennobling of our common relations, the broadening of church creeds, and the growth of human fellowship. Her idyls in blank verse, *Under King Constantine*, and her short poetic play, *Mors et Victoria*, sing of that selfless love "albeit bliss-denied," which "is of God" and "conquers death."

The poem *Night and Morning*, and the Christmas-tide play, *The Little Town of Bethlehem*, are noble attempts to bring Christ's message to bear upon daily life, while *King Alfred's Jewel* evokes the figure of England's great teacher-king. "The English-speaking world has waited a thousand years for a worthy dramatic impersonation of King Alfred," writes Henry Mills Alden, of this play, "and here it is."

Besides her work in literature, the in-

fluence of Mrs. Trask has long been felt in many practical organizations for public good.

According to the mutual will of Spencer Trask and of Katrina, his wife, "Yaddo," their great estate, so rich in natural beauty, with its lawns and lakes and forests, is to be the inheritance, after her death, not of relatives or personal friends, but of those "heroes of the durable" who create the everlasting joys of mankind—artists, poets and musicians. It is to be a "center for artistic activity." And doubtless the soul of the mistress of Yaddo will live on there, as now today, an inspiration of the beauty within those walls, a torch-bearer, ever "in the vanguard."

*Since the above was written, the Mexican imbroglio has been forced upon us. Will it be war? Let us sincerely hope that peaceful counsels will prevail.—*Editor.*

THE LAST VIGIL

By Rosalie Kercheval

A strange light strikes the gleaming lawn—
I lift my hands to glimmering dawn,
And breathe with every breath,
A prayer whose passion and despair
Should touch the heart of Death.

What signify the shades that flee—
That break beyond the southern sea,
And turn to mist wreaths dun;
Since day and night are one to me—
Since day and night are one.

Oh, day and night, and life and death,
Are dreams of darkness evermore!
And weird and strange the morning's breath
Blown from the charnel walls of death,
Steals thro' the East's far-sunken door.

Oh, weary waste of desert lands!
Oh, years like walls of stone!
How pitiless the future stands;
In helplessness I lift my hands
To that long night and moan.

"Is there some place with splendors rife—
Some strange celestial sun;
Beyond the passion and the strife,
Beyond this world, where Love and Life,
And Death are but as one?"

The ROMANCE *of* THE UNIVERSITY *of* NEVADA

By J. E. Church, Jr.

IT does not fall to the lot of every university — particularly every state university—to have its period of romance, when a bountiful and wise patron appears with fairy-like magic to give form and substance to its dreams.

Among the fortunate few is the University of Nevada, which has received, in addition to the allotments of a loyal state, not only material gifts and architectural dress, but also inspiration to healthful living and noble achievement. A Nevada pioneer, John W. Mackay, was the cause of the giving, and the munificence and idealism of his son, Clarence Hungerford Mackay, determined the character of the gifts.

The romance developed somewhat unexpectedly, as romances do. For some years President Stubbs had been endeavoring to kindle a give-back-to-Nevada sentiment among the pioneers who had gained their fortunes here, but had gone to the world's centers to invest them. John W. Mackay had become interested, but death intervened before his plans materialized. However, his son took up the sentiment and invited President Stubbs to suggest what he could do for the University that would be representative of his father's early interests.

In those days money was a gift of the gods to the struggling University, and ten thousand dollars was a goodly sum to contemplate as a private benefaction. Therefore, President Stubbs suggested that an endowment of ten thousand dollars would be very acceptable to the mining department, but that twenty thousand dollars would more nearly meet its needs. As an alternative he ventured, altho he caught his breath as he did so, to propose a mining building costing not to exceed fifty thousand dollars. It was the case of Aladdin's lamp. Mr. Mackay and his mother not only heartily accepted his suggestion but entrusted the drawing of the plans to McKim, Meade and White, the leading architects of America. So substantial was the building and its furnishings that the cost far exceeded the amount originally suggested. It was Stanford White's last work, and bears the impress of his genius.

CLARENCE H. MACKAY
Friend of the University of Nevada

It was difficult to find a suitable setting for such a building among the more humble, tho worthy, structures on the campus. But here again the unexpected happened. By an inspiration, almost, the architects saw the possibility of creating a new quadrangle at the end of which the Mackay Mining Building should stand and around which new university buildings, harmonious in style, should eventually be constructed.

During the early progress of these

STATUE OF JOHN W. MACKAY, IN FRONT OF MINES BUILDING,
UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA
Gutzon Borglum, Sculptor

MANZANITA HALL AND DINING HALL IN THE REAR, UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA

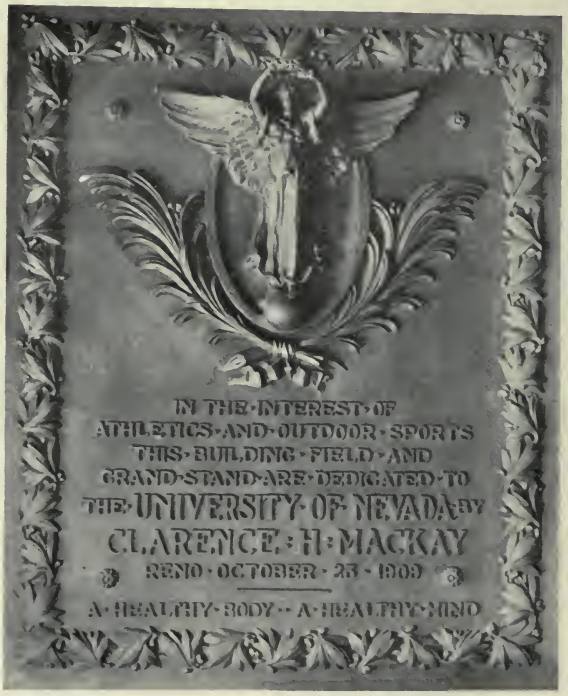
events, Sam Davis, a journalist from the days of Mark Twain, and Commissioner of Publicity for Nevada, had prevailed upon Mr. Mackay to furnish a statue of his father to be erected at the State Capitol at Carson City, as a historical memento of the Comstock days. Gutzon Borglum was authorized to undertake the task. But when the statue had been completed, no satisfactory place could be obtained immediately in which to display it. An appeal was made by Mr. Davis and Mrs. Borglum to President Stubbs, who realized the value of the gift, and offered, on behalf of the Regents, the most sightly spot on the University campus. As the plans for the Mackay Building and Quadrangle progressed, Mr. Mackay saw the artistic possibilities of placing the statue of his father in the Quadrangle, and received generous permission from Governor Sparks to do so.

But the end was not yet. When Mr. Mackay came West to attend the dedication of his gifts, the reception accorded him by the students was so unaffectedly cordial and enthusiastic that his interest in them was immediately aroused. Thanks to big Charley Badger, whose one achievement at Nevada was teaching the students to yell—the spontaneous outburst of the student-body was dynamic. Mr. Mackay decided that something must be done for the boys, and sought counsel from the committee on athletics. On the spur of the moment, he was shown a natural ampitheatre, generously loaned by the late Regent Evans and his family, where the boys by collective effort had laid out an athletic field. As he gazed, he inaugurated plans that have since resulted in the construction of one of the most complete and beautiful athletic fields and training quarters in the West.

Notwithstanding these large gifts, or rather because of them, Mr. Mackay continued to plan for the welfare of the

University. He counseled the further beautifying of the campus, believing it to be as tangible and potent an asset in the education of men and women as college buildings. In co-operation with his mother, he endowed the Mackay School of Mines to the extent of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, that its work might thus be more permanently provided for.

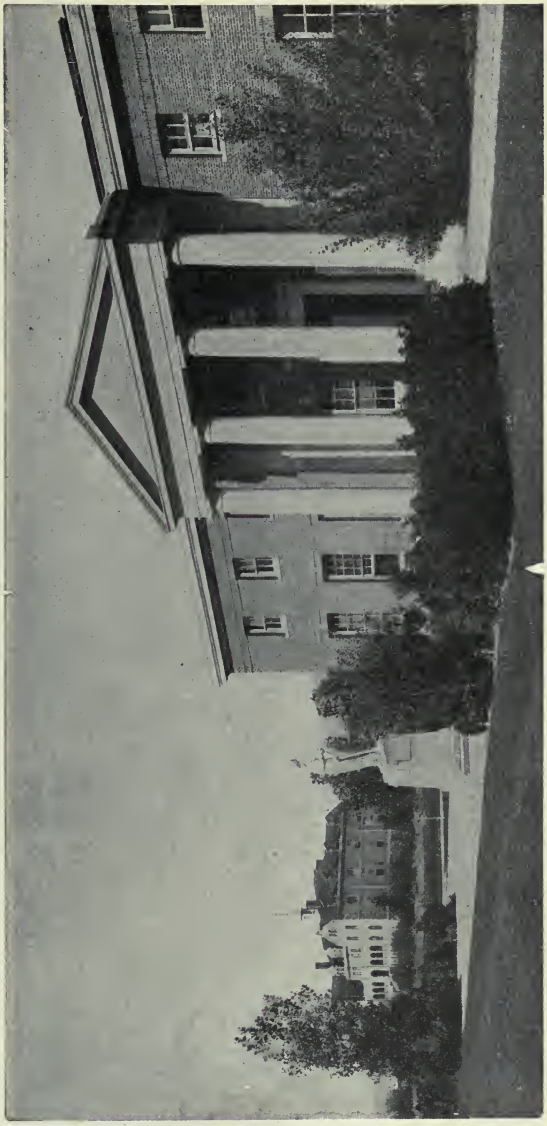
Mr. Mackay's idealism is best shown by the following tablet of dedication, placed over the fireplace in the training quarters:



His ambition for the boys is tersely expressed in a message to them, hanging in stencil in the entrance to the library of the Mackay School of Mines:

"Keep Your Standard of Life High."

But the memorial of greatest worth and highest incentive to the University is the Mackay statue, standing before the entrance to the building itself. It is to the University of Nevada what the Alice Freeman Palmer Chimes are to the University of Chicago, and the Cleveland Tower is to Princeton. To some, the figure of John W. Mackay is gazing toward the Comstock Lode, where he wrested his fortune from the mountain. But the sculptor expressed a deeper meaning in the roughly clad figure and the upturned face. It is the moment of realization—not of wealth, which is symbolized by the nugget in his hand, but of the opportunity for nobler service and higher achievement. Nor does the sculptor leave us in doubt. Beneath are two companion bas reliefs—one of the lode, where his wealth was gained; the other of the cable-encircling world. where his real life's work was done. The



FRONT OF MACKAY MINING BUILDING AND STATUE. LINCOLN HALL, (MEN'S DORMITORY), IN THE BACKGROUND

statue typifies the man with the upturned look.

To the boundless opportunities of the West, the University of Nevada calls her children, but her ultimate ideal for them is SERVICE.

PRESIDENT POLK *and* HIS MEXICAN POLICY

By Stanley A. Hunter

THE story of how California was won for the United States forms an interesting chapter in our annals. Modern historians have brought to light many interesting events connected with the acquisition of territory in the records of our national expansion, but none are more interesting than those of the days of President Polk. Today, when our relations with Mexico are still under discussion, it is worth our while to study the foreign policy of President Polk, and his part in the enlargement of our nation.

"No former president," writes Schouler, "at the outset of his administration ever had so clear and positive a program of what he meant to do, and none ever dispatched it more thoroughly." James K. Polk, of Tennessee, had been elected on a Democratic declaration for the reannexation (as they expressed it) of Texas, and the re-occupation of Oregon. His election decided the matter of reannexation. Congress at once passed a joint resolution whereby Texas was admitted to the Union as a slave state. Polk's predecessor signed this as one of his last acts. Thus we see that on the verge of his entrance the keynote of increase and expansion had been sounded, and it was to remain the dominant note in the course of his four years' policy. "The bomb of Texas annexation had exploded just in time to take effect upon the two great nominating conventions, and in the consternation and perplexity that ensued, he had received the nomination. The atmosphere was still disturbed and the feeling of the people intense, long after that bomb. A new spirit of desire was rampant, and expansion was in the air."

In the midst of such surroundings, Polk was inaugurated president. In congress he had left the impression of a skilful parliamentary tactician, to which Schouler adds the words, "intensely partisan and narrow. . . . A statesman of no brilliancy, but systematic and indefatigable; industrious in the committee room; pure in morals, but one to whom the end justified the means." And again, "His mind was incapable of taking a broad view of things. What he went for, he fetched; his platform was sacred as a creed, and opposition to that creed called for compulsion. Such was the 'scourge of God'—this Presbyterian president—foreordained, as it might almost seem, to fulfill the ends of the new American spirit of territorial manifest destiny, and reckless of all rights, carry the flag of our republic across the Sabine and over the continent till it swept a broad area to the Pacific seas." Twenty years before his election he had been admitted to the Tennessee legislature. It will help in understanding his later acts to remember that here he became a warm supporter of Andrew Jackson, voting for him when elected to the United States Senate.

I. The Settlement of the Oregon Boundary

Polk's inaugural address on March 4, 1845, was charged with electric shocks regarding the foreign policy of the United States. Concerning the annexation of Texas, he said that "foreign powers should, therefore, look on the annexation not as the conquest of a nation seeking to extend her dominions by arms and violence, but as the peaceful acquisition of territory once her own, by adding another member to our confederation with the consent of the member, thereby diminishing the chances of war, and opening to them new and ever-increasing markets for their products." A severe jolt was in his declaration that foreign nations had nothing to do with the matter, as the question of annexation

belonged exclusively to the United States. But when the president went on to say that it was a duty to assert and maintain our right to the Oregon country—that part of the territory lying beyond the Rockies—whose title was "clear and unquestionable" and soon to be perfected by occupation, foreign newspapers took fright. The London *Times* asserted that in spite of the president's marauders, and despite what he called constitutional rights, the territory of Oregon should never be wrested from the British crown but by war. British statesmen in both the House of Commons and the House of Lords expressed the same emphatic sentiments.

"That war was at hand was firmly believed in England," says McMaster, "and the mooted point, Oregon, was generally believed worth fighting about."

In this country interest in the proceedings was intense. For two months and more Congress had gone on debating about the subject, and now men thought the time for doing had arrived. The trouble had been protracted over many years. It was not until July that Polk was ready to proceed with his policy. He had appointed James Buchanan as Secretary of State, and he, on July 12, 1845, offered the line of the 49th parallel as the limit for the United States claims. This had been rejected before, during the course of negotiations, even when coupled with the free navigation of the Columbia River. On July 29th Packenham rejected the offer summarily, and on his own responsibility. "The situation was now ominous," writes Garrison in *Westward Extension*. The country rang with the cries of "All Oregon or none," "54°40′ or fight." December came around and brought with it the occasion for the president's first annual message. In this he recommended various measures for "the uncompromising assertion of the claim to the whole of Oregon." Congress was with the president.

Negotiations with England were taken up once more. England went on record as disapproving Packenham's hasty and offensive rejection of the offer of 49° and intimated that a renewal would be considered. Polk declined to renew it, but let it be known that if such a proposal emanated from England, it would be considered. This is shown to be the case by reference to his diary (which is still unpublished), under dates of February 24 and 25, 1846. McLane was the instrument through which this news was known in London. As a result, Lord Aberdeen bade Packenham, in Washington, offer 49°, with the reservation of excluding Vancouver's Island and retaining the free navigation of the Columbia. A treaty, settling the long disputed boundary was sent to the Senate and approved. This ended the long disputed boundary question. As Schouler writes: "Thus was an old controversy laid at rest, and so far honorably; as Jefferson had borne us beyond the Mississippi, so did this new Democratic executive plant American colonization upon the Pacific strand." Mutual ratification took place soon, the hatchet being buried July 17, 1846. The water boundary was also defined, but not finally determined until 1873, when the German Emperor arbitrated the matter.

Polk was shrewd enough to see that England, in the event of war, might have been able to seize California. If it be true that "Calais" were written on the heart of Mary, Queen of Scots, then "California" was graven on his. He did not propose that he should suffer, as Mary had done, by its loss. That he had the acquisition of California continually in mind is evident from a reading of his diary, for there are many references proving this. It was the goal of his ambitions.

II. His Foreign Policy as Shown in the War with Mexico

We come now to the discussion of the foreign policy of the president, as it was exhibited in the war with Mexico. Here again the detractors from Polk's reputation have been busy. Von Holst, the German historian of our country, has been especially bitter, and has not hesitated at imputing the basest of motives to Polk in undertaking the war. That he embarked on the war with Mexico for the acquisition of more territory is certain; that the motive for such expansion was the extension of slavery is certainly not proven, and far from probable. That Polk was nominated by a convention in which slave-holders were well

represented is true. The charge of being a slavery propagandist was often hurled at him during the campaign.

Regarding the slavery intent of Polk, Prof. Burns, of Yale, comes to the conclusion that "Polk was in fact an expansionist, not at the behest of slavery, as has been charged, but for the cause (of expansion) itself; yet a prudent expansionist, for he hesitated at the incorporation of large masses of people." (Essays, p. 229.)

It is difficult to realize how anti-slavery fervor could lead men into such careless disregard of the truth, and it is only in modern years that Polk is emerging as a true patriot from the pile of abuse that has been heaped upon him.

Had Bancroft lived no doubt he would have become the apologist of the president, whom he admired, and in whose cabinet he held for a time the Navy Secretaryship. Gradually we are coming to see that slavery played but little part in the causes of the war. A perusal of Polk's diary shows that he wanted more territory, (to use the words of Douglas later) "with or without" slavery. Slavery, to him, was not as important as it looked to his successors. He had not the foresight to see that it would be the rock against which the Ship of State was in danger of breaking. In his personal views, he doubtless held that slavery was no sin, but he was no militant propagandist. It probably does not deserve a rightful place among the causes of the war.

Polk, in his famous inaugural address, had stated, as has been said, his policy of expansion. Schouler tells of a conversation in which he had outlined the four points of his policy, the last two being concerned with foreign affairs, and hence of interest to us here. The third was the re-annexation of Texas, which he was to see consummated at the beginning of his term. The acquisition of California and other territory, and the settlement of the Oregon boundary were the others. This historian writes: "History should record that the president entered on his official duties with the immovable purpose of carrying into effect every one of these measures, and before the term had ended, had accomplished them all. 'Verily, what he went for he fetched.'

His attempted negotiations for California occurred in 1845-46. Professor J. S. Reeves, of Dartmouth, in an admirable treatise on American diplomacy under Tyler and Polk, has told of the different steps in this, and in Polk's other diplomatic moves. The first step was the sending of a secret agent, Dr. W. S. Parrott, to make an effort to reopen diplomatic relationship with the Mexican government. "We are prepared to meet Mexico in a liberal and friendly spirit," wrote Buchanan to him. Parrott reported that it was improbable that war would be declared against the United States on account of Texas. It is interesting to note that three years before, Santa Anna, in conversation with Minister Waddy Thompson (minister to Mexico in 1842) had said that "he would war forever for the reconquest of Texas," in answer to the remark that Texas might be annexed, and that "if he died in his senses his last words should be an exhortation to his countrymen never to abandon the effort to conquer the country."

Later, when Santa Anna was in exile, Polk found that the old warrior was evidently not so insistent on holding all the territory which he could grasp. Before the outbreak of the Mexican War we find various entries in the president's diary relating to this hope. Under date of February 13, 1846, he mentions the call of Col. Atacha, who said "that Santa Anna was in favor of a treaty with the United States, and that in adjusting the boundary between the two countries, the Del Monte would be agreeable as the western Texas line, and the Colorado, of the west, drawn through the Bay of San Francisco to the sea, should be the Mexican line on the north; and that Mexico should cede all east and north of these natural boundaries to the United States for a pecuniary consideration, and mentioned thirty millions of dollars for the sum." Polk distrusted Atacha, as is evident, but yet he entered into negotiations. It was not long before Santa Anna made his return from Elba, and as Reeves says, Polk found that "Santa Anna, as a military chieftain, was not

Santa Anna in exile." But we are running ahead of the story.

On September 17, 1845, the president wrote in his diary that the Cabinet was informed that he would try "to adjust through this Texas question a permanent boundary between Mexico and the United States so as to comprehend Upper California and New Mexico, and to give as a line from the mouth of the Rio Grande to latitude 32°, and thence west to the Pacific." He would be willing to go as high as forty millions for this, but thought the purchase price would be in all likelihood twenty, or even fifty millions. As a result of this, the famous Slidell Mission was inaugurated. The story of that mission is now well known, although at the time the mantle of secrecy was thrown over the whole transaction. "The instructions to Slidell," says Reeves, "are of fundamental importance in rightly understanding Polk's policy toward Mexico. They were only made public as late as January 12, 1848, after two years, when the war was practically at an end. Secrecy was a necessity because it was feared that French and British ministers might try to thwart or defeat the objects of the mission. Polk was a man of some vision, and the reopening of negotiations to secure once more an understanding with Mexico was for the primary purpose of securing California by purchase. The instructions to Slidell and also to Parrott (another emissary) form the keynote to Polk's aggressive policy of expansion." California was to be secured without bloodshed—but was to be extorted from Mexico on account of her inability to pay the claims of the United States against her, in cash, which had hung over from Jackson's day. She was to pay in territory what she could not in currency. Slidell's instructions contained the command to offer the assumption of this country's citizens' claims against Mexico and the payment of five millions in addition, provided Mexico would settle on a boundary from the mouth of the Rio Grande up the middle of the principal stream to the point where it touches the line of New Mexico, (from there west and north to 42°). Concerning Alta California, Buchanan said to Slidell that if he could obtain a cession of it he would rejoice. "You will render immense service to your country and establish an enviable reputation for yourself. Money would be no object when compared with the value of the acquisition." For this his bid might be as high as twenty-five millions. Slidell had a difficult mission to perform, as the friction between the countries was plainly evident.

In May, 1846, just a year before the declaration of war, Polk commanded General Zachary Taylor to cross the Sabine into Texas for the purpose of protection, for it was in an uneasy state, and annexation had not yet been perfected. The president of Texas (Jones) demanded that Taylor bear the responsibility of his advance to Corpus Christi, for he, as executive, did not think the state was seriously threatened. The next move of Taylor was ordered on January 13, 1846, the day after news had been received that Mexico had refused to entertain Slidell as a minister. He crossed as far as the Rio Grande and the Mexicans had a skirmish. Polk set a trap and the bait was sprung. When he heard of the conflict in May, 1846, he immediately informed Congress that "war exists, *and that by the act of Mexico itself. Mexico has shed American blood on American soil.*" Congress accepted the issue thus raised, but not without some debate. In volume 1 of Nicolay and Hay's *Life of Lincoln* is given an account of the mood in which it was received by the representative from Illinois—Abraham Lincoln. On January 12, 1848, he made a speech that attracted much attention, in which he said: "I more than suspect already that he (the president) is deeply conscious of being in the wrong; that he feels the blood of this war, like the blood of Abel, is crying to Heaven against him; that originally having some strong motive—what, I will not stop now to give my opinion concerning—to involve the two countries in a war, and trusting to escape scrutiny by fixing the public gaze upon the exceeding brightness of his military glory—that attractive rainbow that arises in showers of blood, that serpent's eye that charms to destroy—he plunged into it and has swept on and on till he now finds himself he knows not where. How like the half

insane mumbling of a fever dream is the whole war part of his late message. . .

"His mind, taxed beyond its power, is running hither and thither like some tortured creature on a burning surface, finding no position on which it can settle down and be at ease."

Lincoln twists and turns the phrase of "American blood on American soil," and shows what he thought was the absurdity of the claim that Texas land extended to the Rio Grande. Recent investigations, however, seem to point to the fact that Polk was right in his claims. He was right by instinct rather than proof, for at that time the proposition was doubtful.

"The Mexican war was, in reality, an attack on a weak nation by a strong one," says Edward Channing. Polk had decided to chastise Mexico, but the war was waged for aggrandizement solely in order that California might be secured. Slidell had failed to secure it peaceably by purchase, for Paredes (Herrara's successor) had refused to receive him; it must now be obtained by the stern arbitrament of war. No further overtures were extended to Paredes. Polk had based his hopes next upon Santa Anna's return to power, on account of his interviews with Col. Atacha, which set up the presumption that he would consider purchase, but that, too, had failed.

War was now carried on in earnest. Campaigns were carried on in 1846 and '47 in Mexico, and while attention was directed thither, other expeditions were successful in the seizure of California and New Mexico. Peace was in sight, and for the mission of securing it, Trist, the chief clerk of Bucanan's department, was selected. "A man," says Reeves, "with but meager training in diplomatic affairs, anything but robust in health, irritable, suspicious and timid, and, moreover, given to great verbosity of statement." He received his instructions on April 15, 1847, and arrived at Vera Cruz in three weeks. He was invested with but small discretionary powers. He was told that the extension of the United States over New Mexico and Upper California was to be considered a *sine qua non* of any treaty. The terms which he could offer were almost the same as those Slidell bore, except that he was limited by five millions less than the amount Slidell was authorized to offer. Slidell had not been commanded to negotiate for Baja, or Lower California, and the right of way across the isthmus of Tehuantepec, as was Trist.

It was some time before peace was secured. Polk recalled Trist, but after Santa Anna abdicated, the new government that followed informed him that it was ready to negotiate. Although he had the letter of recall on his person, he took the bit in his mouth and went ahead, disregarding orders. For two months he met the commissioners every day. His actions had merited his recall, but it is quite generally agreed that the policy of the president was ill-advised, for by continually making overtures the "Mexican government was impressed with the belief that the United States was anxious for peace." This belief, he claims in his diary (October 5, 1847), was wholly due to his subordinate. It was really due to himself.

The Treaty of Guadaloupe-Hidalgo, signed February 2, 1848, was the close of the negotiations. By it Mexico ceded that great domain from which have since evolved, as planets from a nebular mass, the states of New Mexico, California, Arizona, and others, as well as parts of Colorado and Wyoming. In extent the acquisition equalled the combined areas of Germany, France and Spain. It was a domain almost as large as the Louisiana Purchase, and almost as great a bargain. It was, however, one secured in a different way. On its part, the United States was to pay Mexico fifteen million dollars, in addition to the agreement that would satisfy the claims of its citizens against the government of Mexico. It was a treaty in which Trist framed circumstances in such a manner that President Polk must either accept a treaty whereby he would sacrifice a cherished wish, which Trist wrongly assumed meant the conquest of the whole of Mexico, or reject it, by which act the odium of seeking to annihilate Mexico as a nation, and the renewal of an unpopular war, would be thrust on the president. Polk took the first, and he made great haste in acting upon it, fearing a revolution of the administration in Mexico, and also desiring to

check the growing sentiment for the conquest of all of Mexico, which Trist so wrongly attributes to him. For the instrument of the negotiations Polk had no love. He termed him an "impudent and unqualified scoundrel" and cut off his pay from the date of recall. Not until twenty-two years later did he receive from Congress a reward for his taking opportunity by the forelock, under disobedience of orders. The man whom Polk characterized as "contemptibly base" had his character finally whitewashed in the Senate.

Such then was the ending of the second great act which I have treated of in the foreign policy of Polk. He had never dreamed of a long war, but of only offering a bluff to secure California. No doubt he was erroneous in fearing always the danger of foreign aggression, but his haste in acting is entirely justifiable. As Professor Royce says in his history of California, "Our national duty forbade our cheerful surrender of the Pacific coast to any European power." His diary (April 25 and May 6, 1848) shows that President Polk really believed that Great Britain meant to take the province.

Polk's suspicion of designs of England on the western coast was probably founded on fact.

III. Foreign Policy as Shown In His Unsuccessful Negotiations for Cuba

"During the recent war with Spain," writes Prof. Bourne, "few students of our history can have failed to be struck with the points of similarity between some of the aspects and incidents of our recent public policy and some of the phases of the Mexican War." I do not propose to compare the two as regards expansion, but rather to try to show that there is a point of similarity, as both were associated with Cuba. No sooner had the Mexican War been brought to a close than the ambitious president undertook the annexation of Cuba. On the 30th of May, 1848, Polk brought this matter before his Cabinet, but limited his desires to a proposal of fair purchase. The Northern element of the Cabinet shied a little, as they were nervous and distrustful. On the 6th of the following month the affair was broached again. Cuba was then in revolt. He proposed to notify Spain that we would take no part in the revolution, but at the same time notify her that we would be willing to offer a price for the island. The Cabinet were agreed on this, and Minister Saunders was empowered "to treat for Cuba with a hundred million dollars as the limit of purchase"—a rather startling limit after that which was announced to Slidell when he was negotiating for immensely more valuable territory. Evidently the matter was dropped by Spain, for nothing came of it. The records in his diary are our chief source of information regarding this proposed deal, as all letters were enveloped with an air of profound secrecy.

This represents the last chapter in the volume of Polk's foreign policy, and with it, as Schouler says, "All schemes for further territorial aggrandizement were indefinitely postponed." A Whig president was soon to replace the man to whom is due so much credit for his indefatigable energy in adding acres to American territory, in increasing the number of stars in her flag, and in allowing the course of empire to take her westward way. We have now a unified country that stretches from coast to coast, and the man who is largely responsible for it is Polk. Doubtless time would have brought about this in a regular way, but it was ordained by Fate that President James K. Polk would take time by the forelock. Opportunity often knocks but once, and sixty-eight years ago we had in the presidential chair a man who was able to realize when it came. He not only struck when the iron was hot, but, as Cromwell's maxim held, he made it hot by striking. It is meet and fitting then that the somewhat sullied name of Polk should be looked upon in a different light than it has been in the past. Modern historians are looking at his motives in another light and are vindicating his acts. They regard him as a worthy companion in the Presidential Hall of Fame with Jefferson, for his work in increasing our national acreage. There can be no higher aim for a historian than the vindication of a character who has been unjustly maligned. Polk was a patriot—a man who worked for the good of his country, in whom there was an

unique singleness of aim from which he never swerved. But it has been reserved for this generation to realize his true greatness. Polk was a man of vision—not spectacularly working in the calcium light amid applause, but none the less a dreamer of dreams. And his dreams have since come true.

As a Californian, I am personally grateful to Polk for having been the first to realize her worth and importance to our country, and to make possible the development of a state which has since gained the name and fame of the jewel in Columbia's crown—the land of the sun, on the Mediterranean shores of America.

ETERNAL YOUTH

By Edwin Kingsley Hurlbut

I am the Spirit of Eternal Youth!
The stars may fade, the Earth may cease to be;
Yet steadfast on the abiding Rock of Truth
My song shall swell the Chorus of the Free!

To each and all of you of kindred birth
I give the greeting of a child of God:
The seed you sow shall glorify the earth
In every living form above the sod.

A "light that never shone on land or sea"
Illuminates the pathway where you tread;
To every beast and bird and flower and tree
Your presence is a feast of living bread.

We were not born to die; our record here
Upon this least of countless worlds of space,
We leave behind with not a doubt or fear—
Our tribute to the future human race.

Children of Light and Love and Peace, we "stand
Amid the Eternal Ways" of Truth and Right;
Clasping each brother, sister, by the hand—
Dispelling pain and fear, restoring sight.

Eternal Youth, Immortal Life and Love!
There is no other presence 'neath the sun!
I see it hov'ring o'er us like a dove.
Forever upward, onward, we shall run.

TAMALES *and* ROMANCE

By Robert Speed

WHEN the General Manager's private car, bearing a party of railroad officials, rolled into San Clemente, there was at least one member of the company to whom the town was of more than passing interest. San Clemente! It was the first time Ralph Holcomb, Chief of the Engineering Corps, Northern Division, had been in San Clemente for ten years. What a surge of memories the name of the town brought! Where was Nerita? he wondered. How gracefully she had danced! How beautiful and merry and joyously full of life she had been, and how much in love he had found himself!

His former arrival in San Clemente came back. He had thought it the hottest, dustiest, sleepiest little town on earth. Even his buoyant young spirits had been depressed at the thought of staying several weeks at such a place. He was working with a party of surveyors, the advance guard of a railroad, during his summer vacation getting practical experience to supplement a college course in civil engineering. At a dance the third night after their arrival he had met Nerita Silvera, prettiest senorita for miles around, and had promptly succumbed to her charms. Never before had the heart of the big, blond young Californian been smitten as it had with nineteen-year-old Nerita.

San Clemente ceased to be a place without interest. The young engineer no longer wondered what he could do to pass away his leisure hours. Every evening found him at the humble Silvera home; and he and Nerita spent happy hours on the honeysuckle embowered veranda, or strolled hand in hand down the quiet road.

Time flew by for three blissful weeks; then came orders for the surveyors to move. How well Ralph remembered his parting with Nerita.

"Never shall I see you again—I know it!" she wailed.

"Nonsense," he answered. "As soon as I finish school and get a start in my profession—a year or two at most—I will come back for you. Then we will have a big wedding and a fine fiesta with a dance and barbecue. Ah, *ninacita*, it will be a grand time."

Nerita's eyes sparkled at such a prospect. "But it is a so long time—a year or two," she pouted, "and something tells me I shall see you never again." The big brown eyes filled at the thought.

Ralph laughed and kissed away her tears. "See, little sweetheart, what I have brought you," he said, slipping on her finger a ring with two carved hearts of gold linked together. "It is to remind you that our hearts are joined forever."

The brown eyes were sparkling again as the volatile Nerita kissed the ring ecstatically.

"It is the so lovely ring," she cried, turning her head from side to side to gaze at the ornament from different angles. "I shall wear it always and always."

Was it possible all that had happened ten years before? Ralph mused. He had written to Nerita several times. She answered once; and the very evident labor with which that letter had been composed probably explained why she wrote no more. Immediately after his graduation Ralph entered the railroad's employ, and the ten years since had been busy ones for him. He had not forgotten Nerita. On the contrary, he often thought of her and many times had tried to so arrange his work that he might visit San Clemente again. But always something unforseen prevented. The railroad had thrown many branch lines through the Northwest in those ten years, and its corps of engineers had been kept constantly busy. Ralph was a hard,

conscientious worker and his rise had been rapid. With each step upward had come new and more arduous duties with less leisure time until, having reached his present position he was one of the busiest men in the company's employ. Always his mind was filled with his work; the women with whom he came in contact had small place in his scheme of activity. Often he had told himself he would marry some day, but for the present he was too busy. And then would float through his mind a vision of a sun-dried little town far to the south, and of a certain laughing, light-hearted, little nymph with dark hair blowing about her face, brown eyes sparkling, cheeks glowing with health and joy of life—Nerita, whom he had held in his arms and kissed and promised to come back to.

The car had scarcely come to a stop when, with a heart leaping boyishly, Ralph swung from the step and hurried through the new mission depot, out into the main street, eagerly scanning the face of every passer. But as he walked briskly on, surprise and bewilderment grew on his countenance. This was not the San Clemente he had known. The main street, which he remembered as a river of choking dust, was now paved; the one-story wooden buildings that used to house its business institutions had given way to structures of brick; electric lighting apparatus hung from poles where once the town had been unlighted.

Ralph looked about in amazement. Then he recalled the great Government Mariposa Valley Dam, with the irrigation system that had rendered productive thousands of acres of the country surrounding San Clemente, land once entirely waste, or used as pasture. The railroad he had been helping to build at the time of his former visit had done its part, too. "San Clemente the Sleepy," as he had once called it, was now a modern, bustling little city.

At first not one familiar object met his gaze. Then on a side street, hiding behind a pretentious brick building, he discovered "Moberley's Saloon," a survival of the old time that he remembered.

"Silvera, Silvera." Moberly, the same fat, soiled Moberly as of old squinted one eye and drummed on the bar in his effort at remembrance, then slowly shook his head. "Seems like I remember a Mexican family named Silvera, but I don't know what become of 'em. Ye can't keep track of these Cholos."

Three hours later Holcomb climbed slowly up the steps of the General Manager's private car. He had searched the town but had not found the lost family of Silvera. A few old residents whom he had discovered remembered them, but all were alike uncertain as to their present whereabouts. One man thought they had moved to Mexico; another remembered hearing they had gone to Texas some years before.

The engineer found the occupants of the car enjoying a feast of tamales. Evading a volley of questions as to his absence, he sat down and helped himself to one of the fat, little, corn-husk-wrapped bundles.

"Bite with care," the General Manager admonished him genially. "The fair dame who made these delicacies put jewelry in them, perhaps to get us to buy more. See what Baxter found in his."

One of the party held up a small shining object. Holcomb glanced at it. The next instant he had seized the bit of jewelry with an exclamation and was examining it closely. It was two small linked hearts of gold that showed on the back of each where it had been fastened to some other piece of jewelry. The peculiar chasing on the hearts made them unmistakable—they were from the ring he had given Nerita years before. Evidently the ornament had come loose unobserved while the tamales were being made.

"Where did these tamales come from?" Ralph demanded excitedly.

"I bought them from a Mexican boy," a railroad attorney answered. "Why?"

Holcomb, reaching for his hat, ignored the question. "Where is he?" he asked.

"He has a stand by the National Bank," the lawyer replied. "But tell us—," but the engineer was gone.

The hearts, appearing like a miraculous message from Nerita at the very moment when he had given her up as lost, stirred him deeply. Two minutes

later he reached the tamale vender's stand.

"Who makes your tamales?" he asked abruptly.

"My sister, Nerita," the boy answered, and at the words Ralph could have hugged him. There was a clear resemblance between the lad and his own lost sweetheart.

"Where does she live?" Holcomb demanded; but his evident excitement aroused the other's suspicion. He looked the man over without answering.

"Here"—Ralph handed the boy a dollar—"tell me quickly."

The money loosened the youth's tongue, and he gave directions for finding the house where his sister lived. It was some four miles in the country, and a few minutes later the ardent lover galloped out of the nearest livery-stable on what he had been assured was the best saddle-horse in town.

He found the house without difficulty. It was a small, board shack, innocent of paint or adornment of any kind. A cow was tethered nearby; chickens were running about the yard; four gaunt dogs greeted him noisily.

Throwing the reins of his sweating steed over a post, Ralph knocked at the door. It was opened by a stout Mexican woman who, in spite of disheveled hair and untidy person, still showed signs of a not long passed comliness. In her arms she carried a plump brown baby; another, a mere toddler, clung to her skirts on one side; while two more, slightly older, peered out on the other. Looking over the woman's shoulder was a swarthy Mexican, evidently her husband. At that moment two dark-skinned boys came riding around the house on a shaggy burro. One of them was some six or seven years of age; the other about a year older.

"Do not go far," the woman called in Spanish, a language Ralph spoke fluently.

"All right, mama," the children answered.

The woman's voice thrilled Ralph through and through. He looked at her keenly. It was Nerita! Without a word he turned and fled.

YOSEMITE

By Catharine Beardsley

Yosemite! What magic gave Thee birth?
What power pushed apart those mighty walls,
And gave existence to Thy far-famed Falls,
And made this wonder-garden of the earth?
Gigantic rocks, stern sentinels, surround
Thy little valley; like a gem it lies
In all its beauty, guarded from surprise,
Protected with a vigilance profound.

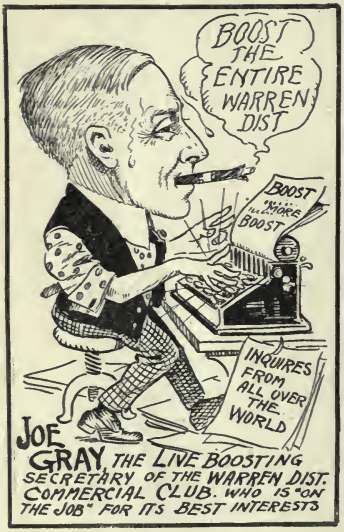
The sparkling waters through the meadows green,
The ancinet pines, famed for their height, but small
Beneath the cliffs that loom up straight and tall,
A refuge make of this calm, peaceful scene.
Ah, Peace and Power! Yosemite, thou art
A sanctuary, where one may forget
The outside world, the daily care and fret,
And walk in exaltation and apart.

BISBEE, ARIZONA

The Greatest Copper Mining Center of The Great Southwest

By Joseph H. Gray
Secretary Warren District Commercial Club

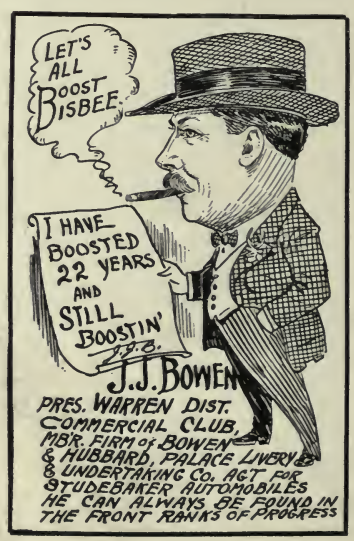
AS a modernization of that Arabian Nights tale of Alladin and his wonderful lamp, or of the parable of the Widow's Cruse, a story might be told of a fortunate man who possessed a bank account that was never diminished by any drafts that he made upon it, but instead, grew and increased in proportion to such drafts. Despite the fact that such a narative would seem fabulous, improbable, yes impossible, it would illustrate conditions in



the Warren Mining District. True it is not a bank account that has been illustrative of just such conditions, but it has been the source of wealth that has been the bountiful treasure vaults of Nature.

In the past thirty-one years, since 1883, there has been taken from the mines of Bisbee and the Warren District ore to the value of upwards of $75,000,000 to be disbursed in cash dividends, and in addition to this there has been taken from those mines ore to the value of over $200,000,000 more to be disbursed in wages, betterments and improvements. And despite the fact $275,000,000 of copper and other metals have been drawn from Nature's Warren District Bank, the known deposits are now greater than ever before, greater indeed than has previously been believed possible. It is because of this that Bisbee and the Warren District excite the wonder that they do, are known as the greatest copper-producing district in the Southwest, if not in the world.

Twenty years ago few would prophesy that the Bisbee mines would be producers today. Now none can be found who will forecast their exhaustion within fifty years, and few within a hundred. Their known extent of ore deposits have increased in geometrical proportion with the amounts taken from them, and still the country is but comparatively little explored. True, the producing companies own many claims, but adjacent and contiguous to these claims, quite as promising in appearance and geological formation, there are several hundred individually owned claims on which there has been but slight development. As the proved mineralized country runs up to such claims, they are purchased by the great producing companies which have been recently more than usually active in such acquirements. There is reason to believe that much of this present terra incognita will ultimately be added to the



COPPER QUEEN HOTEL, BISBEE, ARIZ.

known productiveness of the district. Bisbee and the Warren District have not yet reached the crest of prosperity, but are still rising toward it.

In 1883 the Bisbee mines produced 34,500,000 pounds of copper. This year they will produce close to 200,000,000 pounds which, at 15 cents per pound, gives a producing value of $30,000,000. Every day, in the heaviest train in the world, there is shipped to Douglas, Arizona, for reduction at the smelters, 14,000,000 pounds of ore, and in and about the mines there are employed 5,000 men. The district has a population of 22,000, and the monthly payroll is $900,000. Thus there is annually disbursed in wages more than $10,000,000, or $455 for each man, woman and child within its narrow limits, whether a producer or not. It is the best paid mining community in the United States, probably (outside of Alaska) in the world.

Had Bisbee been less busily engaged in mining operations, less confident in and assured of continued and constant wealth and progress, its people might have sought to capitalize the unique location, marvelously beautiful scenery, perfection of climate and unexcelled health conditions, all of which it possesses and all of which would have made it attractive to visitors, even aside from its repute for mineral wealth and as a great wealth-producer.

In the extreme southeastermost part of Arizona, less than a dozen miles north of the line that marks the limits of revolution-ridden Mexico, high up in the Mule Mountains, occupying but ten square miles and yet paying nearly a ninth of the taxes of a whole great State, is the Warren Mining District, with Bisbee as its populous center. There it nestles, in location, more as one would expect an Alpine village than a prosperous, up-to-date and progressive American city, such as it is; one community in respect to contiguity and mutual interests, separate only in municipal government, for only Bisbee is an incorporated city. Nature surely never intended this to be a site for a city, and so Bisbee and its suburbs grew in spite, and not because of, the nature of its location. The wealth was there—the city had to be.

On the line of the El Paso and Southwestern Railway, also reached by the Golden State Limited of the Rock Island Road, on the Borderland State Highway transcontinental road, distant 248 miles from El Paso, and 613 miles from Los Angeles is Bisbee and the Warren Mining District. At the railroad station it has an elevation of 5,300 feet above the sea, and towering above it to heights of 1,000 to 2,000 feet are mountains of limestone and porphyry, rough and rugged. Up these mountain sides, reached by a few winding roads, more trails and still more flights of steps are the residential districts, only the business streets being in the canyon bottoms. No postmen can be found to deliver mail, for in the mines the operative receives not less than $3.75 per day, and the emoluments offered by Uncle Sam are not attractive. So Bisbee has more lock boxes in its postoffice than any other city in the United States.

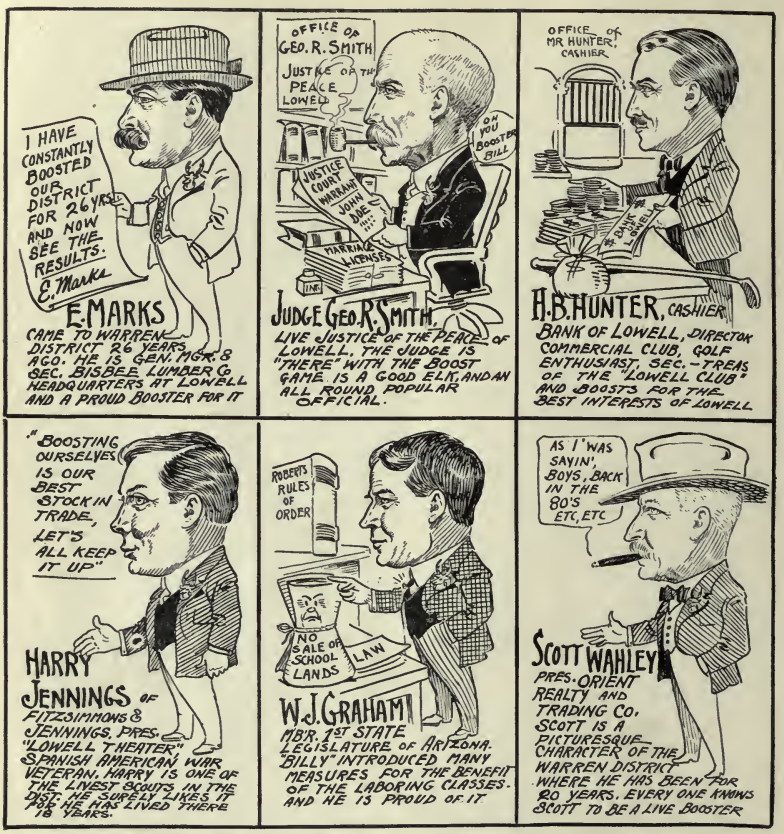
If the visitor arrives by railroad, he finds a sharp climb from Osborn, ten miles away, up which the train laboriously ascends 1300 feet. From a broad valley nature narrows into a contracted one, and then into canyons. If one arrives by day he is struck and impressed by the wild and rugged scenery, and the houses high up the mountain sides. If at night, one wonders at the lights that are clustered and grouped so high, surmounted by the starry dome, where constellations stand forth with

GROUP OF SCENES IN THE SHATTUCK CAVE AT BISBEE, ARIZ.

almost equal brilliancy. Through Warren, essentially a residential section, charming in homes that are surrounded by green lawns and shrubbery and bright flowers in the open valley or rolling hillsides, and further beautified by its Vista Park. Just below this the country club has attracted attention with its sporty golf links, tennis courts, rifle range, traps and commodious club house.

Arriving from east or west by automobile, the motorists find the same climb over mountain roads. For miles they have traversed the level country of cactus, sage brush and greasewood, known as the desert, and the change to mountain

A PAGE OF CARTOONIST'S IMPRESSIONS OF BISBEE



FROM E. MARKS TO SCOTT WHALEY THEY ARE LOWELL'S LIVELIEST BOOSTERS

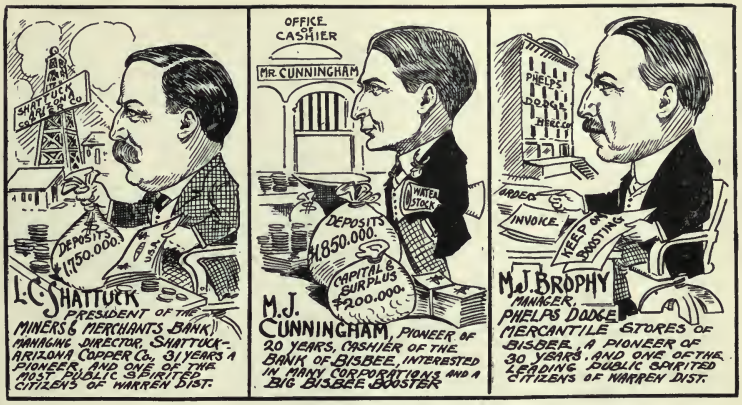
scenery, o'er-shadowing trees and rippling streams is a pleasant one that is gladly welcomed.

Lowell, the nearest suburb of Bisbee, is but a mile distant. It is a business and residential section, has its bank and important stores, and is chosen, residentially, as more convenient to many of the mines, and somewhat less contracted by the mountains than Bisbee. It has a population of 6,500, while that of Warren is 1,500. At the latter is the modern office-building of the Calumet and Arizona Company, facing on Vista Park.

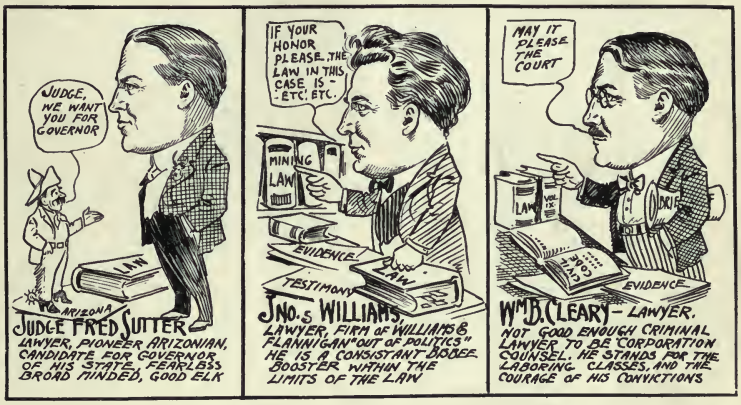
Out from Bisbee in several directions run scenic roadways to various points, and nearby can be obtained excellent hunting for quail, duck and deer, in season. It is a country where golf, riding, driving, motoring and out-of-door life are the rule for twelve months in the year. Of these drives the Tombstone Canyon drive is the most beautiful, a splendid example of mountain road building constructed by the State. Here one crosses the Mule Mountain divide at an elevation of 7,100 feet, and looks upon vistas extending far south into Mexico and far north into Arizona. Descending the divide are peach orchards on either side; oaks shade the road, which winds along a rippling stream.

Climatically, Bisbee can boast of an equability that few points enjoy, for observations taken for three years past show that the average variation between the warmth and the cool of the day, between the extremes of day and night, is but 17 degrees. The mean annual temperature is 61; the average winter mean temperature is 47, and in summer 61. In three years the extreme maximum in any day was 98, and the absence of humidity makes that no appreciably higher than 85 in more moist cities.

One does not encounter the smoke-laden atmosphere that is connected with the mining center in most minds. The smelters were long



THREE LEADING BOOSTERS OF WARREN DISTRICT

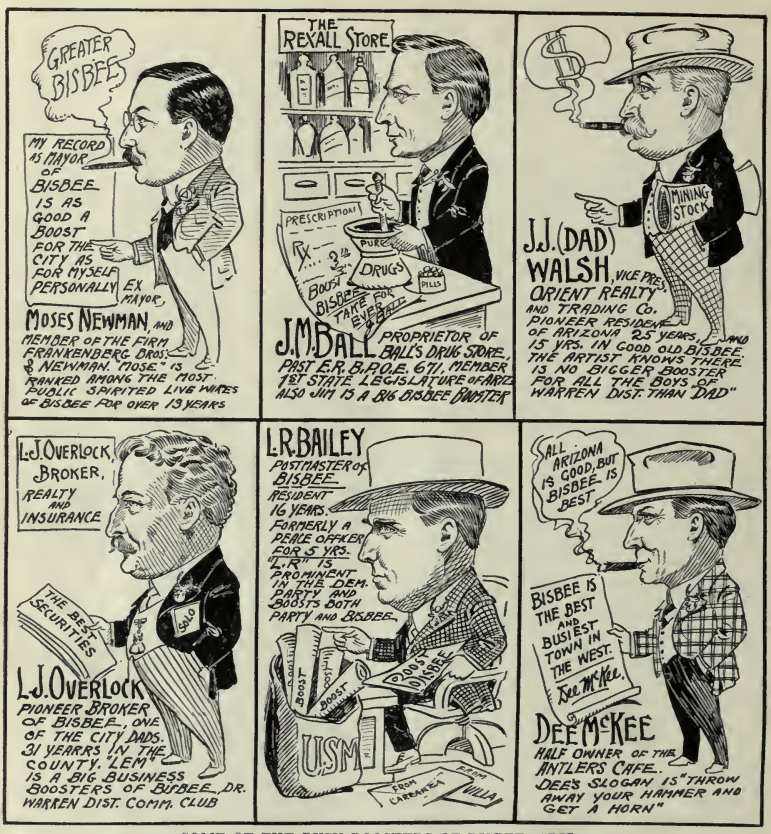


LEADING MEMBERS OF BISBEE'S LEGAL FRATERNITY

ago taken to Douglas, 25 miles away. Instead, there is a dry, clear, sparkling air, filled with tonic that encourages one to drink in deep breaths in sheer enjoyment. In winter it is 8 to 10 degrees warmer than the nearby valley towns, because of the protecting mountains that shield it from the cold winds, while in summer it is cooler than in the low lands because of the added 1200 to 1400 feet of elevation.

In the early eighties of the last century, Bisbee, or Mule Gulch, as it was then known, consisted of a few shacks and still fewer stores and a shaft house or two. It grew into a straggly village of the wild and woolly type, its streets lined with saloons where gambling was carried on 24 hours a day and 365 days in the year, dance-halls and other resorts, with but a few unpretentious stores. But floods and fire helped in the upbuilding, and sentiment changed and bettered conditions. Now there are department stores that rank with any, fine office-buildings, public libraries, churches and club houses, where formerly were only shacks. The streets are well paved, well lighted with electricity, there is splendid fire protection and an expenditure of hundreds of thousands of dollars have made the torrential floods of the summer that formerly struck terror, no longer a menace. The saloons are well regulated, and there is less disorder and violence in the Warren District, in proportion to the population than in the agricultural and grange communities of the State.

No better reflection of the prosperity of a community can be obtained than that mirrored by the statements of its banks. In the Warren

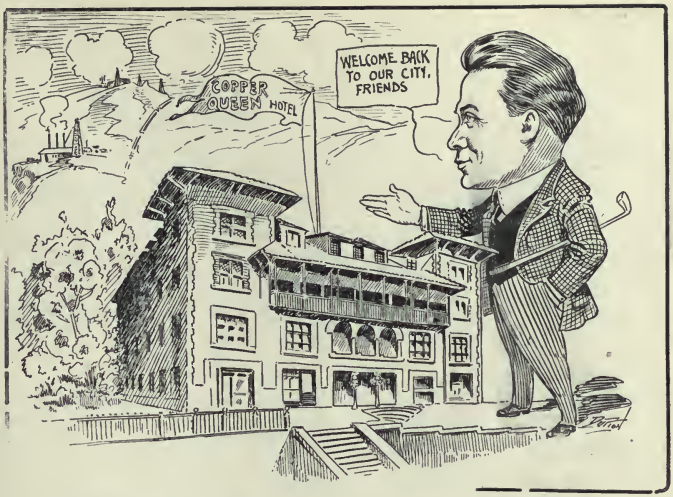


SOME OF THE BUSY BOOSTERS OF BISBEE, ARIZ.

District there are four banks with resources of $4,518,645, and deposits of $4,134,363, or more than one-ninth of the totals of all of the fifty-six banks of the State. In the postal savings bank the total is in excess of the combined totals of the next five Arizona cities.

Transportation from point to point in the district is furnished at fifteen minute intervals, from early morning till after midnight, by the Warren-Bisbee Street Railway Company; light and power by the Bisbee Improvement Company; and water, pumped eleven miles and raised 1200 feet after being pumped from deep wells at Naco by the Bisbee-Naco Water Company.

In most Arizona cities there is a large Mexican population, but in Bisbee no Mexicans are employed underground. In the greater number of mining communities there is a heavy percentage of foreign, non-English-speaking races. Such conditions do not prevail in the Warren District, for the Mexican population is but 8 per cent, and the foreign, non-English races comprise only 23 per cent. A greater than usual proportion of highly-educated people is found, owing to the number of college-bred men whose services are required by the mining companies. In consequence, much attention is paid to education, and nowhere in the country can there be found a better school system than is there maintained. There are employed fifty-five teachers at an average salary of $91 per month in the eight public schools, and with the completion of tht new $80,000 high school building a further increase in teachers will be required. The lowest salary paid a teacher is $75. The school census shows 3400 children of school age. There are churches of all denominations, and every fraternal organization of any importance can be found in the boundaries of



CARTOON OF HENRY POPPEN AND THE COPPER QUEEN HOTEL OF WHICH HE IS MANAGER.

Mr. Poppen is one of the best hotel men of the west, whose hospitality is attested by the traveling public. He was formerly from Chicago, where he was connected with Hyde Park, Del Prado and Wellington hotels in the windy city.

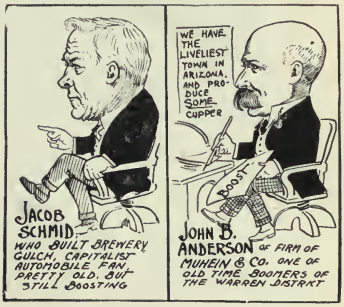
the district, four occupying buildings of their own.

Owing to the influx of health-seekers to Arizona, the death rate in many cities is abnormally high, with tuberculosis as the prevailing cause, contracted without the State. In the Warren District, despite the fact that it is a mining community employing over 5,000 men in what is termed an extra hazardous occupation, the death rate is only 10.3 in the thousand, and the percentage of deaths from all forms of tuberculosis is only 10 per cent. Two of the mining companies maintain medical staffs, with dispensaries in Bisbee and hospitals at Lowell, and there are a number of practitioners that are not connected with the companies.

Among the public or semi-public institutions of the Warren District, in addition to the country club, already mentioned, and the lodges, are the Y. M. C. A., with a splendidly equipped building, the Y. W. C. A., which will have a new home within the next six months, the Woman's Club with a fine home in one of the best residential districts, and the public library and reading room maintained by the Copper Queen Company for all residents of the district. To provide for the children, there are now two well-equipped public playgrounds, and the funds have been raised for equipping two and possibly three others.

To the casual visitor Bisbee cannot be other than interesting. The mining companies are considerate and willingly permit visits to the shops and the underground workings and the Shattuck Crystal Cave, broken into on the 400 level of the Shattuck mine, is one of the chief wonders and show-places of the district.

While from other sections of the country have come reports of financial depression within the past few months, such is not the case in the Warren District. Within four years the city of Bisbee has increased in population 50 per cent, Warren has shown an equal increase proportionately, and Lowell has doubled. Values have been found in the porphyrys which warrant the installation of a concentrator, which work has been started by the Copper Queen Company, and which will insure a large increase in operatives both under ground and at the new mill. In



BREWERY AVENUE, BISBEE, ARIZ.

the past year the new smelters at Douglas were completed at an outlay of about $4,000,000 and thus an increased output from the Bisbee mines is being handled.

Its Commercial Club is another feature of Bisbee which differs from other cities. Its efforts are not chiefly directed to obtaining new residents, nor new business houses, but to the bettering of conditions for present residents and for those who may be thereby attracted.

MAIN STREET, BISBEE, ARIZ.

SAN FERNANDO

King of the San Fernando Valley

By G. W. Switzer
Secretary of San Fernando Board of Trade

AN unsurpassed climate, freedom from fogs, schools that would be a pride to any community, acres bearing a king's ransom, a population of 2500 boosters—such is San Fernando, King City of the San Fernando Valley, a community destined to progress with unbelievable rapidity because of its location, environments and its gifts from Nature.

The railway time-tables set down San Fernando at 21 miles from Los Angeles, but because of the rapid expansion of the southern metropolis and San Fernando, the borders of the two municipalities are separated by but twelve miles. San Fernando may be reached by the Southern Pacific Railway and by the Pacific Electric system, which gives hourly service over a route which is one of the most scenic in Southern California.

In speaking of a community it might be well to consider first that which directly affects the health, comfort and morality of its people.

"These are my jewels," said Cornelia of old, as she indicated her children. With these words in mind, no doubt, the men in command of San Fernando have expended $150,000 for school buildings and facilities. Two grammar schools, up to the minute in construction and equipment, take care of the younger children. One of these schools has been designed to permit of outdoor study and recitation rooms, guaranteeing to the pupils that rugged health which comes of hours spent in the healthful sunlight. A high school building costing about $30,000 is used by the pupils of the advanced course. Plans are being prepared for two additional buildings for high school purposes. Manual training will be one of the departments installed with equipment of the latest type.

Orange Day at San Fernando

The poet was wont to tell of the sluggard schoolboy who went "limp-foot o'er the land" en route to school, but such a condition does not obtain in San Fernando. The school trustees have gathered a faculty to handle its schools that is unexcelled in a community of equal size. One of the pretty sights of the little city is to watch the healthy, happy youngsters bound for daily lessons.

Water is an element most necessary to the development of a community. San Fernando has pure artesian water under the usual city pressure, and at a price which makes it possible to keep lawns and gardens under cultivation. There are two water systems, owned by private corporations at present, though the city contemplates establishing its own plant. The San

Old Mission in the San Fernando Valley

Fernando reservoirs of the Los Angeles Aqueduct are located at the outskirts of the city. Within these great containers are stored millions of gallons of the purest water, which has been brought across 235 miles of mountain and desert land from the source of supply in Owens Lake. This system is one of the greatest feats in the annals of engineering, and will cost the city of Los Angeles $25,000,000.

Electricity for lights and power, a natural gas plant now operated by the Southern California Gas Company from its "midway" fields, and streets and boulevards which have cost the municipality as much and more than its schools, are among the advantages to be enjoyed.

Churches, in the usual number, and of many denominations, go to make the city complete. The Methodists, Presbyterians and Catholics have their own buildings. The Christian Scientists hold services as do also the Seventh Day Advents. The latter denomination has an academy in the city.

Mercantile establishments of all descriptions dot the well-kept business streets of the city. There is but one class of business which is banned. San Fernando is a city without a saloon. The leading citizens of the community feel that the absence of the saloon has done much to aid the rise of San Fernando. Public pool-rooms and billiard-halls also are barred from the city, as it was found that these establishments had a tendency to degenerate into resorts for the vicious.

Auto delivery wagons, a perfect telephone system and up-to-date methods have afforded the merchants the opportunity to do business in approved fashion, and in San Fernando every merchant uses "Success" as the watchword of his store.

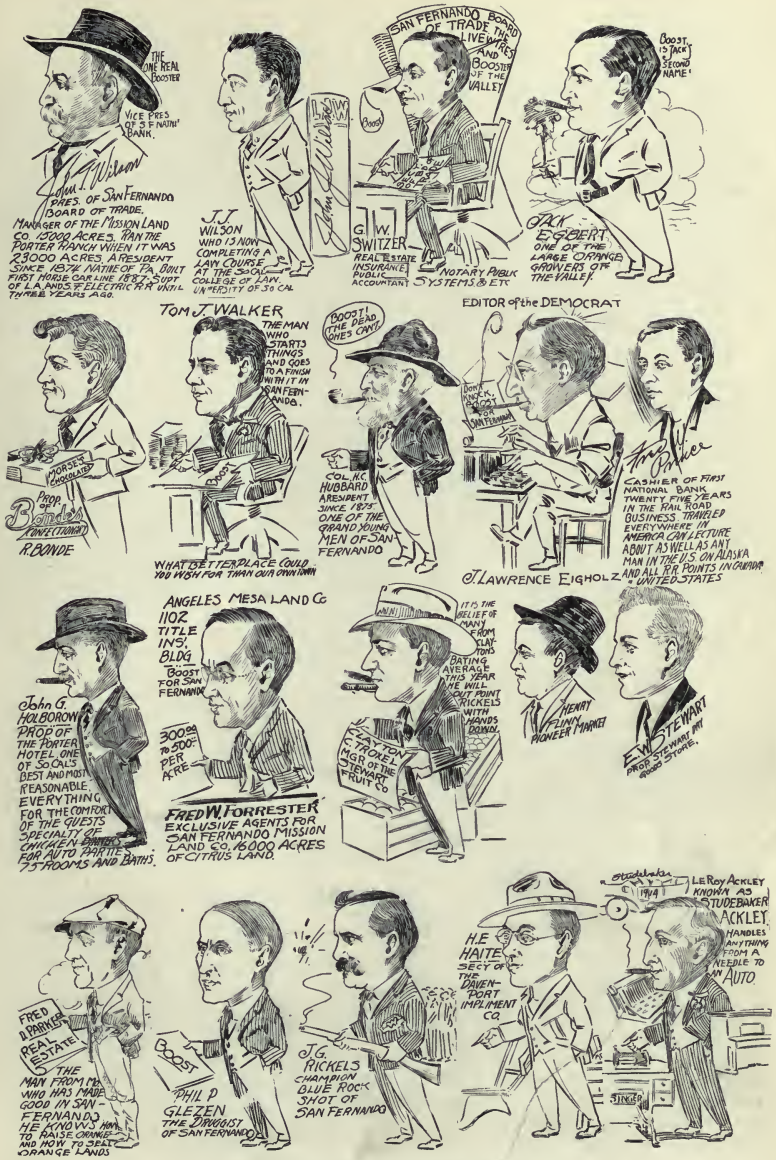
Thus has been told some of the many advantages San Fernando has for the residents. Not only is it the city of pretty homes, but it is the hub to a vast wheel of ranches and orange groves which whirls up a fortune at every click of the seasons.

The main industry is fruit raising. Four large packing houses handle and ship the local product, which in one year totals more than five hundred car-loads. Young groves of oranges and lemons have recently been set out in all quarters of the Valley, and a few years will see the annual output totaling more than several thousand car-loads.

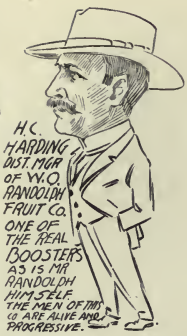
The most extensive olive grove in the world, comprising 1400 acres is three miles north of the city. In this grove is built a factory for pickling and canning the product for shipment. Because of the character of the climate and soil, the olive industry is playing a close second to the production of oranges and lemons. The olive can be grown without water, and thus the trees cover many spots which otherwise would be waste. The olive is a money-maker, as the trees will bear with little care and no irrigation.

San Fernando Valley claims distinction as the unsurpassed region for raising oranges and

Barbecue Celebration at San Fernando



Live Wires of San Fernando Board of Trade



lemons. The fruit is as good as any raised in the orange belt, and the farmer has one less worry—the region is practically free from parasitic scales, against which is fought a continuous battle in some citrus fruit sections.

There are some extensive grain ranches in the San Fernando Valley. The grist is brought to the city where an immense storage warehouse handles hundreds of car-loads of barley, wheat and oats each year. In addition, thousands of tons of hay are raised in the country adjacent to San Fernando and shipped from this point. This refers to hay raised without irrigation—barley, wheat and oats. There are many alfalfa ranches, producing five or six crops of the very best of feed each year with proper care and water.

Acres of tomatoes and all other vegetables decorate the surrounding country, for any semi-tropic or temperate zone product can be raised at San Fernando. The avocado, rapidly coming into favor as a vegetable-fruit, which brings a high market price, can be grown successfully in the San Fernando Valley.

The city has two banks and two newspapers. The hum of the busy streets spells prosperity with a capital P, for it is peopled by 2500 boosters who never fail to tell of the wonders and benefits of the community. No letter ever goes East without some mention of the thriving city. To boost has become habitual.

At the present time the men blazing the way for the progress of San Fernando are endeavoring to have located there the State Citrus Experimental Station, the site of which is soon to be decided. This desirable institution will come to San Fernando if the work of its boosters will be the only necessity for its capture.

The San Fernando Mission Land Company has done much to further the city. The company built the Porter Hotel at Brand Boulevard and Porter Avenue at a cost of $75,000. This hotel, equipped with all modern conveniences, is under the personal management of John G. Holborrow. Auto parties make the "Porter" a stopping place en route through the Valley. An asphaltum tennis court, surrounded with beautiful flowers and plants in the park fronting the hotel, is one of the features which makes the "Porter" so delightful.

The company built a private boulevard one hundred feet wide from Porter Avenue, the main street of the city, down through the Mission country. In addition, the concern maintains a pretty city park.

Like a holy sentinel, a mile from the city center, stands the ruins of the Mission San Fernando Rey, in its time one of the most beautiful of the structures the simple padres built along El Camino Real. Age has torn apart the once strong walls and weather has stained the woodwork. In 1797 it looked down on a fertile though sparcely inhabited land; today it gazes on cultivation of the highest type, and on the King City of the San Fernando Valley.

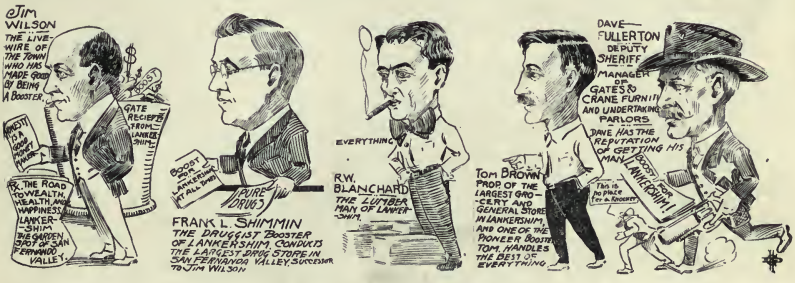
Industrial Arts Building, San Fernando Valley

Porter Hotel, San Fernando, Cal.

A Young Orange Grove in the San Fernando Valley

Lankershim, *The Gateway of the San Fernando Valley*

Lankershim, the gateway to the great San Fernando Valley, is fast assuming a suburban air. This is due partly to its proximity to Los Angeles, which is rapidly extending in every direction, and partly to its location as the commercial center of a vast farming district. People from an extensive area come to Lankershim to do their trading. For these reasons, Lankershim is destined to become a city of importance. Many substantial buildings have already been erected, but the demand for more and better ones still continues. The growth of this town has been rapid, but not of the sensational or "mushroom" variety. The prosperous condition



Some of Lankershim's Boosters

of the surrounding country has warranted the building of a permanent town, and one has been built by its own people because it was needed, and with money provided by the soil from which it sprang. The Southern Pacific and the Pacific Electric maintain a joint station, and the near future will witness an interchange of traffic which will be highly beneficial to Lankershim and vicinity. The small farms adjacent to Lankershim are being rapidly taken by a good class of people. In the immediate neighborhood, acreage is fast giving way to town lots and the general impression is that of a small and well warranted "boom."

Van Nuys

Someone called it "the new town that was started right." Davy Crockett, of years agone, once said, "Be sure you are right, then go ahead," and the thriving city of Van Nuys has lived up to the dictum. Van Nuys has not ceased to progress since the day of its birth—February 22, 1911—and today has among its advantages the following:

Steam and electric transportation to Los Angeles, 19 miles away. A magnificent boulevard—Sherman Way—which is a joy to pleasure-seeking autoists and a boon to the business man and farmer.

Men who have made a Success in Van Nuys

A population of more than a thousand.

A national bank with more than 500 depositors and deposits exceeding $200,000.

More than fifty business buildings. Four hundred homes. A fifty thousand dollar public school and several churches.

Piano and organ factory.

Promise of becoming a great chicken-raising district.

So on, paragraphically, might be detailed the advantages of Van Nuys, which lies in the wonderfully productive San Fernando Valley, which, with Fernandoesque climate, has lured thousands within its limits. The town especially meets the needs of those who wish a suburban home under ideal conditions; who wish to go into business or work at a trade in a growing town or those who wish to take up the raising of poultry, fruit or vegetables.

The territory around Van Nuys has experienced an advance fully as wonderful as that of the townsite itself. Approximately a quarter of a million deciduous fruit trees have been

planted in the vicinity of the town this year. In the past two years more than three quarters of a million deciduous and walnut trees have been planted in the same district. These are thriving without irrigation.

Forty tons of watermelons a day were shipped from Van Nuys to Los Angeles last year, and the shipments this year will exceed that figure. Near the town lies 5,000 acres in sugar beets.

Van Nuy's tax rate for 1913-14 is $1.88, lower than almost every section suburban to Los Angeles. A study of assessment pages shows property has doubled in assessed value four times in five years, and then has added 50 per cent to the final figure—in other words, it is assessed at 12 times the figure it was five years ago.

Imperial Valley

EMBLAZONED on the shield of state, and cities, one will find a motto. California takes the well-known "Eureka." Across the banner flying from the battlements of Imperial City we find—"Alive Every Minute."

Faithfully has the city lived up to its motto. The people of Imperial City have but one fault to find with the conduct of the universe. The boosters of the city find that the twenty-four hours constituting a day is insufficient time in which to do the work they desire.

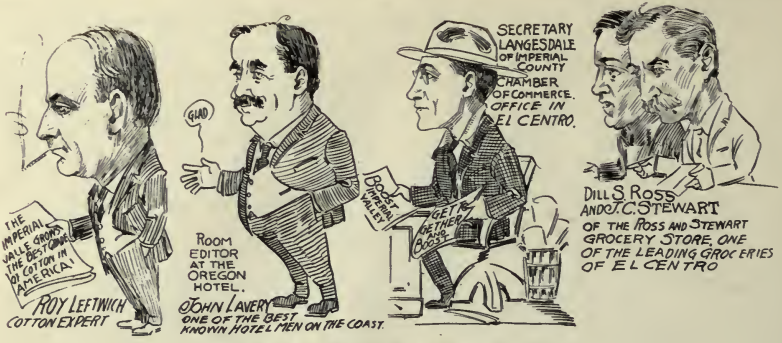
"We, of Imperial City," Bill Donovan told me on a recent visit, "get hoarse-voiced telling about our city, and then we sit down and write until we get writers' cramp. We have made the world outside the Valley know of our benefits. We've made 'em talk about us—and that's the chief result of publicity."

Such is the spirit existing throughout Imperial City, a community of about 3000 inhabitants. Excellent schools, stately churches and imposing business blocks give the city the brand of prosperity so common throughout the Valley.

Activity in Imperial City starts at sun-up and lasts until just before cock-crow hour. The stranger with in the gates wonders. "Why so much activity in such heat," he says on the first and second day of his sojourn. Then the stranger develops the fever. After all, the heat is purely imaginary; it's no warmer than any other part of the great Southwest—so runs his cogitation.

The stranger has become infected with Im-

The Salt of Imperial Valley's Boosters



A Few of El Centro's Well Known Boosters

perial City "boostitis," and pens a friend back home to come to the land Providence blessed and man developed. When the friend arrives, the stranger—now a full-fledged booster—gives him a course of instruction lasting about 48 hours, and he too joins the army of boosters. So is made up the population of Imperial City.

One of the town's best assets is the Imperial *Enterprise*, a progressive daily paper edited by S. E. De Rackin. The *Enterprise* is all that its name conveys. It is edited for the benefit of the community, and Imperial County at large.

One of the early writers spoke of what is now Imperial Valley as the "land that God forgot." Could the man who coined the expression today be wafted over the expansive fields, shimmering like a gigantic emerald set in a bed of golden grain; could he look down on the snowy cotton fields, the wealth-giving cantaloupe patches and hear the lowing of thousands of well-fed cattle, at once would he ask for a reprint of his book that he might make apology.

Imperial Valley is the real wonderland of California. Once the home of naught but the rattler and tarantula, it now encompasses men and women of culture, refinement and wealth. Women's clubs are as common as churches. The people of the Valley are a healthy, hearty, happy class.

Speaking of health, Imperial Valley has had but one bankrupt in a year. He was an undertaker.

In tabloid form let us present a few of the agricultural wonders of the Valley:

Imperial Valley shipped 4500 cars of cantaloupes last year.

The lowest estimate ever made of the profit from dates was $150 a year. A man who grows dates with proper knowledge and strict attention can look for a profit of at least $500 per acre a year.

Raising Smyrna figs in Imperial Valley possesses an advantage not known in any country, including the Meandor Valley in Smyrna, its natural home.

There is a certainty of production of from $300 to $1000 an acre a year from table grape vineyards.

Imperial produces the largest olives seen in Southern California. One man in the past year marketed $254 worth of the fruit from forty trees.

Last year from 90 trees of early New Castle apricots one man's gross returns totaled $900. The ninety trees occupied but a little over an acre.

Since all citrus fruits ripen here before danger can come to the trees, it is a fact that the Valley is the safest citrus fruit section in the State. Out of 10,000 trees set out near Brawley, less than fifty failed to respond to the unsurpassed soil and climate.

Cotton, for so long the staple product in the Southern states, has found its true home in Imperial Valley. As an evidence, Imperial Valley cotton captured a $1000 silver trophy at the National Land and Products Show in Madison Square Garden, New York.

It is possible to raise a variety of cotton with staple about one and one-quarter inches long, which will bring profits of $70 net per acre.

Dairying is one of the principal industries. About six and a half million pounds of butter are shipped out of the Valley yearly.

L. F. Farnsworth owns the finest grape fruit orchard in the world. The science of the owner, coupled with the unexcelled climate and soil, has given a product that is without comparison. All of the output of Farnsworth's acres is taken by the Pullman Company for use on their high-class diners.

Alfalfa is a leading crop of the county. Some farmers cut the same fields of alfalfa at intervals of three weeks, giving a yield of a ton and a half an acre. Speaking conservatively, there are six cuttings a year, aggregating eight tons. Some fields do better than this. The least net profit on an acre is $34.00.

Horses, mules, blooded stock of all kinds, sheep, hogs, dairy cattle find Imperial Valley an ideal home.

There is corn there to feed stock. Dwarf milo maize corn produces an average of two and three-quarters tons to the acre. Corn is worth $18 to $25. Two crops can be grown in a year.

Chickens and turkeys thrive well in the Valley. The birds do not have to be housed to keep them from freezing during the winter.

Nearly a thousand miles of canals draw silver streaks through the Valley.

Sunlight is present every day.

Thus have we endeavored, in pointed paragraphs, to show that the Valley is the most productive known to man. The only thing that will not grow in Imperial Valley is that which has not been given a trial.

Under *the* Study Lamp

By the Editor

Unless otherwise initialed, all Reviews in *Out West* are written by the Editor.

Once in a while a novel strikes a note of popular appreciation or the opposite, and calls forth page after page of criticism in favor, or the converse. Such a novel was Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Robert Elsmere," and Beatrice Harraden's "Ships that Pass in the Night." But I doubt whether the excitement caused by both these novels equals that aroused by Winston Churchill's latest story of a minister who slowly awoke to the fact that the church of which he was the pastor was under wrong control, and that he was supposed to believe and teach things his reason could no longer accept. He immediately followed a course that has subjected him to much adverse, and also much favorable criticism and comment. Pulpits throughout the country have presented both sides, and the surge of the sea of discussion has reached even the country newspapers. The book is in Mr. Churchill's best style, and is well worth careful reading. *The Inside of the Cup*, 513 pages, $1.50 net, The Macmillan Company, New York.

How to become an orator, or at least a good public speaker engages the attention of many young men and women in this day of active politics and service for the good of mankind. A teacher of the art tells how it may be attained, and in his book gives, besides much good counsel, a fine set of selections from the great masters of the past and present. *How to Master the Spoken Word*, by Edwin Gordon Lawrence, 420 pages, $1.50 net, A. C. McClurg & Company, Chicago, Illinois.

What is that in human nature that will assert itself—the "damned spot that will not out"—and that leads to all kinds of wretchedness and misery? David Potter has written a novel telling of a man with a yellow streak—born of a Filipino mother and white father—who passed himself off upon an unsuspecting Southern girl (with all the fierce dislike of the South against the taint of blood in her veins), as an American. The streak manifested itself in unfaithfulness, as well as in other contemptible and mean ways, and when the discovery came, the happy wife's heart was nearly broken. An accident, however, removed the husband and new promise came to her as the book closes. *The Streak*, by David Potter, 348 pages, $1.25 net, J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Another strong story of the open air pioneer life of early days is B. M. Bower's *The Gringoes*. It tells of vigilantes, of trouble with the early-day scoundrels of San Francisco, of treacherous Mexicans, and of the faithful friendship of two companions who found themselves in the new land. The characters are well drawn, and the story well told. *The Gringoes*, by B. M. Bower, 350 pages, $1.25 net, Little, Brown & Company, Boston, Mass.

Every active-minded, healthy boy likes to do things, with his hands. When I was a lad I wished to do things, but I didn't know how. Nowadays good books are written to explain how, and one of the best of these I have seen for a long time, with 600 fine illustrations, is *The Handy Boy*, by A. Neely Hall, 396 pages, $1.60 net, Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, Boston, Mass.

Mexico is largely in the eye of the world today, hence reliable information about the country is eagerly sought. An excellent book, simply and directly written telling many of the things one wants to know, is *The Coming Mexico*, by Joseph King Goodrich, 280 pages, 32 illustrations, $1.50 net, A. C. McClurg & Company, Chicago, Illinois.

Sabin's books for boys are generally good. The boys like them and they encourage them to a higher manhood. Sometimes I wish there were not so much fighting in them, but this seems inseparable from the subjects chosen. His last book is an exciting story of the experiences of a boy who went with the yellow-haired, romantic, gallant Custer. There is much in the book of historic accuracy, and therefore of value to the growing boy. *On the Plains with Custer*, by Edwin L. Sabin, 309 pages, $1.25 net, J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

Men will do much for money, and novelists sometimes wonderfully portray the inner workings of their minds. An exceedingly strong, virile and effective novel is the story of an English Napoleon of Finance in the newspaper and magazine field. How he rose to power, hoping that his son would succeed him is graphically told, as is the ruin finally brought upon his house by his illegitimate son, whose mother he had discarded and of whose existence he was scarcely aware. *The Goligbtlys, Father and Son*, by Lawrence North, 337 pages, $1.25 net, George H. Doran Company, New York.

Strong, powerful, dignified and attractive is the latest novel from the pen of the now silent literary and medical genius of Philadelphia, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. It tells a love tale of the South during the Civil War, and is on a par with others of Dr. Mitchell's best fiction. *Westways, A Village Chronicle*, 510 pages, $1.40 net, The Century Co., New York.

The people who live in cities have their battles to fight and problems to overcome. How different they are from those of men in the open. The cowboys and sheepmen have their, and for years, on the wide, vast, ranges of the unfenced plains and mountain valleys, they conflicted. Many stories have been told of these fierce struggles, few more interestingly and convincingly, because intimately and knowingly, than in *Hidden Water*, by Dave Coolidge, 483 pages, $1.35 net, A. C. McClurg & Company, Chicago, Illinois.

To those who seek to find the connection between man's physical and spiritual natures the reasoning of men who are scientists, religionists and philosophers combined generally prove most interesting. One of the best writers of America today on this line is Dr. James Thompson Bixley, and in his new volume he deals in luminous and interesting fashion with this ever fascinating theme. *The Open Secret, A Study of Life's Deeper Forces*, $1.25 net, 242 pages, American Unitarian Association, Boston, Mass.

Marah Ellis Ryan's studies and novels of Indian life have made a distinct place in American literature. In her latest book she tells an interesting love story in which Mexicans, Indians and Negroes and "white folks" are concerned. The scene opens in Southern California and wanders far afield to return for a happy ending. *The Woman of the Twiglibt*, by Marah Ellis Ryan, $1.35 net, 424 pages, A. C. McClurg & Company, Chicago, Illinois.

True stories of life at sea, somewhat after the style of Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast," are as rare as they are enchanting when they do appear. Such a story is *Yankee Swanson*, as told by Capt. A. W. Nelson, 374 pages, $1.50 net, Sturgis & Walton Co., New York.

Delicious fooling, scarcastic humor, cynical philosophy and keen knowledge of men and women are wonderfully intermingled to make up *The Maxims of Noab*, by Gellett Burgess, 119 pages with quaint illustrations by Louis Fancher, 80 cents net, Fredk. A. Stokes Company, New York.

Some three or four years ago John H. Williams, of Tacoma, Washington, delighted the art and travel world with his exquisite volume on Mt. Tacoma (Ranier) entitled "The Mountain That Was God." The pictures were glorious (eight of them in colors) and the descriptions graphic and powerful. Now Mr. Williams places us under further obligation with a new book, *The Guardians of the Columbia*—the three majestic mountains, Hood, Adams and St. Helens. Any one who has stood on one of the hills in Portalnad, Oregon, and looked out with loving eyes over the wide expanse of horizon and has reveled in the splendor and glory of these peaks that companion the stars will greet this book as the record of a dear friend. It is divided into three parts—River, Mountains, Forests—and each part is a gem of quiet, unexaggerated description, yet vivid, powerful and full of enthusiasm. There are eight superb illustrations in color, that entitled "Nightfall on the Columbia" being especially striking. In addition there are over two hundred other illustrations, many of them being full-page. Every Westerner should purchase this book to show what ought to be done for his own section of country (if for nothing else), and every Easterner, that he may know the glorious gifts God has showered upon his land. *The Guardians of the Columbia*, by John H. Williams, large 8 vo., with 210 illustrations (8 in color), $1.50 net, postage 16 cents; edition de luxe, in ooze leather, $2.50 net, postage 16 cents. John H. Williams, 938½ Pacific Ave., Tacoma, Wash.

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